













THE  
WORKS  
OF  
FRANCIS RABELAIS

*Translated from the French.*

By  
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WITH  
EXPLANATORY NOTES, BY DUCHAT, OZELL, AND OTHERS.

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## BOOK I.

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# THE LIFE OF RABELAIS.

HAD Rabelais, like Cardan, Scaliger, Thuanus, and other learned men, given us the history of his life, employed, as it was, wholly in mirth, and penned by so uncommon a hand, it must needs have pleased not only more than the most diverting works of others, but even more than his own unparalleled chronicle.

But, by a cruel fatality, most of those whose works perpetuate the lives of others, neglect to eternize their own by such a method; and, instead of painting themselves and their most memorable actions, only strive to be known by the pictures of strangers which they have drawn: some of them, perhaps, flatter themselves with the examples of a small number of happy men, the picture of whose lives and persons has been consecrated to posterity by pencils equal to those with which they had redeemed others from oblivion: but, as few prove kinder to us than ourselves, those who expect to be excepted out of that rule, after their deaths, may be assured, that if, by chance, some of their able survivors bestow one short minute to give, *en passant*, an imperfect idea of their resemblance, ten ill hands, rudely attempting to do the same, while they faintly hit one lineament, will miscarry on the rest, and thus ignorantly or maliciously ridicule what they pretend to represent.

It is true the ancient philosophers have had their Laertius; and the heroes, their contemporaries, their Plutarch: but now that history seems almost lost in disorderly memoirs, its primitive chaos, great warriors are as unlikely to find good historians as famous authors.

Thus Rabelais, that greater Lucian of France, has been even worse used than that of Greece; for though we know the old only by his writings, yet few fabulous stories wrong his memory, while that of Rabelais is so much abused by unkind Fame, that, to know him, it were perhaps better only to seek this modern Lucian, as we do the old, in those pictures which he has drawn of others, than in those which his careless or malicious painters have given us of him.

However, you have here the best account I could get of him: neither was it without much difficulty that, out of the ruins of time, in a kingdom where it is not easy to find many books and persons that can inform us of this author, I could get together what follows; principally if we consider how little is to be found in the late French editions of his works.

FRANCIS RABELAIS was born about the year 1483, at Chinon, a very ancient little town, situate near the place where the river Vienne loses itself into the Loire, in the province of Touraine, in France. His father, Thomas Rabelais, was an apothecary of that town, and possessed an estate called La Devinerie;<sup>1</sup> near which place, having first sent his son Francis to be educated by the monks of the abbey of Seillé, and finding that he did not improve, he removed him to the university of Angers, where he studied some time at a convent called La Pumette, but without any considerable success. There he became acquainted with Messieurs du Bellay, one of whom was afterwards cardinal: and it is said, that Rabelais, having committed some misdemeanour, was there very severely used.

A famous author writes,<sup>2</sup> that he was bred up in a convent of Franciscan friars, in the Lower Poitou, and was received into their order. Which convent can be no other than that of Fontenay-le-Comte,<sup>3</sup> in the said province, where he proved a great proficient in learning; insomuch that, of the friars, some envied him, some, through ignorance, thought him a conjuror, and, in short, all hated and misused him, because he studied Greek, the beauties of which tongue they could not relish; its novelty making them esteem it not only barbarous, but antichristian. This we partly observe by a letter

<sup>1</sup> Particular. de la Vie et Mœurs de Rabelais, imprim. devant ses Œuvres. <sup>2</sup> Scævola Samaritanus, lib. i. Elog. Clar. Vir.

<sup>3</sup> Thesaur. Chronolog. de St. Romuald, 3rd part.

which Budæus,<sup>4</sup> the most learned man of his age in that tongue, wrote to a friend of Rabelais, wherein he highly praises him, particularly for his excellent knowledge in that tongue, and exclaims against the stupidity and ingratitude of those friars.

Such a misfortune befel Erasmus;<sup>5</sup> as also the learned Rabanus Maurus Magnentius, Abbot of Fulda and Archbishop of Mentz:<sup>6</sup> for having, while he resided with them in his abbey, composed some excellent poems in verse, they only served to expose him to the hatred of his monks, who accused him of applying himself too much to spiritual things, and too little to the increase of the temporal, to the loss, as they thought, of the monastery; so that about the year 842. he was forced to fly to Lewis, King of Germany, his protector; where his monks, who had soon found their error and their loss in the absence of so excellent an abbot, came to beg his pardon, and prayed him to resume the administration of the abbey, which, however, he resolutely declined.

Thus Rabelais, hating the ignorance and baseness of the Cordeliers, was desirous enough to leave them, being but too much prompted to it by several persons of eminent quality, who were extremely delighted with his learning and facetious conversation.

A monk relates,<sup>6</sup> that he was put in pace, that is, between four walls, with bread and water, in the said convent, for some unlucky action; and was redeemed out of it by the learned Andrew Tiraqueau, then lieutenant-general (that is, chief judge) of the bailiwick of Fontenay-le-Comte; and, by tradition, it is said in that town, that, on a day when the country people used to resort to the convent church to address their prayers, and pay their offerings to the image of St. Francis, which stood in a place somewhat dark near the porch, Rabelais, to ridicule their superstition, privately removed the saint's image, and placed himself in its room, having first disguised himself: but at last, too much pleased with the awkward worship which was paid him, he could not forbear laughing, and made some motion; which being observed by his gaping staring worshippers, they cried out, "A miracle! my good lord St. Francis moves!" Upon which

<sup>4</sup> Budæus Græc. Epist.

<sup>5</sup> Rabanus, Brower in Fuld. Hist.

<sup>6</sup> P. de St. Romuald. Feuillant.

an old crafty knave of a friar, who knew stone and the virtue of St. Francis too well to expect this should be true, drawing near, scared our shawl-saint out of his hole; and, having caused him to be seized, the rest of the fraternity, with their knotty cords on his bare back, soon made him know he was not made of stone, and wish he had been as hard as the image, or senseless as was the saint; nay, turned into the very image of which he lately was the representation.

At last, by the intercession of friends, of which Geoffrey d'Estissac, Bishop of Maillezais,<sup>7</sup> is said to have been one, he obtained Pope Clement VII.'s permission to leave the beggarly fellowship of St. Francis, for the wealthy and more easy order of St. Benedict, and was entertained in that bishop's chapter, that is, the Abbey of Maillezais. But his mercurial temper prevailing after he had lived some time there, he also left it; and, laying down the regular habit, to take that which is worn by secular priests, he rambled up and down awhile, till at last he fixed at Montpellier, took all his degrees as a physician in that university, and practised physic with reputation. And by his epistle<sup>8</sup> before the translation of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, and some works of Galen, which he published and dedicated to the Bishop of Maillezais, in 1532, he tells him that he publicly read physic in that university to a numerous auditory.

It is vulgarly said, that Rabelais having published some physical tract, which did not sell, upon the disappointed bookseller's complaint to him, told him, that since the world did not know how to value a good book, they would undoubtedly like a bad one, and that accordingly he would write something that would make him large amends; upon which he composed his Gargantua and Pantagruel, by which the bookseller got an estate. But either this is an error, or

<sup>7</sup> The bishop's see is now removed to Rochelle. • Quon anno superiore Monspeusuli Aphorismos Hippocratis, et deinceps Galeni Artem Medicam frequenti auditorio publice enarrarem, Antistes clarissime, annotaveram loca aliquot in quibus interpretes mihi non admodum satisfaciebant. Collatis enim eorum traductionibus cum exemplari græcanico quod, præter ea quæ vulgo circumferuntur, habebam vetustissimum, literisque Ionicis elegantissime, castigatissimeque exaratum, comperi illos quam plurima omisisse, quædam exotica et notha adjexisse, quædam minus expressisse, pauca invertisse verius quam vertisse, &c. F. Rabelæus in Hippocr. Aphor.

Rabelais must have been more imposed on than our Sir Walter Raleigh was by his selfish stationer; since the above-mentioned translation, which was printed by the famous Gryphius of Lyons, at first, in 1532, was reprinted many times since, particularly in 1543, of which date I have an edition of it, which was undoubtedly before Rabelais began to write his *Gargantua*; and none ever mentioned any other tract of physic by him; and also when he speaks of his Annotations on the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, he says, that Gryphius importuned him very much to consent that they might be printed.

We do not know how he came to leave Montpellier, though probably he was sent by its university to solicit for them at court, and then was invited to stay at Paris, of which John du Bellay, his friend, afterwards cardinal, was not only bishop, but governor; at least, it is certain he attended him in his embassy to Pope Paul III., though I believe that the chief occasion of his going to Rome, was to put a stop to the ecclesiastical censures fulminated against him for leaving his convent; and it is thought the Bishop of Maillezais abetted that desertion, and encouraged him in his studies at Montpellier, which perhaps made Rabelais afterwards dedicate to him, and own then, that he owed all things to him.<sup>10</sup>

It is likely our doctor had then a prospect of the benefices with which he soon afterwards was gratified by that cardinal; and for that reason was glad to be eased of the censures under which he lay, which made him incapable of enjoying anything. The Bishop of Montpellier himself was a protestant, and might have kept always his bishopric, had he written as mystically as Rabelais. The Cardinal Chatillon also was not only a protestant, but married, as well as John de Montluc, Bishop of Valence; yet, as well as many others, in those times, who were against the errors of the church of Rome in their hearts, they had benefices in it, and favoured the reformation, perhaps more than those who openly professed it. So Rabelais seems to me to have passed into Italy only

<sup>9</sup> Contendit a me multis verbis ut eos sinerem in communem studiorum utilitatem exire.

<sup>10</sup> Hic non dicam, quâ ratione adductus sim, id, quicquid est laboris, tibi ut dicarem. Tibi enim jure debetur quicquid efficere opera mea potest; qui me sic tuâ benignitate usque fovisti, ut quocunque oculis circumferam οὐδέν ἢ οἰωνὸς ἢ δέ θάλασσαν munificentiae tuæ sensibus meis observetur.



in the quality of a penitent monk, being first obliged to submit to his abbot; and the orders of the convent which he had left many years; else, had he been then physician to Cardinal du Bellay,<sup>11</sup> then ambassador to the pope, he would not have recommended himself to the alms of his superior, the Bishop of Maillezais; as he does in his letters to that prelate; to whom he writes, that the last money which he had committed to him was almost gone; "though," says he, "I have put none of it to an ill use."<sup>12</sup> Neither would he have added, that he used constantly to eat either with Cardinal du Bellay, or the Bishop of Mascon, who had succeeded him in the embassy, (doubtless upon the other's promotion to the rank of cardinal,) but that much money was spent in dispatches, clothes, and chamber-rent; which shows also, that though he, as a friar, did eat with one of those two, yet he paid for his lodging elsewhere. By these letters, which Messieurs de St. Marthe, gentlemen famous for learning, have not disdained to publish with their learned and curious observations, of ten times their length, we see that Rabelais held also a private correspondence in characters with the Bishop of Maillezais, to whom they are directed, and that the bishop was far from being bigotted to popery. We also know by them, that Rabelais obtained his absolution of Pope Paul III. the 17th of January, 1536, whereby he had leave given him to return to Maillezais, and to practise physick, either at Rome or elsewhere; that is, without any gain and only by charity. We also find that he had gained the esteem of Cardinal de Genouis, accounted the ornament of the college, and Cardinal Simonetta, eminent for virtue, and other worthy prelates, besides Cardinal du Bellay, and the Bishop of Mascon, who procured him his bulls gratis, and had even offered him to make use of their king's name, had it been needful.<sup>13</sup>

It is reported that Bishop du Bellay as King Francis I.'s ambassador when he had audience of Paul III. having kissed that pope's slipper, which ceremony is by some called adoration, all the rest of his retinue did the same, if we except Rabelais, who, fixed as the pillar against which he

<sup>11</sup> Epist. de Rabel. Pag. 5, p. 49.  
pendu en meschançeté. Ibid., pag. 49. T. 3.

<sup>12</sup> Et si n'en ay rien des-  
Sadoletus Ital. Sacr.

leaned, said, that if the ambassador, who was a very great lord in France, was unworthy to kiss the pope's foot, they might even let down his holiness's breeches, and wash his a—, and then he might presume to kiss something about him.

Another time, that cardinal having brought him, with the rest of his retinue, to the same pope, that they might beg some favour of his holiness, Rabelais, being bid to make demand, only begged that his holiness would be pleased to excommunicate him.

So strange a request having caused much surprise, he was ordered to say why he made it.<sup>14</sup> Then addressing himself to that pope, who was doubtless a great man, and had nothing of the moroseness of many others: "May it please your holiness," said he, "I am a Frenchman, of a little town called Chinon, whose inhabitants are thought somewhat too subject to be thrown into a sort of unpleasant bonfires; and indeed, a good number of honest men, and, amongst the rest, some of my relations, have been fairly burned there already. Now, would your holiness but excommunicate me, I should be sure never to burn. My reason is, that, passing through the Tarantese, where the cold was very great, in the way to this city, with my Lord Cardinal du Bellay, having reached a little hut, where an old woman lived, we prayed her to make a fire to warm us; but she burned all the straw of her bed to kindle a faggot, yet could not make it burn; so that at last, after many imprecations, she cried, 'Without doubt, this faggot was excommunicated by the pope's own mouth, since it will not burn.' In short, we were obliged to go on without warming ourselves. Now, if it pleased your holiness but to excommunicate me thus, I might go safely to my country." By this he not only, in a jesting manner, exposed the Roman clergy's persecuting temper, but seemed to allude to the inefficacy of the former pope's excommunications in England, and chiefly in Germany, where they only served to warn our Henry VIII., and, on the other side, the Lutherans, to secure themselves against the attempts of their enemies.

<sup>14</sup> It is the same of whom Alstedius and others write, as was said 1540, Paulo III. Optimo Maximo in Terris Deo.

He, that would not spare the pope to his face,<sup>15</sup> was doubtless not less liberal of his biting jokes to others; inso-much that he was obliged to leave Rome without much preparation; not thinking himself safe among the Italians, who, of all men, love and forgive raillery the least, when they are the subject of it.

So being come as far as Lyons, on his way to Paris, very indifferently accoutred, and no money to proceed, whether he had been robbed, or had spent all his stock, he, who had a peculiar love for ease and good eating, and no less zeal for good drinking, found himself in dismal circumstances. So he had recourse to a stratagem which might have been of dangerous consequence to one less known than Rabelais.

Being lodged at the Tower and Angel, a famous inn in that city, he took some of the ashes in the chimney, and having wrapped them up in several little papers, on one of them he writ "poison to kill the king;" in another, "poison to kill the queen;" in a third, "poison to kill the duke of Orleans;" and having on the Change met a young merchant, told him, that being skilled in physiognomy, he plainly saw that he had a great desire to get an estate easily; therefore, if he would come to his inn, he would put him in a way to gain a hundred thousand crowns. The greedy merchant was very ready. So, when he had treated our doctor, he came to the main point; that is, how to get the hundred thousand crowns. Then Rabelais, after the other bottle or two, pretending a great deal of caution, at last showed him the papers of powder, and proposed to him to make use of them according to their superscriptions, which the other promised, and they appointed to meet the next day, to take measures about it; but the too credulous, though honest trader, immediately ran to a judge, who having heard the information, presently sent to secure Rabelais, the dauphin having been poisoned some time before: so the doctor with his powder, was seized, and being examined by the judge, gave no answer to the accusation, save that he told the young merchant that he had never thought him fit to keep a secret, and only desired them to secure what was in the papers, and send him to the king, for he had strange things to say to him.

<sup>15</sup> Particul. de la Vie de Rabelais, imprim. devant ses Œuvres.

Accordingly he is carefully sent to Paris, and handsomely treated by the way on free cost, as are all the king's prisoners; and being come to Paris, was immediately brought before the king, who knowing him, asked him what he had done to be brought in that condition, and where he had left the Cardinal du Bellay. Upon this the judge made his report, showed the bills with the powder, and the informations which he had drawn. Rabelais, on his side, told his case, took some of all the powders before the king; which being found to be only harmless wood ashes, pleaded for Rabelais so effectually, that the business ended in mirth, and the poor judge was only laughed at for his pains.

Though this story be printed before in many editions of Rabelais, somewhat otherwise than I here give it, I would not any more be answerable for its truth, than for that of many others which tradition ascribes to him. When a man has once been very famous for jests and merry adventures, he is made to adopt all the jests that want a father, and many times such as are unworthy of him. For this reason I will omit many stories which some indeed relate of Rabelais, but which few can assure or believe to be true. Yet since the witty sayings, merry triflings, and the accounts of the indifferent actions of great men, have found not only their historians but their readers, from Tully's puns, to the false witticisms, insipid drolling, and empty insignificant remarks, that make up the greatest part of the Scaligeriana, and some others of those unequal collections of weeds and flowers, whose titles end in anæ; we may with greater reason relate the jests of Rabelais, whose life as well as his writings have been thought a continual jest; and this would not seem to be the life of Rabelais, did not some comical stories make a part of it.\*

Neither were his jests sometimes less productive of good, than the deep earnest of others.<sup>16</sup> Of which the university of Montpellier furnishes us with an instance: none being admitted to the degree of doctor of physic there, who has not first put on the gown and cap of Dr. Rabelais, which are preserved in the castle of Morac in that city.<sup>17</sup> The cause of this uncommon veneration for the memory of that learned man is said to be this:

<sup>16</sup> Grand Diction. Historiq. <sup>17</sup> Voyage de l'Europe. t. 1

Some scholars having occasioned an extraordinary disorder in that city,<sup>16</sup> Anthony Duprat, Cardinal, archbishop of Sens, then Lord Chancellor of France, upon complaint made of it, caused the university to be deprived of part of its privileges. Upon this, none was thought fitter to be sent to Paris to solicit their restitution than our doctor, who by his wit, learning, and eloquence, as also by the friends which they had purchased him at court seemed capable to obtain any thing. When he came to Paris about it, the difficulty lay in gaining audience of the chancellor, who was so incensed, that he refused to hear anything in behalf of the university of Montpellier. So Rabelais, having vainly tried to be admitted, at last put on his red gown and doctor's cap (some say a green gown and a long grey beard) and thus accoutred, came to the chancellor's palace, on St. Austin's key; but the porter and some other servants mistook him for a madman: so Rabelais having, in a peremptory tone, been asked there who he was, let this impertinent querist know, that he was the gentleman who usually had the honour to flay bull-calves; and that, if he had a mind to be first flayed, he had best make haste and strip immediately. Then being asked some other questions, he answered in Latin, which the other understanding not, one of the chancellor's officers that could speak that tongue was brought, who addressing himself to our doctor in Latin, was answered by him in Greek, which the other understanding as little as the first did Latin, a third was fetched who could speak Greek; but he not sooner spoke in that language to Rabelais, but was answered by him in Hebrew; and one, who understood Hebrew, being with much difficulty procured, Rabelais spoke to him in Syriac: thus having exhausted all the learning of the family, the chancellor, who was told, that there was a merry fool at his gate who had out-done every one, not only in languages, but in smartness of repartees, ordered him to be brought in. It was a little before dinner. Then Rabelais, shifting the farcical scene into one more serious, addressed himself to the chancellor with much respect, and having first made his excuse for his forced buffoonery, in a most eloquent and learned speech, so effectually pleaded the cause of his university, that the

<sup>16</sup> Partic. de la Vie de Rabelais.

chancellor, at once ravished and persuaded, not only promised the restitution of the abolished privileges, but made the doctor sit down at table with him, as a particular mark of his esteem.

Much about that time, hearing with what facility, for the sake of a small sum of money, the faculty of Orange (some say Orleans) admitted ignorant pretenders, as doctors of physic, not only without examining, but even without seeing them, Rabelais sent the usual fees, and had one received doctor there unseen, by the name of Doctor Johannes Caballus, and let the wise professors and the world know afterwards, what a worthy member they had admitted into their body, since that very doctor was his horse Jack; or, as some say, his mule: for if there are various lections, there may well be also various traditions of the same passage.

Though I know that it as little becomes a correct historian to launch into large digressions, as to advance things without good authorities, I cannot forbear mentioning something very particular concerning that very numerical doctor, I mean Johannes Caballus: and that I may not be thought to relate stories without authorities, I will make bold to quote that of a book written *stylo maxime Rabelaisano*, viz. "*Le moyen de parvenir*;" I remember to have read the story in a less apocryphal author, but time hath blotted his name out of my memory.

Rabelais being at Paris, and more careful of himself than of his mule, had trusted it to the care of the printer's men, desiring them at least not to let it want water. But he having perhaps forgot to make them drink, they also easily, though uncharitably, forgot the poor brute. At three days end the creature having drank as little water as its master, a young unlucky boy took a fancy to get on its back, even like the miller's daughter, without a saddle; another truant scholar begged to get behind him, so did a third, and eke a fourth. Thus these four being mounted like Aymond's four sons a horseback on a mule, without bridle or halter, the real and living emblem of folly, the grave animal walked leisurely down St. James's Street, till it came near a church, towards which it moved, drawn by the magnetic virtue of the water, which it smelt at a considerable distance, in the

holy water-pot, which is always near the porch. And in vain our four riders kicked and called; in spite of them the headstrong thirsty beast made up to the holy element; and though the church was almost full of people, it being Sunday and sermon-time, notwithstanding all opposition, the bold monster dipped its saucy snout in the sanctified cistern. The people that were near it were not a little amazed at the impudence of that sacrilegious animal, deservedly cursed with sterility, though it were but for this one crime; many took him for a spectrum that bore some souls, formerly heretical, but now penitent, that came to seek the sweet refrigeratory of the saints, out of the more than hellish flames of purgatory. So the unconcerned mulc took a swinging draught of holy liquor, yet did not like it so well, there being always salt in it, as to take a second dose; but having somewhat allayed its raging thirst, modestly withdrew, with her two brace of youngsters. However, the thing did not end thus: for the brute was seized, and Rabelais, being thought none of the greatest admirers of the Romish fopperies, was shrewdly suspected of having laid the design of that scandalous adventure. Nor was the rude four-legged Johannes Caballus released out of the pound, till its master had dearly paid for its drink.

As he ridiculed the superstition of priests, he also was extremely free in his reflections on the monks, and truly he knew them too well to love and esteem them; he is said not to have been able to refrain his satirical temper, even while he was reading public service; and instead of *Qui mæchantur cum illâ*, as the vulgate has it, to have said aloud *Qui monachantur cum illâ*.

It is also said, that as he was kneeling once at church, before the statue of King Charles VIII. a monk came and said to him, that doubtless he mistook that king's statue for that of some saint; but Rabelais immediately replied, "I am not so much a monk (blockhead, I mean) as thou thinkest me; nor yet so blind as not to know that I kneel before the representation of King Charles VII., for whose soul I was praying, because he brought the pox out of Naples into this kingdom, by which means I and other physicians have been considerable gainers."

Several physicians being once assembled to consult about

an hypochondriac humour, which confined Cardinal du Bellay to his bed ; they at last resolved that an aperitive (opening) decoction should be prepared, to be frequently taken with some syrup by the patient. Now Rabelais, who was his physician, perhaps not being of their opinion, while the rest of our learned doctors were still discoursing in their scientific jargon, to deserve the large fee, caused a fire to be made in the yard, and on it to be set a kettle full of water, into which he had put as many keys as he could get : and while he was very busy in stirring them about with a stick, the doctors coming down, saw him, and asked what he was doing ? " Following your directions," replied he. " How in the name of Galen ?" cried one of them. " You are for something that may be very aperitive," returned Rabelais, " and by Hippocrates, I think you will own that nothing can be more aperitive than keys, unless you would have me send to the arsenal for some pieces of cannon." This odd fancy, being immediately related to the sick cardinal, set him into such a fit of laughing, that it helped more to cure him than the prescription ; and what made the jest the more pertinent was, that keys are made of iron and steel, which with water are the chief ingredients in chalybeate medicines.

Hearing that the grave John Calvin, somewhat prejudiced against him for his biting jokes, had played on his name by the way of anagram ; saying " Rabelarsius, Rabiæ læsus," Anglicè " mad man ;" he, with an admirable presence of mind, immediately returned the compliment in the same kind, saying, " Calvin Jan Cul," Anglicè " Jack Arse," adding that there was anagram for anagram, and that a studied trifle only deserved to be paid back with one worse, extempore.

Thus while, like Democritus, he made himself merry with the impertinences of mankind, nothing was able to allay his mirth, unless it were the thought of a reckoning, at the time that he paid it ; then, indeed, he was thought somewhat serious, though probably it was partly that those who were to receive it, might not impose on him and the company, and because he generally found his purse not over full. However, the time of paying a shot in a tavern among good fellows, or Pantagruelists, is still called, in France, *le quart d'heure de Rabelais* ; that is, Rabelais's quarter of an hour, (when a man is uneasy or melancholy.)



Yet his enemies, the monks, and some others, tell us, that he seemed much less concerned when he paid the grand shot of life, than when he discharged a small tavern reckoning; for they say that he faced death with an unconcerned and careless countenance; and, in short, that he died just as he had lived. They relate the thing thus:—  
 Rabelais being very sick, Cardinal du Bellay sent his page to him, to have an account of his condition; his answer was, “Tell my lord in what circumstances thou findest me; I am just going to leap into the dark. He is up in the cock-loft, bid him keep where he is. As for thee, thou’lt always be a fool: let down the curtain, the farce is done.”<sup>19</sup> A little before this he called for his domino (so some in France call a sort of hood which certain ecclesiastics wear) saying, put me on my domino, for I am cold: besides, I will die in it, for *Beati qui in Domino moriuntur*. An author,<sup>20</sup> who styles Rabelais a man of excellent learning, writes, that he being importuned by some to sign a will, whereby they had made him bestow on them legacies that exceeded his ability, he, to be no more disturbed, complied at last with their desires; but when they came to ask him where they should find a fund answerable to what he gave; “As for that,” replied he, “you must do like the spaniel, look about and search;” then, adds that author, having said, draw the curtain, the farce is over, he died. Likewise a monk,<sup>21</sup> not only tells us that he ended his life with that jest, but that he left a paper sealed up, wherein were found three articles as his last will, “I owe much, I have nothing, I give the rest to the poor.”

The last story, or that before it, must undoubtedly be false; and perhaps both are so, as well as the message by the page: though Frigius<sup>22</sup> relates also, that Rabelais said, when he was dying, draw the curtain, &c. But if he said so, many great men have said much the same. Thus Augustus,<sup>23</sup> near his death, asked his friends whether he had not very well acted the farce of life? And Demonax, one

<sup>19</sup> Je m'en vay chercher un grand peult-estre. Il est au nid de la pie. Which, verbatim Englished, is, I am going to seek, or look for, a great may-be (doubt or uncertainty.) He is in the pye's nest, &c.

<sup>20</sup> Thov. His. de Jean Clopinel.

<sup>21</sup> P. de St. Romuald Rel.

Feuillant. <sup>22</sup> Comment in Orat. Cic. tom. 1.

<sup>23</sup> Nunquid vitæ minum commode peregisset.

of the best philosophers, when he saw that he could not, by reason of his great age, live any longer, without being a burthen to others as well as to himself, said to those that were near him, what the herald used to say when the public games were ended, you may withdraw, the show is over, and, refusing to eat, kept his usual gaiety to the last, and set himself at ease.<sup>24</sup>

I have many other stories, concerning Rabelais, which seem as inconsistent and fabulous as the legends of Symeon the Metaphrast, St. Xavier's miracles, or, the traditions of the monks, our witty satirist's irreconcilable enemies. We ought not easily to believe, that he, who even in the most licentious places of his merry compositions, is thought by the judicious to have generally a design to expose villany, and in the places that are graver, as also in his letters, displays all the moderation and judgment of a good man; we ought not, I say, to believe, that such a man, in his seventieth year, could have abandoned himself to those excesses; being curate of a large parish near Paris, prebendary of St. Maur des fossez, in that city, and honoured and loved by many persons equally eminent for virtue, learning, and quality.

It was by a person, who, with those three advantages, was also a great statesman, and a very good Latin poet; I mean John, Cardinal du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, who knew Rabelais from his youth, that he was taken from the profession of physic, to be employed by that prelate in his most secret negotiations; it was he that knew him best, yet he thought him not unworthy of being one of the prebendaries of a famous chapter in a metropolis, and curate of Meudon in his diocese.

It was, some say, in that pleasant retreat, that he composed his Gargantua and Pantagruel; though more probably, it was at that house called Deviniere, already mentioned, and that the neighbouring abbey of Sevillé, whose monks lived not then according to the austerity of their rule, is partly the subject of it, which causes him, they say, to make so often mention of the monks, the staff of the cross and the vineyard of Sevillé; as also of Basché, Lérné Panzoust, &c., which are places near that abbey.

The freedom, which Rabelais has used in this work, could not but raise it many enemies: which caused him to give an account in his dedicatory epistle of the fourth book, to Odet, Cardinal of Chatillon, his friend, of the motive that induced him to write the three former books. There he tells him, that though his lordship knew how much he was daily importuned to continue it by several great persons who alleged, that many who languished through grief or sickness, reading it, had received extraordinary ease and comfort; yet the calumnies of a sort of uncharitable men, who said it was full of heresies, though they could not show any there, without perverting the sense, had so far conquered his patience, that he had resolved to write no more on that subject. But that his lordship having told him that King Francis had found the reports of his enemies to be unjust, as well as King Henry II. then reigning; who, therefore, had granted to that cardinal his privilege and particular protection for the author of those mythologies: now, without any fear, under so glorious and powerful a patronage, he securely presumed to write on.

And indeed it is observable, that in the book to which that epistle is prefixed, he has more freely than in the rest exposed the monks, priests, pope, decretals, council of Trent, then sitting, &c.

That epistle<sup>25</sup> is dated the 28th of January, 1552, and some write that he died in 1553. By the following epigram, printed before his last book, Rabelais seems to have been dead before it was published:

Rabelais est il mort? Voici encore un livre!  
Non, sa meilleure part a repris ses esprits,  
Pour nous faire present de l'un de ses ecrits  
Qui le rend entre nous immortel et fait vivre.

*Nature quite.*

The signature seems to be an anagram of Jean Turquet, father of the historian Louis Mayerin Turquet.

This satirical work employed our Rabelais only at his spare hours; for he tells us that he spent no time in composing it, but that which he usually allowed himself for eating; yet it has deserved the commendations of the best of serious writers; and particularly of the great Thuanus, whose approbation alone is a panegyric. And if we have

<sup>25</sup> Thres. Chronol. de St. Remuald.

not many other serious tracts by its author, the private affairs of Cardinal du Bellay, in which he was employed, and his profession as a physician and a curate, may be supposed to be the cause of it. Yet he published a Latin version of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, and with them some of Galen's works, which, for its faithfulness and purity of style, has been much esteemed by the best judges of both: nor is Vorstius, who attempted the same, said to have succeeded so well. Rabelais also wrote several French and Latin epistles, in an excellent style, to several great and learned men, and particularly to Cardinal de Chatillon, the Bishop of Maillezais, and Andrew Tiraqueau, the famous civilian, who is said yearly to have given a book<sup>26</sup> and, by one wife, a son to the world, during thirty years,<sup>27</sup> though he never drank anything but water; in which he differed much from his friend Rabelais. Those epistles do not only show that he was a man fit for negotiations, but that he had gained at Rome the friendship of several eminent prelates. He likewise wrote a book, called *Sciomachia*, and of the feasts made at Rome, in the palace of Cardinal du Bellay, for the birth of the Duke of Orleans, printed at Lyons, in 8vo. by Sebast. Gryphius, 1549. And there is an Almanack for the year 1553, calculated by him for the meridian of Lyons, and printed there, which shows that he was not only a grammarian, poet, philosopher, physician, civilian, and theologian, but also an astronomer. Besides, he was a very great linguist, being well skilled in the French, German, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek and Hebrew tongues; and we see in his letters, that he also understood Arabic, which he had learned at Rome, of a Bishop of Caramith.

Some write, that Rabelais died at Meudon; but Dom Pierre de St. Romuald says, that Dr. Guy Patin, royal professor at Paris, who was a great admirer of Rabelais, assured him, that he caused himself to be brought from his cure to Paris, where he lies buried in St. Paul's church-yard, at the foot of a great tree, still to be seen there (1660). He died in a house in the street called La Rue des Jardins, in

<sup>26</sup> *Tresor. Chron. de St. Romuald.* <sup>27</sup> Others, more probably, reduce the number to ten sons, at the birth of each of whom he published a learned folio.

St. Paul's parish at Paris, about the year 1553, aged 70 years. But his fame will never die.

Stephen Pasquier, advocate-general, one of the most learned and judicious writers of his age, Joachim du Bellay, Archdeacon of Paris, named to the archbishopric of Bourdeaux, Peter Boullanger, Peter Ronsard, once prince of the French poets, Jean Artoine de Baif, and many more of the best pens of his age, honoured his memory with epitaphs; the two latter in French. That by Ronsard, being too long, I omit; here is that by Baif:

Ô Pluton, Rabelais reçoi  
Afin que toi, qui es le roi  
De ceux qui ne rient jamais  
Tu aies un rieur désormais !

Here are four others in Latin; of which the two first are to be found in Pasquier:

Ille ego Gallorum Gallus Democritus, illo  
Gratius aut si quid Gallia progenit.  
Sic homines, sic et cœlestia Numina lusi,  
Vix hominæ, vix ut Numina læsa putes.<sup>25</sup>

Sive tibi sit Lucianus alter,  
Sive sit cynicus, quid hospes ad te ?  
Hæc unus Rabelæsius factus,  
Nugarum pater, artifexque mirus,  
Quicquid is fuerit, recumbit urna.<sup>26</sup>

Somnus, et ingluvies, Bacchusque, Venusque, jocusque  
Numina, dum vixi, grata fuere mihi.

Cætera quis nescit ? Fuit ars mihi cura medendi.

Maxima, ridendi sed mihi cura fuit.

Tu quæque non lacrymas, sed risum solve, viator.  
Si gratus nostris manibus esse velis.

Non Rabelæsius solus  
Sed aula, ecclesia,  
Et omnis mundus  
Agunt hunc.

A great number of learned men have made mention of him in their writings; as Wm. Budé, master of the requests, alias Budæus, in *Epistolæ Græcæ*. Jac. Aug. de Thou, president in the court of parliament at Paris, alias Thuanus, *Hist. lib. 38, et Commentar. de Vita sua, lib. 6. Theod.*

<sup>25</sup> Pasq. Recueil des Portraits.

<sup>26</sup> Pasq. Liv. des Tomb.

Beza. Clement Marot, who inscribed to him an imitation, in French, of the 21st epigram of Martial's fifth book, "Si te cum mihi, Chære Martialis, &c." Hugh Salel, that translated Homer's Iliad into French. Stephen Dolet, a French and Latin poet, burned for being a protestant, at Paris, 1545. Peter Ronsard. Stephen Pasquier, in his Recherches de la France, and in the first and second books of his Lettres. Jean Cecile Frey. Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, in his book of the Advancement of Learning. Andrew Du Chesne, in his book Des Antiquitez de France. Thoret, Hist. de Jean Clopinel: Gab. Mic. de la Roche Maillet, Vie des Illust. Personnages. Fran. Grudé, Seigneur de la Croix du Maine, in his Bibliothèque. Ant. du Verdier, Sieur de Vauprivas, Conseiller du Roy. Franc. Ranchin, doctor of physick at Montpellier. Scævola de Sainte Marthe, Conseiller du Roy, &c. alias Samaritanus, lib. primo Elog. Clarorum Virorum. Sir William Temple, in the second part of his Miscellan. C. Sorel, first Historiographer of France, in his Bibliothèque Française. Dr. Ant. Van Dale, de Oraculis et Consecrationibus. Monsieur Costar, dans son Apologie. M. Menage. Romuald, in the third part of his Thresor Chronologique; and several others named in a book called Floretum Philosophicum, that mentions many particulars of his life, and the names of those that have spoke of him. A curate of Meudon, in honour of his predecessor, also caused to be printed whatever is writ in his praise, which books I have not been able to find. There is also a large account of Rabelais in the Grand Historical French Dictionary.

## SOME LEARNED MEN'S OPINIONS

, or

## DR. RABELAIS:

DE RABELAEO, CLARORUM ALIQUOT SCRIPTORUM TESTIMONIA

GUILIELMUS BUDÆUS IN EPISTOLIS GRÆCIS.

O DEUM immortalem, et sodalitatis Præsument, nostræque amicitiae Principem! Quidnam est illud quod audivimus? Te

etnim ô Caput mihi exoptatum, et Rabelæsum Theseum tuum intelligi ab istis elegantiae et venustatis osoribus sodalibus vestris obturbatos propter vehemens circa literas Græcas studium, quam plurimus gravibusque malis vexari. Papæ ô infaustam virorum delirationem! Qui usque adeo sunt animo incleganti ac stupido, ut, quibus cohonestari universum Sodalitium vestrum convenerat, multumque sapere, quippe qui exiguo temporis spatio ad doctrinae fastigium pervenerint, eosdem sanè calumniosè insimulando, in ipsoque conjurando finem imponere conati sint ornatissimæ exercitationi.—Et post alia, Vale et salutato meo nomine quater Rabelæsum scitum et industrium, vel sermone si præstò fit aut per Epistolas denunciahs.

VIRI ILLUSTRIS. JAC. AUG. THUANI IN SUPREMO GAL-  
LIARUM SENATU PRÆSIDIS.

COMMENTARIORUM DE VITA SUA, LIB. 6.

CITRONE hospitium habebat (Thyanus) in domo oppidi amplissimâ, quæ quondam Francisci Rabelæsi fuit, qui litteris Græcis, Latinisque instructissimus, et Medicinæ quam profitebatur peritissimus, postremo omni serio studio omisso se totus Vitæ solutæ ac gulæ mancipavit et ridendi artem hominis, sicut ipse aiebat propriam, amplexus, Democritica libertate, et scurrili interdum dicacitate, scriptum ingeniosissimum fecit, quo Vitæ regnique cunctos ordines quasi in Scenâm sub fictis Nominibus produxit et populo deridendos propinavit. Hominis ridiculi qui totâ vitâ ac scriptis, ridendi aliis materiam præbuit, memoria à Thuano et Calignono hic renovata est, cum bellè cum Rabelæsi Manibus actum uterque diceret, quod Domus ejus publico diversorio, in quo perpetuæ commensationes erant, Hortus adjacens ad ludum oppidanis per dies festos se exercentibus, projectum in Hortum despiciens, in quo, cum literis operam dabat, libros habere et studere solitus erat, vinearum cellæ inserviret. Ex eâque occasione Thuanus à Calignono invitatus, hoc Carmen extemporaneum fecit.

IPSE RABELÆSUS LOQUITUR.

Sic vixi, ut vixisse mihi jocus, atque legenti

Quos vivus scripsi, sit jocus usque jocos.

Per risum atque jocos homini data Vita fruenda,

Inter amarescit seria felle magis.  
 Et nunc ne placidos lædant quoque seria tñanes  
 Cavitt Echionii provida cura Dei.  
 Nam quæ à patre domus fuerat Chinone relicta,  
 Quæ vitreo Lemovix amne Vigenna fluit,  
 Postquam cubii, communis in usum versa tabernæ,  
 Lætifico strepitu nocte dieque sonat.  
 Ridet in hac hospes pernox, ridetur in Horto,  
 Cum Populus festo cessat in urbe die.  
 Tibiaque inflato saltantes incitat utre,  
 Tibia Pictonicos docta ciere modos.  
 Et quæ Musarum domino, quæ cella libellis  
 Nectareo spumat nunc apotheca mero,  
 Sic mihi post minimum Vitæ tam suaviter actura  
 Dept hodiè ad priscos fata redire jocos  
 Non aliâ patrias ædes mercede locare  
 Vendere non aliâ conditione velim.

THEODORUS REZA, DE FRANCISCO RABELÆSIO.

Qui sic Nugatur, tractantem sit seria vincat,  
 Seria cum faciet, die rogo quantus erit?

SCÆVOLA SAMARTIANUS EX LIBRO PRIMO ELOGIORUM  
 GALLORUM DOCTRINA ILLUSTRUM.

F. RABELÆSIUS—Impulsu quorundam procerum, qui urbanâ ejus dicacitate plurimum oblectabantur, Monasterii claustra juvenis transiit, demumque in ridendis hominum actionibus totus fuit. Cum enim, pro eâ qua pollebat Linguarum et Medicinæ Scientiâ, multa graviter, et eaudite posset scribere, quod et Hippocratis Aphorismi ab illo castâ fide tranducti, et aliquot Epistolæ nitido stylo conscriptæ satis indicant, Lucianum tamen æmulari maluit, ad ejus exemplum ea Sermioni Patrio finxit, quæ nugæ esse videntur, sed ejusmodi tamen sunt ut Lectorem quemlibet eruditum capiant, et incredibili quadam voluptate perfundant. Neque solum erat in scribendo salis et facetiarum plenus, verum et eandem jocandi libertatem apud quemlibet et in omni sermone retinebat; adeo ut Romam Joanne cum Bellajo Cardinale profectus, et in Pauli III. conspectum venire jussus ne ipsi quidem Pontifici Maximo pepercerit. Atque hanc intemperantiæ suæ causam ingeniosè prætexebat, quod cum



sanitati conservanda nihil magis officiat quàm mœror et ægri-  
monia, prudentis Medici partes sint non minus in mentibus  
hominum exhilarandis, quàm in corporibus curandis laborare.

ANTON. VAN DALE; DE ORACULIS ET CONSECRATIONIBUS.

DE Oraculis et Sortibus inter alia scripsit per lusum et  
jocum doctissimus et magnus ille Gallus Rabelaisius, cujus  
nugæ sæpius multorum doctorum seria vincunt, in vitâ et  
gestis Garagantuae et Pantagruelis, tam doctè meo judicio,  
quam lepidè ac salsè.

SIR WM. TEMPLE IN HIS MISCELLANEA, SECOND PART.

THE great wits among the moderns have been, in my  
opinion, and in their several kinds, of the French Rabelais  
and Montaigne.—Rabelais seems to have been father of the  
ridicule, a man of excellent and universal learning, as well  
as wit; and though he had too much game given him for  
satire in that age, by the customs of courts and of convents,  
of processes and of wars, of schools and of camps, of  
romances and legends, yet he must be confessed to have kept  
up his vein of ridicule, by saying many things so smutty and  
profane, that a pious man could not have afforded, though he  
had never so much of that coin about him. And it were to  
be wished, that the wits who have imitated him, had not  
put too much value upon a dress, that better understandings  
would not wear (at least in public) and upon a compass they  
gave themselves, which some other men cannot take.

M. L'ABBE COSTAR, DANS SON APOLOGIE A M. MENAGE.

RABELAIS est autant à la mode qu'il fut jamais. Ses  
railleries sont agréables d'un agrément qui ne finera point  
tant qu'il y aura sur la terre d'habiles rieurs. Les modes et  
les habillements changeront toujours, mais non pas celles des  
bons contes et des bons mots qui se soutiennent d'eux  
mesmes, et qui sont en effet de bonnes choses. Ceux de Plaute  
et de Lucien, quelques vieux qu'ils soient, ne laissent pas de  
conserver la feu et la grace qu'ils avoient dans leur nouveauté.

M. ESTIENNE PASQUIER, CONSEILLER DU ROY, AVOCAT  
GENERAL EN SA CHAMBRE DES COMPTES A PARIS.

AU LIVRE DE SES RECHERCHES DE LA FRANCE.

Je mettray entre les poètes du mesme temps François

Rabelais: car combien qu'il ait écrit en prose les faits heroiques de Gargantua et Pantagruel, il estoit mis au rang des poetes, comme l'apprend la responce que Marot fit à Sagon sous le nom de Fripelipes son Valet:

Je ne voy point qu'un Saint Gelais,  
Un Heroet, un Rabelais,  
Un Brodeau, un Seve, un Chapuy.  
Voisent escrivant contre luy.

Aux gayetes qu'il mit en lumiere, se moquant de toute chose il se rendit le nom pareil! De ma part je recognoistray franchement avoir l'esprit si folastre, que je ne me lassay jamais de le lire, et ne le leu jamais que je n'y trouvasse matiere de rire, et d'en faire mort profit tout ensemble.

COLERIDGE.

BEYOND a doubt Rabelais was among the deepest, as well as boldest, thinkers of his age. His buffoonery was not merely Brutus's rough stick, which contained a rod of gold: it was necessary as an amulet against the monks and legates. Never was there a more plausible, and seldom, I am persuaded, a less appropriate line, than the thousand times quoted

Rabelais laughing in his easy chair

of Mr. Pope. The caricature of his filth and zanyism show how fully he both knew and felt the danger in which he stood. I could write a treatise in praise of the moral elevation of Rabelais' work, which would make the church stare, and the conventicle groan, and yet would be truth, and nothing but the truth. I class Rabelais with the great creative minds of the world, Shakspeare, Dante, Cervantes, &c.

THE

## P R E F A C E,

WHEREIN IS GIVEN AN ACCOUNT OF THE DESIGN AND  
NATURE OF THIS WORK, AND A KEY TO SOME  
OF ITS MOST DIFFICULT PASSAGES.

THE History of Gargantua and Pantagruel has always been esteemed a master-piece of wit and learning, by the best judges of both. Even the most grave and reserved among the learned in many countries, but particularly in France, have thought it worthy to hold a place in their closets, and have passed many hours in private with that diverting and instructive companion. And as for those whose age and profession did not incline them to be reserved, all France can witness that there has been but few of them who could not be said to have their Rabelais almost by heart: since *mir* could hardly be complete among those that love it, unless their good cheer were seasoned with some of Rabelais's wit.

Fifty large editions of that book have not sufficed the world, and, though the language in which it is written be not easily understood now, by those who only converse with modern French books, yet it has been reprinted several times lately, in France and Holland, even in its antiquated style.

Indeed, some are of opinion that the odd and quaint terms used in that book, add not a little to the satisfaction which is found in its perusal; but yet this can only be said of such of them as are understood; and when a reader meets with many words that are unintelligible (I mean to him that makes it not his business to know the meaning of dark and obsolete expressions), the pleasure which what he understands yields him, is in a greater measure allayed by his disappointment; of which we have instances when we read

Chaucer, and other books, which we do not thoroughly understand.

Sir Thomas Urquhart has avoided that obscurity in this following translation of Rabelais, so that most English readers may now understand that author in our tongue, better than many of the French can do in theirs. To do Rabelais justice: it was necessary that a person, not only master of the French, but also of much leisure and fancy, should undertake the task. The translator was not only happy in these things, but also in being a learned physician, and having, besides, some Frenchmen near him, who understood Rabelais very well, and could explain to him the most difficult words; and I think that, before the first and second books of Rabelais, which are all that was formerly printed of that author in English, there were some verses by men of that nation in praise of his translation.

It was too kindly received, not to have encouraged him to English the remaining three books, or at least the Third—the Fourth and Fifth being in a manner distinct, as being Pantagruel's Voyage. Accordingly he translated the Third Book, and probably would have finished the whole had not death prevented him. So, the said Third Book, being found long after in manuscript among his papers, somewhat incorrect, a gentleman who is not only a very great linguist, but also deservedly famous for his ingenious and learned compositions, was lately pleased to revise it, as well as the two first, which had been published about thirty years ago, and are extremely scarce. He thought it necessary to make considerable alterations, that the translation might have the smartness, genuine sense, and the very style and air of the original; but yet, to preserve the latter, he has not thought fit to alter the style of the translation, which suits as exactly with that of the author as possible, neither affecting the politeness of the most nice and refined of our modern English writers, nor yet the roughness of our antiquated authors, but such a medium as might neither shock the ears of the first, nor displease those who would have an exact imitation of the style of Rabelais.

• Since the first edition of those two books of Rabelais was so favourably entertained, without the third, without any account of the author, or any observations to discover that

mysterious history; it is hoped that they will not meet with a worse usage now they appear again so much improved, with the addition of a third, never printed before in English, and a large account of the author's life; but principally since we have here an explication of the enigmatic sense of part of that admirable mythologist's works, both of which have been so long wanted, though never till now published in any language.

THE ingenious of our age, as well as those who lived when Rabelais composed his *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, have been extremely desirous of discovering the truths which are hid under the dark veil of allegories in that incomparable work. The great Thuanus found it worthy of being mentioned in his excellent history, as a most ingenious satire on persons who were the most distinguished in the kingdom of France by their quality and employments; and without doubt he, who was the best of all our modern historians, and lived soon after it was writ, had traced the private design of Rabelais, and found out the true names of the persons whom he has introduced on this scene, with names, not only imaginary, but generally ridiculous, and whose actions he represents as ridiculous as those names. But as it would have been dangerous, having unmasked those persons, to have exposed them to public view, in a kingdom where they were so powerful; and as most of the adventures, which are mystically represented by Rabelais, relate to the affairs of religion, so those few who have understood the true sense of that satire, have not dared to reveal it.

In the late editions, some learned men have given us a vocabulary, wherein they explain the names and terms in it which are originally Greek, Latin, Hebrew, or of other tongues, that the text might thus be made more intelligible, and their work may be useful to those who do not understand those tongues. But they have not had the same success in their pretended explications of the names which Rabelais has given to the real actors in this farce; and thus they have, indeed, framed a key, but, if I may use the allegory, it was without having known the wards and springs of the lock. What I advance will doubtless be owned to be true by those who may have observed that by that key, none can discover in those Pythagorical symbols (as they are called in

the author's prologue to the first book) any event that has a relation to the history of those to whom the names, mentioned by Rabclais, have been applied by those that made that pretended key. They tell us in it, that King Grangousier is the same as King Louis XII. of France, that Gargantua is Francis I. and that Henry II. is, the true name of Pantagruel; but we discover none of Louis XII.'s features in King Grangousier, who does none of the actions which history ascribes to that prince, so that the King of Siam, or the Cham of Tartary, might as reasonably be imagined to be Grangousier, as Louis XII. As much may be said of Gargantua and of Pantagruel, who do none of the things that have been remarked by historians as done by the Kings Francis I. and Henry II. of France.

This reason, which of itself is very strong, will much more appear to be such, if we reflect on the author's words in the Prologue to the first Book: "In the perusal of this treatise," says he, "you shall find another kind of taste, and a doctrine of a more profound and abstruse consideration, which will disclose to you the most glorious doctrine, and dreadful mysteries, as well in what concerneth your religion, as matters of the public state and life economical;" mysteries which, as he tells us, are the juice and substantial marrow of his work. To this reason I add another as strong and evident. It is, that we find in Grangousier, Gargantua, and Pantagruel, characters that visibly distinguish them from the three Kings of France which I have named, and from all the other kings their predecessors.

In the first place, Grangousier's kingdom is not France, but a state particularly distinct from it, which Gargantua and Pantagruel call Utopia.

Secondly, Gargantua is not born in the kingdom of France, but in that of Utopia.

Thirdly, he leaves Paris, called back by his father, that he might come to the relief of his country, which was attacked by Picrochole's army.

And, finally, Francis I. is distinguished from Gargantua, in the 39th chapter of the first book, when Friar John des Entbumeures says, in the presence of Gargantua, and eating at his table, "Had I been in the time of Jesus Christ, I would have kept him from being taken by the Jews in the garden of

Olivet, and the devil fail me, if I should have failed to cut off the hams of those gentlemen apostles, who ran away so basely after they had well supped, and left their good master in the lurch; I hate that man worse than poison that offers to run away when he should fight and say stoutly about him. Oh, if I were but King of France for fourscore or a hundred years, by God, I should whip, like cut-tail dogs, these runaways of Pavia: a plague take them," &c.

But if Francis I. is not Gargantua, likewise Pantagruel is not Henry II., and if it were needful, I could easily show, that the authors of that pretended key have not only been mistaken in those names, but in all the others, which they undertook to decipher, and that they only spoke at random, without the least grounds or authorities from history.

All things are right so far; but the difficulty lieth not there: we ought to show who are the princes that are hid under the names of Grangousier, Gargantua, and Pantagruel, if yet we may suppose them to be princes. But such a discovery cannot be very easily made, because most of their actions are only described in allegories, and in so confused and enigmatic a manner, that we do not know where to fix. This must be granted; yet it is not an impossible thing: and if we can but once unmask Panurge, who is the ridiculous hero of the piece, we may soon guess by the servant, and the air and figure of his master, who Pantagruel is.

We find these four characters in Panurge.

1. He is well skilled in the Greek, Hebrew, and Latin tongues; he speaks High and Low Dutch, Polish, Spanish, Portuguese, English, Latin, &c.

2. He is learned, understanding, politic, sharp, cunning, and deceitful in the highest degree.

3. He publicly professes the Popish religion, though he in reality laughs at it, and is nothing less than a papist.

4. His chief concern, next to that of eating, is a marriage, which he has a desire, yet is afraid to contract, lest he should meet with his match: that is, a wife even as bad as himself.

I do not know if those who, by the pretended key, have been induced to believe that Panurge was the Cardinal of Amboise in a disguise, have been pleased to observe these four qualities; but I am sure that nothing of all this can be

applied to that prelate, unless it be, that in general he was an able minister of state. But all four were found in John de Montluc, Bishop of Valence and Die, who was the eldest brother of the Marshal de Montluc, the most violent enemy which the Huguenots had in those days.

1. Historians assure us<sup>1</sup>, that he understood the Eastern tongues, as also the Greek and the Latin, the best of any man in his time: and in sixteen embassies to many princes of Europe, to whom he was sent, in Germany, England, Scotland Poland, Constantinople, he doubtless learned the living tongues, which he did not know before.

2. He gained a great reputation in all those embassies, and his wit, his skill, his penetration, and his prudence, in observing a conduct that contented all persons, were universally admired. But he even outdid himself in the most difficult of all those embassies, which was that of Poland, to the throne of which kingdom he caused Henry de Valois, Duke of Anjou, to be raised, in spite of the difficulties, which the massacre of Paris, that was wholly laid to his charge in Poland (he having been one of the chief promoters of it), created concerning his election. His toils and his happy success, in those important negotiations, caused him to take this Latin verse for his motto—

*Que regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?*

3. The whole kingdom of France, and particularly the court, knew that he was a Calvinist, and he himself did not make a mystery of it, as appears by his preaching their doctrine once before the queen in a hat and cloak, after the manner of the Calvinists, which caused the Constable de Montmorency to say aloud, "Why do not they pull that minister out of the pulpit?" Nay, he was even condemned by Pius IV. as a heretic, but that pope having not assigned him judges in partibus, according to the laws of the kingdom, he kept his bishopric; and the Dean of Valence, who had accused him of being a Calvinist, not being well able to make good his charge, Montluc, who had mighty friends, caused him to be punished for it; also, after his death, his contract of marriage with a gentlewoman called Anne Martin was found, yet he still kept in the Roman church, and

<sup>1</sup> Brantome. Beza Hist. Eccles.  
Sponde. Maimbourg. Beza

<sup>2</sup> Brantome. Duplex.



still enjoyed the revenues of his bishopric, as if he had been the most bigotted papist in that kingdom. The considerations that kept him from abjuring solemnly the errors of the church of Rome, were, that Calvin let him know, that according to his reformation there could be no bishops; he owned that this obstacle would not, perhaps, have hindered him from leaving that communion, could his kitchen have followed him in the other; excepting that particular, he was altogether for a reformation, and in all things favoured its professors, and it is what Rabelais has observed, when he makes him conclude all his discourses in many languages with saying, that "*Venter famelicus auriculis carere dicitur*:"<sup>3</sup> at this time, I am in a very urgent necessity to feed, my teeth are sharp, my belly empty, my throat dry, and my stomach fierce and burning; all is ready. If you will but set me to work, it will be as good as a balsamum for sore eyes, to see me gulch and raven it. For God's sake give order for it."

4. His chief concern, next to that of living plentifully, was that of his marriage, and as we have observed, he married, and had a son whom he owned, and who was afterwards legitimated by the parliament; it is the same who is famous in history by the name of Balagny, and who was afterwards Prince of Cambray; his father caused him to be sent into Poland, about the Duke of Anjou's election, of which we have spoke, and he was very servicable to that duke in it. Now, it is that marriage of the Bishop of Valence, that so much perplexes him by the name of Panurge, in Rabelais's third book, and which is the occasion of Pantagruel's voyage to the Holy Bottle in the fourth and fifth.

It is much to be admired how a bishop, that openly sided with the Calvinists, who was also a monk, yet married, and living with his wife, whom he had regularly wedded, could enjoy one of the best bishoprics in France, and some of the chief employments at court. He must doubtless have been extremely canning, and have had a very particular talent to keep those envied posts in the church and state, in spite of all those disadvantages, in the midst of so many storms raised against him and the reformation, by enemies that had all the forces of the kingdom in their power, and could do whatever they pleased. "

<sup>3</sup> Book ii. chap. 9. r

This prudence and craftiness is described to the life by our author, when he makes Panurge relate how he had been broached upon a spit by the Turks, all larded like a rabbit, and in that manner was roasting alive; when calling on God that he might deliver him out of the pains wherein they detained him for his sincerity in the maintenance of his law, the turnspit fell asleep by the divine will; and Panurge, having taken in his teeth a fire-brand by the end that was not burned, cast it in the lap of his roaster; with another set the house on fire, broached on the spit the Turkish lord who designed to devour him, and at last got away, though pursued by a great number of dogs, who smelled his lecherous half-roasted flesh; and he threw the bacon, with which he had been larded, among them.

It is observable, that there he exclaims against the Turks about their abstaining from wine, which, perhaps, may refer to the Church of Rome's denying the cup in the eucharist to the laity, at which particularly Montluc was offended. To lard a man is a metaphor often used by the French, to signify, to accuse and reproach, and so he was even before he had his bishopric; throwing a fire-brand with his mouth on the turnspit's lap, may be the hot words which he used to clear himself, and with which he charged his adversaries; and his spitting and burning the Turkish lord may, perhaps, mean the advantage which he had over them<sup>4</sup>. The spectacles which afterwards he wore on his cap, may signify the caution which he was always obliged to take to avoid a surprise; and his having a flea in his ear, in French, signifies the same<sup>5</sup>. His forbearing to wear any longer his magnificent cod-piece, and clothing himself in four French ells of a coarse brown russet cloth, show that, as he was a monk, he could not wear a cod-piece as was the fashion in those days for the laity; or, perhaps, it denotes his affecting to imitate the simplicity of garb, which was observable in Calvinist preachers.

This subaltern hero of the farce, now found to be the Bishop of Valence, by the circumstances and qualifications already discovered, that cannot properly belong to any other, may help us to know, not only Pantagruel, to whom he had

<sup>4</sup> Book iii. chap. 7.

<sup>5</sup> La puce a l'oreille.

devoted himself, but also Gargantua and Grangousier, the father and grandfather of Pantagruel.

History assures us, that Montluc, Bishop of Valence, owed his advancement to Margaret de Valois, Queen of Navarre, and sister to King Francis I. She took him out of a monastery, where he was no more than a jacobin friar, and sent him to Rome, whereby he was raised to the rank of an ambassador, which was the first step to his advancement.

Thus Pantagruel should be Anthony de Bourbon, Duke of Vendosme, King Henry IV.'s father, and Louis XIV.'s great grandfather. He was married to Jeanne d'Albret, the only daughter of the said Queen Margaret, and of Henry d'Albret, king of Navarre. Thus he became their son, and King of Navarre, after the death of the said Henry d'Albret, whom I take to be Gargantua: consequently his father, John d'Albret, King of Navarre, excommunicated by Pope Julius III. and deprived of the best part of his kingdom by Ferdinand king of Arragon, should be Grangousier.

The verses before the third book (printed in 1546) discover, that Pantagruel is Anthony de Bourbon, afterwards King of Navarre. The author dedicates it to the soul of the deceased Queen of Navarre, Margaret de Valois, who died in Brittany, in the year 1549 (and was therefore living at the time the verses were published). She had openly professed the protestant religion; and in 1534, her ministers, of whom the most famous were Girard Ruffy (since Bishop of Oleron<sup>6</sup> in Navarre), Couraud and Berthaud, preached publicly at Paris by her direction, upon which a fierce persecution ensued. Her learning and the agreeableness of her temper, were so extraordinary, as well as her virtue, that she was styled the tenth Muse, and the fourth Grace. She has written several books; particularly one of poetry called *Marguerite des Marguerites*, and another in prose called the *Hexameron* or *Les Nouvelles Nouvelles*: of which novels some might in this age seem too free to be penned by a lady, but yet the reputation of her virtue has always been very great, which shows, that though in that age both sexes were less reserved in their writings than we are generally in this, they were not more remiss in their actions. Among many epitaphs, she was honoured with that which follows

<sup>6</sup> Hist. de Jean Cresspin.

Quæ fuit exemplum cœlestis nobile formæ

In quam tot laudes, tot coicere bona,  
Margareta sub hoc tegitur Valesia saxo.

I, nunc atque mori numina posse nega?

I thought fit to premise this concerning that princess, that the following verses might be better understood.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS.

A L'ESPRIT DE LA REINE DE NAVARRE.

ESPRIT abstrait, ravy, et ecstasie,  
Qui, frequentant les cieux, ton origine,  
As delaissé ton hoste et domestic,  
Ton corps concords, qui tant se morigie,  
A tes edits, en vie peregrine,  
Sans sentiment, et comme en apathie !  
Voudrois tu point faire quelque sortie  
De ton manoir divin, perpetuel ;  
Et ça-bas voir une tierce partie  
Des faits joyeux du bon Pantagruel.

FRANCIS RABELAIS,

TO THE SOUL OF THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE

ABSTRACTED spirit, rapt with ecstasies,  
Soul, now familiar in thy native skies ;  
Who didst thy flight from thy weak mansion take,  
And thy kind mate, thy other self, forsake ;  
Who, by thy rules himself so wisely guides,  
And here, as in a foreign world, resides  
From sense of its fantastic pleasures free,  
Since thou his soul art fled, in apathy !  
Would'st thou not leave a while the heavenly plain,  
And with thy presence grace our world again,  
To see this book, where a third part I tell,  
Of the rare deeds of good Pantagruel.

This *corps concords*, this conjugate body, that grows so conformable to that queen's rules, and leads the life of a traveller, who only desires to arrive at his journey's end, being as it were in apathy : what should it be but Henry d'Albret, who had survived that queen, his consort, and could love nothing after her in this world, endeavouring at the same time to wean himself from its vanities, to aspire to a better,

according to that wise princess's pious admonitions? Nor can the good Pantagruel be any other than Arthony de Bourbon, whom we have already named.

To this proof I add another, which admits of no reply; it is, that the language, which Pantagruel owns to be that of Utopia and his country, is the same that is spoken in the provinces of Bearn and Gascony, the first of which was yet enjoyed by the King of Navarre. Panurge having spoken to him in that language, "Methinks I understand him," said Pantagruel; "for either it is the language of my country of Utopia, or it sounds very much like it."<sup>7</sup> Now those who are acquainted with the different dialects of the French tongue, need but read to find that Panurge had spoken in that of Gascony. "*Ayonou dont oussys vous desdaignez algarou,*" &c.

Besides, Gargantua, who is King of Utopia, is said to be born in a state near the Bibarois, by which the author, perhaps, does not only allude to bibere (drinking,) but to Bigorre, a province, which was still possessed by the King of Navarre, or at least to the Vivarez, which may be reckoned among the provinces that are not far distant from that of Foix, which also belonged to that king, his mother being Catherine de Foix. That in which Gargantua was born is Beusse, which, though it also alludes to drinking, yet, by the transmutation of B into V (generally made by those nations as well as by many others), seems to be the ancient name of Albret, viz., Vasates. I might add, that Grangousier is described as one that was well furnished with hams of Bayonne, sausages of Bigorre and Rouargue, &c.,<sup>8</sup> but none of Bolognia; for he feared the Lombard Boconne (or poisoned bit, the pope being indeed his enemy). We are told that he "could not endure the Spaniards,"<sup>9</sup> and mention is made also by Grangousier of the wine that grows, "not," says he, "in Brittany, but in this good country of Verron," which seems to be Bearn.<sup>10</sup> I might instance more of this; but as I know how little we ought to rely upon likeness of names to find out places and colonies, I will only insist upon the word Utopia, which is the name of Grangousier's kingdom, and by which the author means Navarre, of which, Gargantua was properly only titular king, the best part of that kingdom, with Pampelune,

<sup>7</sup> Book ii. chap. 9.    <sup>8</sup> Book i. chap. 3.    <sup>9</sup> Book i. chap. 8.

<sup>10</sup> Book i. chap 13.

its capital city, being in the king of Spain's hands: so that state was, as it were no more on earth, as to any benefit he enjoyed by it; and it is what the word *Utopia*, from *οὐ* and *τόπος*, signifies, viz., what is not found, or a place not to be found. We have, therefore, here four actors in the Pantagruelian farce, three Kings of Navarre and the Bishop of Valence bred up and raised in that house: we might add two *personæ mutæ*, Catherine de Foix, Queen of Navarre, married to John d'Albrét; and she, therefore, should be Gargamelle, as Margaret de Valois, married to his son, Henry King of Navarre, should be Badebec.

Picrochole is doubtless the King of Spain, who deprived John d'Albrét of that part of Navarre which is on the side of the Pyrenean mountains that is next to Spain. This appears by the name of Picrochole, and by the universal monarchy of which he thought himself secure.

The word Picrochole is made up of two *πικρός*: bitter, and *χολή* choler, bile, or gall, to denote the temper of that king, who was nothing but bitterness and gall. This doubly fits Charles V.; first with relation to Francis I., against whom he conceived an immortal hatred; and to Henry d'Albrét, whose kingdom he possessed, and whom he lulled with the hopes of a restitution which he never designed; which was one of the chief causes of the war that was kindled between that king and the Emperor Charles V., which lasted during both their reigns. Besides, Charles V. was troubled from time to time with an overflowing of bile; so that finding himself decaying, and not likely to live much longer, after he had raised the siege of Mets, as he had done that of Marseilles before, being commonly as unfortunate as his generals were successful, he shut himself up in a monastery, where that distemper was the chief cause of his death. The hope of universal monarchy, with which that emperor flattered himself, was a chimera that possessed his mind till he resigned his crown, and which he seemed to have assigned with it to Philip II. his son and successor.

This phrensy, which in his thirst of empire possessed him wholly, is very pleasantly ridiculed by Rabelais.<sup>11</sup> The Duke of Small-trash, the Earl of Swash-buckler, and Captain Durtail, make Picrochole (in Rodomontado) conquer all the

<sup>11</sup>Book i. chap. 33.

nations in the universe. I suppose that our satirist means by these three, some grandees of Spain; for their king, Picrochole bids them be covered. After many imaginary victories, they speak of erecting two pillars to perpetuate his memory, at the Straits of Gibraltar; by which he ridicules Charles V.'s devise, which was two pillars, with *plus ultra* for the motto. Then they make him go to Tunis and Algiers (which Charles V. did), march to Rome, and cause the pope to die with fear; whereat Picrochole is pleased, because he will not then kiss his pantoufle, and longs to be at Loretto. Accordingly we know that, in 1527, his army had taken Rome by storm, plundered it and its churches, ravished the nuns, if any would be ravished, and having almost starved the pope, at last took him prisoner; which actions of a catholic king's army, Sandoval, a Spanish author, only terms *Opera non vanta*. Then Picrochole, fancying himself master already of so many nations, most royally gratifies those who so easily made him conquer them; to this he gives Caramania, Suria to that, and Palestine to the third; till at last a wise old officer speaks to him much as Cyneas did to Pyrrhus, and with as little success as that philosopher.

As it was not our author's design to give us a regular history of all that happened in this time, he did not tie himself up to chronology, and sometimes joined events which have but little relation to each other. Many times also the characters are double, as perhaps is that of Picrochole. In the *Menagiana*, lately published, which is a collection of sayings, repartees, and observations by the learned Menage, every one of them attested by men of learning and credit, we are told that Messieurs de Sainte Marthe assured him that the Picrochole of Rabelais was their grandfather, who was a physician at Frontevraut. These M. de St. Marthe are the worthy sons of the famous Samaritanus, who gave so high a character of Rabelais among the most celebrated men of France, and who themselves have honoured his letters with large notes, and showed all the marks of the greatest respect for his memory; so that I am apt to believe that they would not fix such a character on their grandfather, had there not been some grounds for it. Much less would they have said this to Monsieur Menage, who doubtless understood Rabelais very well; since I find, by the catalogue of his works in

manuscript, that he has written a book of observations on Rabelais, which I wish were printed, for they doubtless must be very curious: no less ought to be expected from that learned author of the *Origines de la Langue Françoise*, and of the *Origini della Lingua Italiana*, as also of the curious observations on the *Aminta* of Tasso, not to speak of his *Diogenes Laertius*, and many others. As he was most skilled in etymologies, and a man of the greatest reading and memory in France, he had doubtless made too many discoveries in our author, to have believed what Messieurs Sainte Marthe said to him, were there not some grounds for it. We may, then, suppose that Rabelais had the wit so to describe pleasant incidents that passed amongst men of learning, or his neighbours in or near Chinon, as that, at the same time, some great action in church or state should be represented or satirized; just as Monsieur de Benscrade, in his verses for the solemn masks at the French court, has made his king, representing Jupiter, say what equally might be said of that heathen god, or of that monarch.

Thus the *Astreca* of the Lord d'Urfé, which has charmed all the ingenious of both sexes, and is still the admiration of the most knowing, merely as a romance, has been discovered, long ago, by some few, to have throughout it a foundation of truth: but, as it only contains the private amours of some persons of the first quality of that kingdom, and even those of its noble author, he had so disguised the truths which he describes, that few had the double pleasure of seeing them reconciled to the outward fictions; till, among the works of the greatest orator of his time, the late Monsieur Patru,<sup>12</sup> of the French Academy, they had a key to a part of that incomparable pastoral, which he says he had from its author: and none that have known Patru, or read his works, or Boileau's, will have any reason to doubt of what he says. He tells us, that the author of *Astreca*, to make his truths more agreeable, has interwoven them with mere fictions, which yet are generally only the veils that hide some truths, which might otherwise not so properly appear in such a work; sometimes he gives us a part of the chief intrigues of a person, such actions as that person transacted at another time, or on another occasion; and, on the other hand, he

<sup>12</sup> *Œuvres De. de Patru*, v. 2, 1692.



sometimes divides one history, so that under different names still he means but one person: thus Diana and Astrea, Ceadalon and Silvanter, are the same.

We ought not to forget that Barclay, in his *Argenis*, which is the history of France in Henry IV.'s time, does the same; Polyarchus and Archombrotus being but one.\*

As in *Astrea*, when two lovers marry, the author only means that they love each other, so when, in ours, Panurge desires to marry, and consults about it, we may suppose him already married, and afraid of being prosecuted about it.

And if our author has changed the places and order of times, and set before what should go after, and that last which should have been first, it is no more than what the judicious Patru allows to his, "as a thing," says he, "that is always used in all those sorts of works;" and thus he makes that last but six months, which held out fifteen years; and with him Chartres, in France, and Malta, are but one.

Rabelais, who had more reason to write mystically than any, may then be allowed equal freedom in his allegories; and without fixing only the character of Picrochole on Charles V., we may believe that it refers as well to his predecessor, Ferdinand, King of Arragon and of Castile, by Queen Isabella, his wife, that deprived John d'Albret of his kingdom of Navarre; for that Spaniard was as bitter an enemy, as cunning, and at least as fatal to the house of Navarre as his successor.

John d'Albret was an open-hearted, magnificent, generous prince, but easy, and relying wholly on his ministers; being given to his pleasures, which often consisted in going privately to eat and drink with his subjects, and inviting himself to their houses; however, he loved books, and was a great lover of heraldry, nicely observing the pedigrees, coats and badges of honour of families, which perhaps makes Rabelais open his scene with referring us to the great Pantagruelian Chronicle (by which he begins his second book) for the knowledge of that genealogy and antiquity of race by which Gargantua is descended to us, how the giants were born in this world, and how from them, by a direct line, issued Gargantua: then he bids us not to take it ill, if he for the present passes it by, though the subject be such, that the oftener it were remembered, the more it will please your worships; by which he exposes that prince's and some gentle-

men's continual application to a vain search into the dark and fabulous times for pedigrees, as Rabelais says, from the giants; for many would be derived from something greater than man. Then he makes his kings giants, because they are so in power; and sometimes what serves the whole court and attendants is by him applied wholly to the king, as eating, clothing, strength; and then by that he ridicules the romances of those days, where giants are always brought in, as well as magicians, witches, single men routing whole armies, and a thousand other such fabulous stories. He has also ridiculed the variety of doubtful, though ancient originals, in the odd discovery of the manuscript; and, in the 9th chapter, the distinction of colours and liveries, which took up that prince's time, due to higher employments, as worthily as the rest of heraldry. There he tells us that Gargantua's colours or liveries were white and blue; by which his father would give to understand, that his son was to him a heavenly joy. Thence, with as much fancy as judgment, he takes an opportunity to laugh at the lame and punning devices or impresses of those days, in which, however, Paulus Jovius had already given rules to make better; yet, after all, I believe that by Gargantua's colours, Rabelais also alludes to King Henry d'Albret, and Marguerite his queen, who were sincerely for a reformation; so the white may signify innocence, candour, and sincerity; and the blue piety or heavenly love. Perhaps also as Godefroy d'Estisac,<sup>1</sup> Bishop of Maillezais, in his coat, gave pale, argent and azure of six pieces, he had a mind to celebrate the colours of his patron.

The account of Gargantua's youthful age, chap. 11, agree very well with that which historians give us of the way of bringing up Henry IV. of France, by his grandfather, Henry d'Albret, who is the same with Gargantua.<sup>14</sup> That great monarch was in his tender age inured by that old prince to all sorts of hardships, for he caused him to be kept in the country, where he ordered they should let him run among the poor country boys, which the young prince did, sometimes without shoes or hat, being fed with the coarsest fare so that, having by those means contracted a good habit of body, he was afterwards so hardened to fatigues, so vigilant

<sup>13</sup> Epist. de Rabelais. <sup>14</sup> Mézeray. Hardouin de Prefix. Hist. Henry IV

and active, and so easily pleased with the most homely diet, that it did not a little contribute to the advantage which he had over the league, whose chief, the Duke de Mayenne, was of a disposition altogether different. Now it is very probable that Henry d'Albret was himself brought up much after the manner which he chose for his grandson; for we read that he was not only an ingenious and understanding prince, generous and liberal even to magnificence, but also very warlike and hardy.

The education of Gargantua by the sophisters, is a satire on those men,<sup>15</sup> and the tedious methods of the schools, showing the little improvement that was made in Henry d'Albret's studies as long as he was under Popish governors, and the ill life that the young gentlemen of the Roman church led; as, on the contrary, the benefit of having good tutors, and the difference between the Romans and the Protestants,<sup>16</sup> carefully and piously educated at the dawn of the reformation; for there is no doubt that, though Henry d'Albret did not dare to profess it, the people in Navarre being all papists, and there being obstacles enough to the recovery of that kingdom, lost by his father, without raising more, yet he heartily hated the popish principles, and the King of Arragon and Castile, who, merely on the pretence of John d'Albret's alliance with Louis XII., at the time of his excommunication, had seized his country, and held it by the pope's gift; so we find that the reformers no sooner preached against bulls and indulgences, the taking away the cup in the eucharist, and transubstantiation, but that Marguerite, the wife of King Henry d'Albret, and sister to Francis I., owned herself to be one of the new opinion, and as powerfully defended its professors as she could. Any one may see, by the two chapters of Gargantua's education by Ponocrates, that the author treats of a protestant prince, and of Gargantua's being brought to a reformed state of life: for he says, that when Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in a much different way, and requested a learned physician of that time, called Master Theodorus, seriously to premeditate how to bring him to a better course: he says, that the said physician purged him canonically, with anticyrian hellebore, by which medicine he cleared

<sup>15</sup> Book i. ch. 21.      <sup>16</sup> Book i. ch. 23.

all that foulness and perverse habit of his brain, and by this means Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned under his ancient preceptors. Theodorus is a very proper name for a divine, signifying "gift of God," from *θεός* and *δωρον*, and that great master of thought, Father Malebranche, gives it to the divine who is one of the interlocutors in the admirable metaphysical dialogues, which he calls Conversations Chréstiennes; so that, as Rabelais tells us, Theodorus was a physician for the mind, that is, one of the new preachers, and perhaps Berthaud, that of Queen Marguerite.

By the anticyrian hellebore,<sup>17</sup> with which he purged Gargantua's brain, may be meant, powerful arguments, drawn from reason and the scripture, opposed to the authority of the popish church. After this purge we find Gargantua awak'd at four in the morning, and, while they were rubbing him, some chapter of the holy scripture aloud, and clearly, with a pronunciation fit for the matter, read to him, and, according to the purpose and argument of that lesson, oftentimes giving himself to worship, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God, whose word did show his majesty and marvellous judgment. That chapter and the next are admirable, as well as many more; nor can we ever have a more perfect idea of the education of a prince, than is that of his Gargantua, whom he represents all along as a man of great honour, sense, courage, and pity; whereas under his other masters, in the chapters before, we find him idle, and playing at all sorts of games. Nothing can better demonstrate the great genius and prudence of our author, who could submit to get together so many odd names of trifling things, to keep himself out of danger, and grace the counterpart which is so judicious and so grave. He had told us first, that Gargantua, under his former pedagogues, after a good breakfast, went to church, a huge greasy breviary being carried before him in a great basket; that there he heard twenty-six or thirty masses; that this while came his matin-mumbler (chaplain) muffled about the chin (that is, with his cowl), round as a hoop, and his breath pretty well antidoted with the vine-tree syrup; that with him he mumbled all his kyriels, and, as he went from the church, sauntering along through the cloisters, ridded more of St.

<sup>17</sup> *Αντικυρία*, potestas, apud Suidam.

Claude's pater-nosters than sixteen hermits, could have done. So that there we find him a papist, and in the following chapter, as I have said, a protestant.

Without doubt, the sophisters, under whom Gargantua<sup>18</sup> did not improve, were some noted men in his age. I have not yet discovered who they were.

As for Don Philip of Marais, Viceroy of Pappeligosse,<sup>19</sup> who advises Grangousier to put his son under another discipline, he may perhaps be Philip, son to the Mareschal of Navarre; the title of Don being taken by the Navarrois, and Marais scilicet Mareschal.

Gargantua is sent with Ponocrates to Paris by his father. "that they might know," says he, "what was the study of the young men in France."<sup>20</sup> This shows that Grangousier was not king of it; and that Gargantua was a stranger there.

Many who take him to be Francis I. think that his huge great mare is Madame d'Estampes, that king's mistress, and explain that mare's skirmishing with her tail, whereby she overthrew all the wood in the county of Beauce, by a gift which, they say, he made her of some of its forests. They say also that the king was desirous to buy her a necklace of pearls, and that, partly on that account, he would have got some money of the citizens of Paris: but they being unwilling to comply with his demand, the king and his mistress threatened to sell the bells of our lady's church (the cathedral) to buy his lady a necklace; and that this has given occasion to say, that Gargantua designed to hang those bells at his mare's neck.<sup>21</sup>

Though, as I have said, Gargantua be not Francis I. I might believe that Rabelais had a mind to make us merry with the recital of such an adventure, were it not certain that the said king had read his book, and would hardly have liked such a passage, had he been himself an actor there; but, besides, history relates nothing of this nature of him, nor has the story of the bells the resemblance of truth.

As for the blow with the mare's tail, it might as well belong to Henry d'Albret, who had not lived without a mistress. Had I been able to get some certain books, and had the bookseller not been impatient, by reason of the term, I

<sup>18</sup> Book i. ch. 14.

<sup>19</sup> Book i. ch. 15.

<sup>20</sup> Ch. 15 and 16.

<sup>21</sup> Book i. ch. 17.

would have done my endeavour to unriddle that enigma ; but, having hardly a fortnight's time to make my observations, and finish the author's life and this preface, I must put off that inquiry till some other opportunity, and then what farther discoveries I may make may be published with those on the fourth and fifth books, which contain Pantagruel's Voyage to the Holy Bottle, as beautiful at least as these three.

I will, however, offer here a conjecture on that story of the bells : we find, in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth chapters of the first book, that Master Janotus de Bragmardo, a sophister, is sent to Gargantua to recover the bells, and makes a wretched speech to him about it : I am sensible that it was partly his design to ridicule the Universities, which at that time deserved no better, in France. But in particular, I believe he aimed at Cenalís, a doctor of Sorbonne, and afterwards Bishop of Aranches ; for I find that this prelate had wrote a treatise, wonderfully pleasant,<sup>22</sup> concerning the signs whereby the true church may be distinguished from the false ; in it he waves the preaching of the gospel, and administration of the sacraments, and pretends to prove that bells are the signs which essentially distinguish the church of Rome from the reformed, who at that time had none, but used to assemble privately at the letting off of a musket in the High Street, which was a sign by which they knew that it was time to meet to perform divine service. Cenalís on this triumphs, as if he had gained his point, and runs on in a long antithesis, to prove that bells are the signs of the true church, and guns the mark of the bad. "All bells," says he, "sound ; but all guns thunder : all bells have a melodious sound ; all guns make a dreadful noise : bells open heaven ; guns open hell : bells drive away clouds and thunder ; guns raise clouds, and mock the thunder." He has a great deal more such stuff, to prove that the church of Rome is the true church, because, forsooth, it has bells, which the other had not.

The taking away the bells of a place implies its conquest, and even towns that have artickled are obliged to redeem their bells : perhaps the taking away the great bells at Paris was the taking away the privileges of its university, or some

<sup>22</sup> Hist de Jean Crespin.

other; for Paris may only be named for a blind. Thus the master beggar of the friars of St. Anthony, coming for some hog's purtenance (St. Anthony's hog is always pictured with a bell at his neck) who, to be heard afar off, and to make the bacon shake in the very chimnies, had a mind to filch and carry those bells away privily, but was hindered by their weight; that master beggar, I say, must be the head of some monks, perhaps of that order in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, who would have been substituted to those that had been deprived; and the petition of Master Janotus is the pardon which the university begs, perhaps for some affront resented by the prince; for those that escaped the flood, cried, "We are washed *Par ris*;" that is, for having laughed. Rabelais, *en passant*, there severely inveighs against the grumblers and factious spirits of Paris; which makes me think that, whether the scene lies there or elsewhere, as in Gascony, some people of which country were Henry d'Albret's subjects, still this was a remarkable event. In the prologue to the fourth book, Jupiter, busied about the affairs of mankind, cries, "Here are the Gascons cursing, damning, and, renouncing, demanding the re-establishment of their bells." I suppose that more is meant than bells, or he would not have used the word re-establishment.

But it is time to speak of the great strife and debate raised betwixt the cake-bakers of Lerné, and those of Gargantua's country; whereupon were waged great wars.<sup>23</sup> We may easily apply many things concerning these wars to those of Navarre, between the house of d'Albret, and King Ferdinand and Charles V. Thus Les Truans, or, as this translation renders it, the inhabitants of Lerné, who, by the command of Picrochole their king, invaded and plundered Utopia, Gargantua's country, are the Spanish soldiers, and Lerné is Spain. The word *truand*, in old French, signifies an idle lazy fellow, which hits pretty well the Spaniards' character; the author having made choice of that name of a place near Chinon, because it alludes to the Lake Lerna, where Hercules destroyed the Lernaean hydra, which did so much hurt in the country of Argos; that thence came the proverb, *λέρνη κακῶν*, malorum Lerna. Thus Spain was a Lerna of ills to all Europe, while, like France now, it aspired to uni-

<sup>23</sup> Book i. ch. 25.

versal monarchy; but it was so more particularly to Navarre, in July 1512, when King John d'Albret and Queen Catharine de Foix, the lawful sovereigns, were dispossessed by Ferdinand, King of Arragon, almost without any resistance. The said King John, desirous of peace, sent Don Alphonso Carillo, Constable of Navarre, in the quality of his ambassador, to Ferdinand, to prevent the approaching mischief; "But he was so ill received," says the History of Navarre,<sup>24</sup> dedicated to King Henry IV. and printed with his privilege, "that he was glad to return to his king with speed, and related to him that there was no hope left to persuade the King of Arragon to a peace, and that Louis de Beaumont, Earl of Lerins, who had forsaken Navarre, daily encouraged Ferdinand to attack that kingdom." So that this embassy resembles much that of Ulric Gallet to Picrochole, who swears by St. James, the saint of the Spaniards. In November 1512, Francis Duke of Angoulême, afterwards king, was sent with King John d'Albret, by Lewis XII. to recover Navarre, having with him several of the great lords in France, and a great army, which possessed itself of many places, but the rigour of the season obliged them to raise the siege of Pampeluna. And in 1521, another army, under the command of Andrew de Foix, Lord of Asperault, entered Navarre, and wholly regained it,<sup>25</sup> but it was lost again soon after by the imprudence of that general, and the avarice of Saint Colombe, one of his chief officers.

Those that will narrowly examine history will find that many particulars of the wars, in the first of Rabelais, may be reconciled to those of Navarre; but I believe that he means something more than a description of the fights among the soldiers, by the debate raised betwixt the cake-sellers or fouassiers of Lerne, and the shepherds of Gargantua. Those shepherds, or pastors, should be the Lutheran and Calvinist ministers, whom John and Henry d'Albret favoured, being the more disposed to adhere to the reviving gospel which they preached, by the provoking remembrance of the Pope's and King of Spain's injurious usage; and for that reason Queen Marguerite did not only profess the protestant reli-

• <sup>24</sup> Hist. de Navarre par C. Secrétaire et Interprète du Roy:    <sup>25</sup> Mémoires de Martin du Bellay.



gion, but, after the death of Henry d'Albret, Queen Jane, their daughter, married to Anthony de Bourbon, was a zealous defender of it till she died; and her son Henry, afterwards raised to the throne of France, publicly owned himself a protestant, till his impatient desire of being peaceably seated on it made him leave the better party to pacify the worse.

The cake-sellers of Lerné are the priests, and other ecclesiastics of Spain; as also all the missificators, of the church of Rome. Rabelais calls them cake-mongers, or *fouassiers*, by reason of the host, or sacramental wafer, which is made of dough, between a pair of irons, like the cakes or *fouasses* in Poitou, where Rabelais lived, and is said to be transubstantiated into Christ's body, when consecrated by the priest.

The subject of the debate, as Rabelais terms it, between those cake-sellers and the shepherds, is the first's refusal to supply the latter with cakes, to eat with the grapes which they watched. "For," as Rabelais observes, "it is a celestial food to eat for breakfast fresh cakes with grapes;" by which he alludes to the way of receiving the communion among the protestants, who generally take that celestial food fasting, and always with the juice of the grape, that is, with wine, according to the evangelical institution. Now the cake-mongers, or popish priests, would not consent to give cakes, that is to say, bread, but would only give the accidents of the cakes, or, to speak in their own phrase, the accidents of the bread; and it is well known that this was the chief occasion of our separation from the church of Rome.

Upon the reasonable request of the shepherds, the cake-sellers, instead of granting it, presently fell to railing and reviling, adding, after a whole litany of comical, though defamatory epithets, that coarse, unraung'd bread, or some of the great brown household loaf, was good enough for such shepherds, meaning that the gross notions of transubstantiation ought to satisfy the vulgar. The shepherds reply modestly enough, and say that the others used formerly to let them have cakes, by which must be understood the times that preceded the doctrine of transubstantiation. Then Marquet, one of the cake-merchants, treacherously invites Forgier to come to him for cakes, but, instead of them, only

gives him a swinging lash with his whip over thwart the legs, whereupon he is rewarded by the other with a broken pate, and falls down upon his mare, more like a dead than a living man, wholly unfit to strike another blow.

These two combatants are the controvertists of both parties; the priest immediately begins to rail and abuse his adversary. The Lutheran confounds him in his replies, and, for a blow with a whin treacherously given, very fairly disables his enemy.

This is the judgment that Rabelais, a man of wit and learning, impartially passes on both parties. If any would seek a greater mystery in that grand debate, as Rabelais calls it, which, term, I believe, he would hardly have used for a real fight, let them imagine that he there describes the conference at Reinburgh, where Melancthon, Bucer, and Pistorius debated of religion against Eccius, Julius Pflug, and John Gropper, and handled them much as Forgier did Marquet.

But this exploit of Forgier being inconsiderable, if compared to those of Friar John des Entomeures, or of the *funnels*, as some corruptly call him, we should endeavour to discover who is that brave monk that makes such rare work with those that took away the grapes of the vineyard. By the pretended key, which I think fit to give you after this, since it will hardly make up a page, we are told that our Friar John is the Cardinal of Lorraine, brother to the Duke of Guise: but that conjecture is certainly groundless; for though the princes of his house were generally very brave, yet that cardinal never affected to show his courage in martial achievements, and was never seen to girt himself for war, or to fight for the cause which he most espoused; besides, had he been to have fought, it would have been for Picrochole. It would be more reasonable to believe that Friar John is Odet de Coligny Cardinal de Chatillon, Archbishop of Tholouse, Bishop and Earl of Beauvais, Abbot of St. Benign, of Dijon, of Fleury, of Ferrieres, and of Vaux de Cernay: for that prelate was a man of courage, no ways inferior to his younger brothers, the Admiral and the Lord d'Andelot.<sup>26</sup> Besides, he was an enemy to Spain; and a

<sup>26</sup> Vide Thuan. Samaritan. Ciacon. Du Bouchet. d'Aubigné, lib. 4. Sponde in Annual. Hist. Eccles. Beza. Petrameller.

friend to Navarre; then he was a protestant, and helped his brothers, doing great service to those of his party, and was married to Elizabeth de Hauteville, Dame de Thoré, a lady of great quality. Pope Pius IV. in a private consistory, deprived him for adhering to his brothers, but he neither valued the pope nor his censures; he died in England in 1571, and lies interred in Canterbury Cathedral, having been made a Cardinal by Clement VII. at his and Francis I.'s interview at Marsilles in 1533. I own that what he did for the protestant cause was chiefly after the death of Rabelais, and that some have represented him as a man wholly given to his case; but Rabelais, whose best friend he was, knew his inclinations even when he composed this work, which made him dedicate the fourth part of it to him; and it is chiefly to that brave cardinal that we are obliged for that book and the last of this mysterious history;<sup>27</sup> since, without the king's protection, which he obtained for Rabelais, he had resolved to write no more, as I have already observed. And for his being addicted to his pleasures, that exactly answers the name of his abbey of Theleme, of which those that are members do what they please, according to their only rule, *Do what thou wilt*, and to the name of the abbey, *Ἐλεγμα, Voluntas*. Perhaps Rabelais had also a regard to *Σαλαμος*, which often signifies a nuptial chamber, to show that our valiant monk was married: thus the description of the abbey shows us a model of a society free from all the ties of others, yet more honest by the innate virtues of its members; therefore its inscription excludes all monks and friars, inviting in all those that expound the holy gospel faithfully, though others murmur against them. Indeed, I must confess that he makes his friar swear very much; but this was to expose that vice, which, as well as many others, reigned among ecclesiastics in his age. Besides, the cardinal had been a soldier; and the men of that profession were doubtless not more reserved then than they are now. I will give an instance of it that falls naturally into this subject, and is the more proper, being of one who was also a cardinal, a bishop, a lord, an abbot, married, a soldier, a friend to the house of Navarre, engaged in its wars, and who, perhaps, may come in for his share of Friar John. I speak this of Cæsar Borgia,

<sup>27</sup> Lib. 4, Epist. Dedicat.

the son of Pope Alexander VI. who, having made his escape out of prison at Medina del Campo, came in 1506 to his brother-in-law, John d'Albret, King of Navarre. Being Bishop of Pampeluna, its capital, he resigned it, as well as his cardinal's cap and other benefices, to lead a military life; and, after many engagements in other countries, was killed, being with King John at the siege of the Castle of Viane, which held for Louis de Beaumont, Earl of Lerins, Constable of Navarre, who had rebelled against King John.<sup>28</sup> That earl having thrown a convoy into the castle, Caesar Borgia, who desired to fight him at the head of his men, cried, "Où est, où est ce comte-là? Je jure Dieu, qu'aujourd'hui je le feray mourir où le prendray prisonnier: je ne cesseray jusqu'à ce qu'il soit entierement destruit, et ne pardonneray ny sauveray la vie à aucun des siens: tout passera par l'épée jusqu'aux chiens et aux chats."—That is— "Where is, where is this pretty earl? By G— I will this day kill or take him: I will not rest till I have wholly destroyed him: nor will I spare one creature that is his; all to the very dogs and cats, shall die by the sword." It cannot be supposed that Rabelais drew his Friar John by this man, but it is not unlikely that he had a mind to bring him in, by giving some of his qualifications to his monk; for there is no doubt that our author made his characters double as much as he could, as if it were stowing three, and perhaps five, in the place of one, for want of room; not altogether like an actor who plays three different parts in the same piece, nor like Scaramouch, who acts various parts in the same clothes, but like that pantomime in Lucian, who represented several things at once, and was said to have five different souls in one body. Thus, if Picrochole, besides the characters of King Ferdinand of Arragon, and of Charles V. includes that of Dr. de St. Marthe, of Fréteval, as his grandsons said to Menagius, Brother John may also be some monk of the abbey where Rabelais had lived.

I presume to say more, though, as all that I have said already, I humbly offer it as bare and uncertain conjecture: why may we not suppose that our author has a mind to give us, after his manner, a sketch of the great Luther? He was also a monk, and a jolly one too; "being" as Rabelais

<sup>28</sup> Hist. de Navarre.

says, "a clerk even to the teeth in matter of breviary." The vineyard, and consequently the wine which is saved, is the cup in the communion, which through his means, when taken away by the popish priests, was, in spite of Charles the Emperor, also King of Spain, and his soldiers, restored to the protestants in Germany. The prior, "who calls Friar John "drunken fellow" for troubling the divine service, may be the pope and the superior clergy. .

Then Friar John throwing off his great monk's habit, and laying hold on the staff of the cross, is Luther's leaving his monastery, to rely on Christian weapons, the merit of his Redeemer. The victory obtained against those that disorderly ravaged the vineyard and took away the grapes, is his baffling the arguments of his opposers; and their being out of order, means the ignorance of the papists. The little monkies that proffer their help to Friar John, and who, leaving their outer habits and coats upon the rails, made an end of those whom he had already crushed, are those monks and other of the clergy, much inferior to Luther, who followed his reformation, and wrote against those whom he had in a manner wholly confuted.

It is known, that at the council of Trent the Germans thirsted very much after the wine in the eucharist, and that they were as eager for the abolishing of the canons that enjoined celibacy to the clergy, as for the restitution of the cup to the laity. They used to have the words of our Saviour, "*Bibite ex hoc omnes,*" marked in golden characters in all their Bibles, made songs and lampoons on the robbers of the cup, as they called them. They had also a design to have cups in all their standards and ensigns of war, and the picture of the cup in all the churches of their communion, as the Hussites of Bohemia had done, which occasioned this distich by a poet of the Roman church :

Tot pingit calices Bohemorum terra per urbes,  
Ut credas Bacchi numina sola coli.

Indeed, what is said of Friar John, chap. 41, 42, and 43, may induce us to believe, that the man who has the greatest share in the character of the monk did not absolutely cast off his frock, but far from it, we see that the friar kept it on, to preserve himself from his enemies, and desired no other armour for back and breast, and after Gargantua's fol-

lowers had armed him cap à pié against his will, his armour was the cause of an unlucky accident, which made him call for help, and swear that he was betrayed, while he remained hanged by the ears on a tree. So he afterwards threw away his armour, and took to him the staff of the cross: holding himself invulnerable with his monkish habit. Accordingly when Captain Drawforth is sent by Picrochole with 1600 horse-men thoroughly besprinkled with holy water, and who, to be distinguished from their enemies, wore a stole instead of a scarf (for so it should have been in the 43rd chapter, and not star, as it is there printed); we find that Friar John having frightened them all away, Drawforth only excepted, that bold enemy, with his utmost strength, could not make his lance pierce our monk's frock, and was soon knocked down by him with the staff of the cross: and found out to be a priest by his stole.

This confirms what has been said that all this war is chiefly a dispute of religion; and this part of it seems to relate to Cardinal Chatillon, because he was secure within his ecclesiastical habit; the author sometimes, as I have said, joining several characters together. Thus the monk's discourse at table is not only applicable to that cardinal, but also to Montluc Bishop of Valence, who makes his first appearance on our doctor's stage, in the second act, by the name of Panurge; for Friar John being desired, to pull off his frock; "Let me alone with it," replies he, "I'll drink the better while it is on. It makes all my body jocund; did I lay it aside, I should lose my appetite;" so, many in those days, as well as in these, loved the benefice more than they hated the religion. Some will say that the request made then to Friar John was only, that he should ease himself of his monastic frock while he was at table, but Rabelais would not have made his monk refuse such a request; he knew that some of the princes of the clergy had in his time, at the French court, and in the King's presence, taken a greater liberty; for there had been a ball in Lewis XII.'s reign, where two cardinals danced before him among the rest; and in another, given him by Joanne Jacomo Trivulse, several princes and great lords had danced in friars' habits. The monk talks with a great deal of freedom at Gargantua's table, and swears that he kept open house at Paris for six

months ; then he talks of a friar that is become a hard student, then says, that for his part he studies not at all, justifying himself for this conduct in false Latin ; after this he abruptly starts a new matter, and lets his fancy run after hares, hawks, and hounds, and thus he goes on by sallies, and admirably humours the way of talking of the young court abbots in France. Now probably the cardinal, who did not set up for a man of learning, being of great quality, allowed himself liberty accordingly, making hunting one of his recreations : and indeed what Gargantua says concerning Friar John, in the next chapter,<sup>29</sup> hits Cardinal Chatillon's character exactly : there having taxed most monks with mumbling out great store of legends and psalms, which they understand not at all, and interlarding many pater-nosters, with ten times as many ave-maries without thinking upon, or apprehending the meaning of what they say, which he calls mocking of God, and not prayers ; he says, " that all true Christians, in all places, and at all times, send up their prayers to God, and the spirit prayeth and intercedes for them, and God is gracious to them : now such a one," adds he, " is our Friar John, he is no bigot," &c.

What Grangousier says to the French pilgrims, shows that he was no bigot, and was not King of France ; when speaking of some superstitious preachers, one of whom had called him heretic, he adds, " I wonder that your king should suffer them in their sermons to publish such scandalous doctrine in his dominions. Then Friar John says to the pilgrims, that while they are thus upon their pilgrimage, the monks will have a fling at their wives. After that, Grangousier bids them not be so ready to undertake those idle and unprofitable journeys, but go home and live as St. Paul directs them, and then God will guard them from evils which they think to avoid by pilgrimages.

What has been observed puts it beyond all doubt, that our jesting author was indeed in earnest when he said, that he mystically treated of the most high sacraments, and dreadful secrets, in what concerns our religion. I know that immediately after this, he passes off with a banter, what he had assured very seriously ; but this was an admirable piece of prudence ; and whoever will narrowly examine his

<sup>29</sup> Book i. c. ap. 49.

writings, will find, that this virtue is inseparably joined with his wit, so that his enemies never could have any advantage over him.

But not to comment upon several other places in his first book, that the ingenious may have the pleasure of unriddling the rest of it themselves, I will only add, that his manner of ending it is a master-piece surpassing the artful evasion, which, as I have now observed, is in its introduction.

It is an enigma, as indeed is the whole work: I could only have wished that it had been proper to have put it into a more modish dress (for then doubtless it would more generally have pleased.) But I suppose that the gentleman, who revised this translation, thought it not fit to give the graces of our modern enigmas to the translation of a prophetic riddle in the style of Merlin. Gargantua piously fetches a very deep sigh, when he has heard it read, and says, that he perceives by it, that it is not now only that people called to the faith of the gospel are persecuted; but happy is the man that shall not be scandalised, but shall always continue to the end, in aiming at the mark, which God by his dear Son has set before us, &c. Upon this the monk asks him, what he thought was signified by the riddle? What? says Gargantua, the decrease and propagation of the divine truth. That is not my exposition, says the monk, it is the style of the prophet Merlin; make as many grave allegories and tropes as you will; I can perceive no other meaning in it; but a description of a set at tennis in dark and obscure terms. By this riddle, which he expounds, he cunningly seems to insinuate that all the rest of his book, which he has not explained, wholly consists of trifles; and what is most remarkable, is, that he illustrates the truths which he had concealed, by the very passages wherewith he pretends to make them pass for fables, and thus blinds, with too much light, those enemies of truth, who would not have failed to have burned him alive in that persecuting age, had he had less wit and prudence than they showed ignorance and malice.

I need not enlarge much on the other books, by reason of the discoveries made in the first that relate to them. The first chapter of the second gives us Pantagruel's pedigree from the giants: it has been observed by a learned man some years ago, that the word giant, which the interpreters



of the scripture have set in their versions, stands there for another, that means no more than prince in the Hebrew ; so perhaps our author was the more ready to make his princes giants, though, as I have said, his chief design was tacitly to censure, in this, John d'Albret and such others as (like one in Brittany, that took for his motto, *Antequam Abraham esset, sum*) were too proud of an uncertain empty name. His description of the original of giants, and the story of Hurltal's bestriding the ark, is to mock those in the Talmud and other legends of the Rabbins ; for he tells us, that when this happened, the calends were found in the Greek almanacks, and all know that *ad Græcas Calendas*, is as much as to say never ; for the Greeks never reckoned by calends. Yet what he tells of the earth's fertility in medlars, after it had been imbrued with the blood of the just, may be allegorical ; and those who, by feeding on that fair large delicious fruit, became monstrous, may be the converts of that age, who, by the popish world, were looked upon as monsters. The blood of martyrs, which was profusely spilt in that age, has always been thought prolific even to a proverb ; and the word *mesles* in French, and medlars in English, equally imports meddling. Thus in French, "*Il se mesle de nos affaires*," he meddles with our business ; so the medlars may be those who busied themselves about the reformation.

The great drought at the birth of Pantagrue, is that almost universal cry of the laity for the restitution of the cup in the sacrament, at the time that Anthony de Bourbon Duke of Vendosme was married to the heiress of Navarre, which was in October 1548, the council of Trent then sitting. For thence we must date his birth, since by that match he afterwards gained the title of King, besides Béarn, Bigorre, Albret, and several other territories ; and we are told, Book III. Chap. 48, that Pantagrue, at the very first minute of his birth, was no less tall than the herb *Patitagrue* (which unquestionably is hemp) ; and a little before that, it is said, that its height is commonly of five or six feet. The death of Queen Marguerite, his mother-in-law, that soon followed, made our author say, that when Pantagrue was born, Gargantua was much perplexed, seeing his wife dead, at which he made many lamentations. Perhaps this also alludes to the birth of King Edward VI. which caused the death of his

mother, Queen Jane Seymour. King Henry VIII. is said to have comforted himself, with saying, that he could get another wife, but was not sure to get another son. Thus, here we find Gargantua much grieved and joyful by fits, like Falboy in the play, but at last comforting himself with the thoughts of his wife's happiness and his own, in having a son, and saying, that he must now cast about how to get another wife, and will stay at home and rock his son.

In the 6th chapter, we find Pantagruel discoursing with a Limousin, who affected to speak in learned phrase. Rabelais had, in the foregoing chapter, satirized many persons, and given a hint of some abuses in the Universities of France; in this he mocks some of the writers of that age, who, to appear learned, wholly filled their works with Latin words, to which they gave a French inflection. But this pedantic jargon was more particularly affected by one Helisaine of Limoges, who, as Boileau says of Ronsard, en François parlant Grec et Latin (speaking Greek and Latin in French), thought to have refined his mother tongue. So Rabelais, to prevent the spreading of that contagion, has not only brought that Limousin author on his Pantagruelian stage, but wrote a letter in verse, all in that style, in the name of the Limousin scholar, printed at the end of the Pantagruelian prognostication. Pasquier, who lived at that time, has made the like observation on that chapter, when in his second book of letters, p. 53, he says, " Pour l'ornement de nostre langue et nous aider mesmes du Grec et du Latin, non pour les eschorcher ineptement comme fit sur nostre jeune age, Helisaine, dont nostre gentil Rabelais s'est moqué fort à propos en la personne de l'escolier Limosin qu'il introduct parlant à Pantagruel en un langage escorché Latin.

The 7th chapter, wherein he gives a catalogue of the books in St. Victor's library, is admirable, and would require a large comment, it being a satire against many writers and great affairs in that age, as well as against those who either make collections of bad books, or seek no others in libraries; but I have not leisure to read over a great number of books that ought to be consulted for such a task.

The cause which was pleaded before Pantagruel by the Lords Suck-fizle and Kiss-breech<sup>30</sup>, seems to be a mock o

<sup>30</sup> Book ii. chap. 10, 11, 12, 13.

the famous trial concerning two duchies, four counties, two viscounties, and many baronies, and lordships, to which Loyse de Savoye, the mother of Francis I. laid claim. Charles de Bourbon, Constable of France, was possessed of them; but because he had refused to marry her, she made use of some titles which she had to them to perplex him; and though she could not, even with the king her son's favour, cast the constable, yet they were sequestered into the king's hands, and the final determination put off. Pasquier, in his *Recherches*, observes, that when Guillaume Poyet, afterwards chancellor, and François de Monthelon, afterwards lord keeper, then the two most famous counselors of the age, pleaded the cause; the first for the plaintiff, the other for defendant, "They armed themselves with a pedantic jurisprudence borrowed from a parcel of Italian school boys, which some call doctors at law, true hatchers of law suits—such was the rhetoric of that time: and as it is easy to stray in a thick wood, so, with a confused heap of various quotations, instead of explaining the cause, they perplexed it, and filled it with darkness." Upon this, by the united voice of the people, the name of the plaintiff was owned to contain the truth of the case; that is, Loyse de Savoye, Loyse des avoye—The law goes astray: which is perhaps the happiest anagram that ever was, for it is made without changing the order of the letters, and only by dividing the words otherwise than they are in the name.

The 18th, 19th, and 20th chapters treat of a great scholar in England, who came to argue by signs with Pantagruel, and was overcome by Panurge. I do not well know on whom to fix the character of Thaumast that scholar, whose name may not only signify an admirer, but an admirable person, or one of those schoolmen, who follow the doctrine of Thomas Aquinas, in opposition to that of Scotus: and I find as little reason to think, that any would have come to confer with Anthony de Bourbon of geomancy, philosophy, and the cabalistic art. Indeed, Sir Thomas More went ambassador to Francis I.; and Erasmus, who lived some time in England, also came to Paris; but I cannot think that either may pass for the Thaumast of Rabelais. Perhaps he hath made him an Englishman, merely on purpose to disguise the story; and I would have had some thoughts of Henricus Cornelius Agrippa who came to France and died there; but I will

prove, when I examine the third book, that he has brought him on the stage by the name of Her Trippa. • So it is not impossible but that he may have meant Hieronymus Cardan of Milan, who flourished in that age, and was another dark cabalistic author. The first has said, *Occult. Philos.* l. i. c. 6, that he knew how to communicate his thoughts by the species of sight in a magical way, as Pythagoras was said to do, by writing any thing in the body of the moon, so as it should be legible to another, at a vast distance; and he pretends to tell us the method of it in his book, *De Vanitate Scientiarum*. Cardan also has writ concerning private ways of imparting our thoughts, *Subtilt.* 1, 17, and *De Variet. Rerum*, lib. 12; but these ways of signifying our thoughts by gestures, called by the learned Bishop Wilkins, *Semacology*, are almost of infinite variety; according as the several fancies of men shall impose significations upon such signs as are capable of sufficient difference. And the venerable Bede has made a book only of that, commonly styled *Arthologia* or *Dactylogia*, which he calls *Lib. de Loquela par Gestum Digtorum, sive de Indigitatione*. So that perhaps our author made his *Thaumast* an Englishman, not to reflect on Bede, but because that learned father is the most ancient and famous author that has written a book on that subject.

I have read of a public debate, much like that of *Thaumast* and *Panurge*, and as probable, said to have been held at Geneva. The aggressor lifted up his arm and closed three of his fingers and his thumb, and pointed with the remaining finger at his opponent; who immediately pointed at him again with two. Then the other showed him two fingers and one thumb; whereupon his antagonist shook his closed fist at him. Upon this the aggressor showed him an apple; and the other looking into his pocket found a bit of bread, and in a scornful way let him see it; which made him that begun the dispute yield himself vanquished. Now when the conqueror was desired to relate what their signs signified: he with whom I disputed, said he, threatened first to put out one of my eyes, and I gave him to understand that I would put out both his: then he threatened to tear both mine, and take off my nose; upon which I showed him my fist, to let him know that I would knock him down: and as he perceived that I was angry, he offered me an apple to pacify me.

as they do children; but I showed him that I scorned his present, and that I had bread, which was fitter for a man.

After all, Montluc, who is our Panurge, may have had some dispute about the signs of the true religion, or the two sacraments of the protestants, and the seven of the Romans, they being properly called signs: and such a thing not being recorded by historians, like many others that relate to this work, it may not be possible to discover it.

The Dipsodes,<sup>31</sup> that had besieged the city of the Amaurots, are the Flemings, and other subjects of the Emperor Charles V. that made inroads into Picardy, and the adjacent territories, of which Anthony of Bourbon was not only governor, but had considerable lordships in those parts. The Flemings have always been brisk topers; and for this reason are called Dipsodes, from *δίψω* sitio, *δίψωδης* thirsty: and he calls Picardy and Artois, the land of the Amaurots, from the word *ἀμαυρός* obscurus or evanidus; perhaps because they are in the north of France; or that part of them were in the hands of the enemy. Terouenne may well be called now *ἀμαυρά*, as that word is taken for being vanished and obliterated: for Charles V. utterly destroyed it. Sandoval tells us, that the Spaniards took it by escalade; that is, having scaled the walls; and that they flew over them like the swiftest and most towering birds. Yet, as he says that they went up with ladders, this must be reckoned a very odd way of flying.

In 1543,<sup>32</sup> which was some years before that fine city was ruined, Anthony de Bourbon Duke of Vendosme, hearing that it was ill stored with provisions, assembled his army, and with Francis of Lorraine, Duke of Aumale, the Duke of Guise's eldest son, the Duke de Nevers, Marshal du Bitz, and several other lords, marched to its relief with good success; having, in spite of the enemy, supplied the place with all manner of necessities.

In the meantime; several of the lords and other officers in his camp used to skirmish; and once particularly having long tried to draw the Flemings out, these at last engaged them. They were much more numerous, yet the French got the better, and cut off a great number of their enemies. This,

<sup>31</sup> Book ii. chap. 23.

<sup>32</sup> Mem. de Guil. de Ballay.

perhaps, may be the victory which the gentlemen attendants of Pantagruel obtained over six hundred and threescore horsemen, chap. 25; and a trophy was raised, chap. 27, for a memorial of those gentlemen's victory.

The next exploit is that in the 29th chapter, where we find how Pantagruel discomfited the three hundred giants armed with freestone, and Loupgarou, their captain. The death of Loupgarou, in the presence of his giants, may relate to the taking of Liliers, a town between Bapaume and Aire: it molested very much the country that belonged to the French, and was seated near a marsh; yet notwithstanding the advantage of the season and its resolute garrison, the Duke of Vendosme, having caused a large breach to be made, and being ready to storm the place, the besieged desired to capitulate, and after many parleys, surrendered the town on dishonourable terms.

By accident the ammunition of the besiegers had taken fire, and even some of the carriages of the artillery were burned; which may perhaps have made our author say, in the foregoing chapter, that Carpalim having set on fire the enemy's ammunition, the flame having reached the place where was their artillery, he was in great danger of being burned; or, perhaps, this alludes to the Duke of Vendosme's setting Liliers on fire, and destroying it quite, after he had taken it. For our author writes not like an historian, but like a poet, who ought not to be blamed for anachronisms; nor have the best critics censured Virgil for that about Dido and Æneas, between the time of whose lives whole ages are reckoned by chronologists. However, it is certain, that the relief of Terouenne, and then the surrender of Liliers, were Anthony de Bourbon's two first exploits: the one soon after the other. Then the 300 giants armed with freestone, which Pantagruel struck down like a mason, by breaking their stony armour, mowing them down with the dead body of Loupgarou, are a great number of castles about Liliers, Terouenne, Saint Omer, Aire, and Bethune, which Anthony of Bourbon demolished, immediately after he had taken Liliers, and then passed through Terouenne, which is the city of the Amaurots, which he went to relieve: by whose inhabitants Pantagruel is so nobly received in the 31st. We may also suppose, that by King Anarchus, Rabelais means the place

dering lawless boors that sheltered themselves in those castles, who were afterwards reduced to sell herbs. This is, Anarchus's being reduced to cry green sauce in a canvas jacket.

The Duke of Vendôme marched next, without any resistance, through the Upper Artois, took Bapaume in his way, which is doubtless the Almyrods, called so from *ἀλμυρώδης*, Salsuginosus,<sup>33</sup> or salted people, who resolved to hold out against Pantagruel; yet only to have honourable conditions. It seems to me, that this is meant of the castle of that town, which held out against the duke only for terms; all the inhabitants of the town having retired into that small place, where there was but one well, whose water had been altogether exhausted in two days (to which, perhaps, relates the salt which Pantagruel put into the mouths of his enemies, and they were ready to submit to mercy, with halters at their necks;<sup>34</sup> but the king, who had already sent many expresses to the duke, ordering him to march to join him with all speed, and neither to stop at Bapaume or any where else, sent him angrily fresh orders, wherein he charged him of his allegiance to join him that day at Chateau in Cambresis, on pain of incurring his displeasure. So the duke, to the great joy of the besieged, and his greater sorrow, raised his camp, and came to the king. Neither does our author speak of the surrender of the Almyrods; but makes Pantagruel's forces be overtaken with a great shower of rain, and then tells us how Pantagruel covered a whole army with his tongue. For they began, says he, to shiver and tremble, to crowd, press, and thrust close to one another; which when he saw, he bid his captains tell them, that it was nothing; however, that they should put themselves into order, and he would cover them; and he drew out his tongue only half way, and covered them all. <sup>31</sup> I find that the duke, before he took Lillers, and besieged the castle of Bapaume, sent to the king to desire him to send him a month's pay to his forces, and then he could take some frontier towns, and even Bapaume; but the king sent him no money, and, on the contrary, ordered him to march on to meet him; but before he had that answer, he had taken Lillers. So his soldiers, who wanted their pay and clothes, being also vexed for having, by the

<sup>33</sup> Book ii. chap. 32. <sup>34</sup> *Memoires de Guil. du Bellay*, Liv. 10.

king's fault, missed taking the booty in the castle of Bapaume, were displeased, and in bad circumstances; but upon this the duke spoke to the king, and got them their arrears and clothes. And this is what Rabelais calls covering an army with his tongue. As for what follows, it seems an imitation of Lucian's whale in his true history; as the news which Epistemon brings from hell, in the 30th chapter, is also a copy of that author; and what ours says he saw in Pantagruel's mouth, is only to blind the rest, which seems to me so plain, like most of the discoveries I here publish, that I wonder that none ever gave an account of any of them in the space of above one hundred and forty years.

The sickness of Pantagruel, chap. 33, is his disgust upon this disappointment at Bapaume; or some real sickness that seized him.

There the author concludes his second book, that was published some time after the first, which we may perceive by what he tells us of the monks, and their bigoted cullies, who had already tried to find something in it that might render him obnoxious to the law: which caused him to be somewhat more reserved in matters of religion in that and the following, than he was afterwards in the fourth and fifth. Yet we find a prayer in the twenty-ninth chapter, which shows that his Pantagruel, Anthony de Bourbon, was for the Protestant religion, but did not openly profess it. Accordingly historians grant that he was a Calvinist, even long before Rabelais died: and though for his interest, as he thought, he afterwards sided with the French court against the Protestant party, yet after he had been mortally wounded at the siege of Rouen<sup>35</sup> he complained of being deceived; and ordered one of his servants, who was a Protestant, to bring a minister to him. But the other not being able to do it in those persecuting times, he commanded him to pray by him after the manner of the reformed churches; which the other did to that unfortunate king's satisfaction. Cardinal de Bourbon his brother being then present.

Panurge is the chief actor in the third act of our Pantagruelian play. We find him there much perplexed with uncertainties; his mind fluctuating between the desire of entering into a matrimonial engagement, and the fear of having

<sup>35</sup> Beza Hist. Eccles.



occasion to repent it. To be eased of his doubt, he consults several persons, all famous for some particular skill in removing anxieties of mind; and there our learned and ingenious satirist displays his knowledge and his fancy to admiration, as has been observed by the learned Van Dale, in the passage which I have given you out of his book *De Oraculis*, after the account of our author's life.

But before that, we find Pantagruel, in the first chapter, transporting a colony of Utopians into Dipsodie; for which Rabelais gives a very good reason, and proves himself a master at politics as well as at other things. To explain that passage, we must know that the Duke of Vendosme garrisoned out of Picardy some of the places that had been taken in Artois, fixing also there some of his vassals and tenants, who were very numerous thereabouts: and as he was born among them, viz. at La Fere, in 1518, he had a particular love for them.

In the second chapter Panurge is made Laird of Salmigondin in Dipsodie, and wasteth his revenue before it comes in. I can apply this to nothing but the gift of some benefice to Mortluc by the Duke of Vendosme or the Queen of Navarre, afterwards his mother-in-law; which benefice not being sufficient to supply him in his extravagancies, something more considerable was bestowed on him; which, having set him at ease, gave him occasion to reflect on his former ill conduct, and grow more thrifty: so that afterwards he entertained some thoughts of marriage, and probably was married, when Rabelais wrote.

Among those whom Panurge consults, the Sybil of Panzoust is the first whose right name is difficult to be discovered. The pretended key in the French makes her a court lady; but its author seems never to have read Rabelais, or at least not to have understood him, if we may judge of it by the names which he, in spite of reason, has set against some of those in our author. Among four or five short explanations of as many passages in Rabelais, also printed in the French, one of them tells us, that by the Sybil of Panzoust, our author means a gentlewoman of that place, near Chinon, who died very old, and always lived single, though importuned by her friends to marry when she was young. But Rabelais having in this book very artfully

made his Panurge consult men of different professions famous in his time, to be eased of his doubt, I do not believe that he would have begun by a woman altogether unknown to the learned world: yet not but that he may have made choice of the name of Panzoust to double the character, if he knew that such an antiquated she-thing lived there. I have endeavoured to discover who might be that Sybil, but dare not positively fix that character on any. St. Theresa, a Spanish nun, who lived in that age, might come in for a share; she has writ several books, and was already famous when Rabelais lived; she had very odd notions; and discovered perhaps as much madness as sanctity. I find another noted cracked-brain bigot, who was old at that time, and lived at Venice: it is one whom several great men have mentioned by the name of Virgo Veneta. Cuillaume Postel, amongst the rest, a very learned Jesuit, and very famous in that age for philosophy, calls her mother Joan, and had such a veneration for her, that he thought the reparation of the female sex not yet perfected, and that such a glorious work was reserved for her. But Florimond de Raymond excuses him in this, and says, that he only designed to praise her for the great services which she had done him in his travels. There is another for whom I could certainly believe the sybil's character made, were I sure that our author and she were contemporaries: her name is Magdalen de la Croix; she was a nun, and had so well gained the reputation of being a saint, that she was consulted as a sybil by the greatest kings and princes in Europe; but at last she proved a sorceress, and was burned. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Henry More has made mention of her; and I have read her history among several others in a book called *Histoires Tragiques*. But as I am forced to quote those books by memory, like many others, which I cannot conveniently procure, I must refer the reader to them for further satisfaction.

In the one and twentieth chapter Panurge consulteth with Raminagrobis, an old French poet, who was almost upon the very last moment of his life. This poet was William Cretin, treasurer of the king's chapel, who had lived under Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., as may be seen by his works. Never was man more celebrated by the writers of his age. John le Maire dedicated to him his three first books.

the illustrations of France, and speaks of him as of the man to whom he owed all things. Geoffroy Toré, in his *Champ Fleury*, says, that Cretin in his chronicles of France had outdone Homer and Virgil. And even Marot inscribed to him his epigrams. Here are the four first verses of Marot to him:

L'homme sotart et *non scavant*  
Comme un rotisseur, *qui lape oye*,  
La faute d'autrui *nonce avast*  
Qu'il la cognoisse, ou *qui'l la voye*, &c.

All their beauty (if they can be said to have any) consists in their rich, or rather punning rhymes; and truly that epigram is unworthy of Marot. It is probable, that as Cretin was then old, he was respected by the young fry, who yet out-lived their error; for never did man sooner lose, after his death, the fame which he had gained during his life. And the reason which caused Marot to write to him in such equivocal rhymes, was, doubtless, because Cretin affected much that way of writing. Here are four of Cretin's lines, which in his book are followed by a hundred and twenty-two more such:

Par ces vins verds *Atropos* a trop os  
Des corps humains ruez, *envers* en vers  
Dont un quidam *aspre* aux pots à propos  
A fort blasmé ses tours *pervers* par vers. &c.

I never saw more rhyme with so little sense. For this reason, Rabelais, who, as Pasquier says, had more judgment and learning than all those that wrote French in his time, has exposed that rhyming old man. And to leave us no room to doubt of it, the Rondeau, which Raminagrobis gives to Panurge upon his resolution as to his marriage, Prenez la ne la prenez pas, &c., that is, Take, or not take her, off or on, &c., is taken out of Cretin, who had addressed it to Guillaume de Desfuge, who had asked his advice, being in the same perplexity. However, Rabelais makes him die like a good Protestant, and afterwards turns off cunningly what the other had said against the popish clergy, who would not let him die in peace. And to show more plainly that this is said of Cretin, Rabelais says, at the beginning of the four and twentieth chapter, Laissans là Villamere, that is, having left Villamere, which relates to William, that poet's name.

I ought not to omit a remark printed in the last Dutch edition of this book, concerning what Panurge says of Cretin: he is by the virtue of an ox, an arrant heretic; a thorough-paced, rivetted heretic. I say, a rooted combustible heretic; one as fit to burn, as the little wooden clock at Rochelle; his soul goeth to thirty thousand carts full of devils. Rabelais there, reflects on the sentence of death passed on one of the first that owned himself a protestant at Rochelle. He was a watchmaker, and had made a clock all of wood, which was esteemed an admirable piece; but because it was the work of one condemned for heresy, the judges ordered, by the said sentence, that the clock should be burned by the common hangman, and it was burned accordingly. We must also observe that the adjective clavelé, that is full of nails or rivetted, is brought in because that watchmaker, who was very famous for his zeal, was named Clavelé.

In the 24th chapter Panurge consults Epistemon, who perhaps may be Guillaume Ruffy, Bishop of Oléron, one of Queen Marguerite's ministers, who had been some time in prison for preaching the reformation, and was afterwards made bishop in the king of Navarre's territories, having without doubt dissembled like many others. Thus his descent into hell, in the second book, may be his prison: I own that he is with Pantagruel in the wars, but so is Panurge, and this is done to disguise the characters; I am the more apt to believe him a clergyman, because he understands Hebrew very well, which few among the laity do, and none else in our author, besides Panurge, who calls him his dear gossip. Then his name denotes him to be a thinking, considering man, and as he was Pantagruel's pedagogue, so probably Ruffy initiated or instructed the duke in the doctrine of the new preachers.

Enguerrant, whom Rabelais taxes with making a tedious and impertinent digression about a Spaniard, is Enguerrant de Monstrelet, who wrote *La Chronique et Annales de France*.

In the same chapter, he speaks of the four Ogygian islands near the haven of Sammalo; by this he seems to mean Jersey, Guernsey, Sark, and Alderney. As Queen Marguerite lived a while, and died in Brittany, our actors may be thought sometimes to stroll thither. Calypso was said to

live at the island Ogygia; Lucian, amongst the rest, places her there, and Plutarch mentions it in the book of the face that appears in the circle of the moon.

Her Trippa, is undoubtedly Henricus Cornelius Agrippa burlesqued. Her is Henricus or Herrius, or perhaps alludes to Heer, because he was a German, and Agrippa is turned into Trippa, to play upon the word tripe. But for a farther proof, we need but look into Agrippa's book, de Occult. Philosoph. lib. i, cap. 7. De Quatuor Elementorum Divinationibus, and we shall find the very words used by Rabelais of Pyromancy, Aeromancy, Hydromancy, &c.; besides, Agrippa came to Francis I, whom our author calls the great king, to distinguish him from that of Navarre.

Friar John des Entomeures, or, of the Funnels, as he is called in this translation, advises Panurge to marry; and whether by that brave monk we understand Cardinal Chatillon, or Martin Luther, the character is kept, since both were married; neither was the latter wholly free from Friar John's swearing faculty, if it be true that being once reproved about it, he replied, "Condonate mihi hoc qui fui Monachus." Entomeures has doubtless been mistaken for entonnoir, a funnel, but the true etymology, is from *ἐντομή*, *ἐντέμνειν* to cut and make incisions, which was our monk's delight, who is described as a mighty trencher-man.

In the following chapters, a theologian, physician, lawyer, and philosopher are consulted.

Hippothadeus the theologian may perhaps be Philip Schwytzerd, alias Melancthon; for he speaks too much like a protestant to be the king's confessor; neither could Montluc be supposed to desire his advice.

Rondibilis, the physician, is doubtless Gulielmus Rondeletius. Thuæus remarks, in the thirty-eighth book of his history, that Gul. Rondelet of Montpellier died 1566, and that though he was a learned physician, Rabelais had satirized him; he adds, that indeed the works of Rondelet do not answer the expectation which the world had of him, nor the reputation which he had gained; and his treatise of fishes, which is the best that bears his name, was chiefly the work of Gul. Pelissier, Bishop of Montpellier, who was cast into prison for being a protestant. However, Rabelais makes him display much learning in his discourse to Panurge.

## PREFACE.

I am not so certain of the man whom *Trouillogan* personates; he calls him an *Ephœctic* and *Pyrrhœnean* philosopher. I find that, *Petrus Ramus*, or *de la Ramée*, afterwards massacred at Paris, had written a book against *Aristotle*, and we have also his logic; but as he is mentioned by *Jupiter* in the prologue to the fourth book, by the name of *Rameau*, where his dispute with *Petrus Galandius*, and his being named *Peter* are also mentioned, I am in doubt about it. *Moliere* has imitated the scene between *Trouillogan* and *Panurge*, in one of his plays, and *M. de la Fontaine*, the story of *Hans Carvel*, and that of the devil of *Pope-Feagueland*, in his inimitable *Contes et Nouvelles*.

There was a jack-pudding in France in that age, called *Triboulet*, but I believe that the fool, whom our author describes in the 38th chapter, is one more considerable, though less famous. I cannot guess why he has heaped up so many adjectives on that fool, unless it be to show the excess of his folly, and to mock some of the authors of that age, who often bestowed a large train of such unnecessary attendants on a single noun substantive.

*Marotte* is a word very much used by the French in signifying a fool's bauble or club, and the word *Fou*, given by *Rabelais* to *Triboulet*, implies a mad, crack-brained, or inconsiderate man, and also a jester; the word idiot being more used in French, for what we properly call a fool: now *Clement Marot*, the best poet in the reign of *Francis I.*, whose valet de chambre he was styled, was a notable jester, and is said to have played many merry tricks that bordered somewhat on extravagance; besides, many among the vulgar mistaking the enthusiasm of poets for madness, have but a small opinion of the wisdom of most of them. But these considerations do not seem to me strong enough to make me believe that *Rabelais* would have passed so severe a censure on that poet, who was then but lately dead, an exile for his religion, and had made honourable mention of him in his works, they being undoubtedly intimate friends.

*Judge Bridlegoose*, who decided causes by the chance of dice, and was arraigned for prevarication at the bar of the parliament of *Mirelingois*, resembles much a judge of *Montmartre*, who they say could neither write nor read, yet had been a judge many years, and being once called into ques-

tion in a superior court, owned his ignorance as to the point of writing and reading, but affirmed that he knew the law; and desiring that the cause of which an appeal had been made from his jurisdiction might be examined, he was found to have done justice, and his sentence and authority were confirmed. Rabelais takes notice of such a story, as is that of his Bridlegoose, vulgarly reported of the provost of Montleheri: but though he may allude to it, and to that of the bailiff of Montmartre, which perhaps may be the same, I believe that his Bridlegoose is a man of greater consequence. Considering the strong intercession made for him by Pantagruel and the others whom he shows on this stage, he may be Guillaume Poyet, who, by the favour of Loyse de Savoye, the king's mother, his client, had been made Lord Chancellor of France, and in 1545, being convicted of several abuses and prevarications, was deprived of his office.

I have said before, that the herb Pantagruelion is hemp; Rabelais makes Pantagruel load a great quantity of it on board his ships, and indeed it is one of the most useful things in the world, not only at sea, but also at land. The curious and pleasing description of that plant makes up the rest of this third book.

Had not the following translation of the three first books of Rabelais been ready to be published before I was desired to give an account of them and of his life, I might have printed my observations at the end of each chapter, and have given a more exact commentary. However I hope that I have said enough to show that what appears trivial and foolish in that work is generally grave and of moment when seriously examined. Yet as I dare not offer my conjectures as certainties, principally on a book which has been so universally read and admired, and never till now attempted to be explained, I humbly submit all I have said to the judgment of the learned; to whom I will esteem myself much obliged, if they will be pleased either to let me know wherein I have erred, or communicate to me their remarks on this work, which may be printed with the two remaining books with their names if they please, and a thankful acknowledgment of the favour.

Having first done my endeavour to satisfy the reader concerning the meaning of that mysterious history, I hope to be

now the more patiently suffered to give some account of the nature of the fable, the style, and the design of it.

Mankind is naturally addicted to the love of fables. Long before learning had been brought into Greece and Italy, the Egyptians, Persians, Arabians, and other eastern nations, to enhance the value of truths, which they did not think fit to be prostituted to the vulgar, hid them under the veils of allegories and apologues; they also used sometimes to lay aside the study and speculation of high mysteries, to divert themselves with framing stories which had nothing of truth in them, and no other design than most of our romances. Also in the decay of learning, which followed that of the Roman empire, for want of true history and solid knowledge, men fed their minds with gross fictions, such as are the legends of monks, and the old sorts of romances. Thus two opposite ways, barren ignorance and luxuriant learning, leading men often to the same end, that is, the study of fables, their number is as great as their original is ancient.

Herodotus says, that the Greeks had from Egypt their mythologic theology. Homer brought from thence that inclination to fables, which made him invent many things about the original and employments of his gods; and Pythagoras and Plato learned also there to disguise their philosophy.

Thus our author calls his writings Pythagorical symbols in the prologue to his first book; and not without reason, since as I have made it appear, the chief part of them is mysteriously written. But what those ancient philosophers did through a reverence of nature, ours did through necessity; being forced to keep such a medium as that he might be understood by all readers in most parts of his book, yet by few persons in others, and might secure himself from the attacks of his enemies by the ambiguity of his sense.

Lucian tells us, that fables were so much in vogue in Assyria and Arabia, that there were persons whose only profession it was to explain them to the people; and Erpenius assures, that all the world together never produced so many

<sup>36</sup> Quia sciunt inimicam esse naturæ apertam nudamque expositionem sui; quæ sicut vulgaribus hominum sensibus intellectum sui variorum tegmine operimentoque subtrahit, ita, a prudentibus arcana sua voluit per fabulosa tractari. *Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i.*



poets as the latter. As for Persia, Strabo says, that teachers there used to give to their disciples precepts of morality wrapped up in fictions. The Gymnosophists of India are said, by Diogenes Laertius, to have delivered their philosophy in enigmas. So that the learned Hætius thinks, that when Horace said, *fabulosus Hydaspes*, it was chiefly because its spring is in Persia, and its mouth in India, countries through which it flows, whose inhabitants were lovers of fables: and indeed it was from the Persians, as that prelate observes, that those of Miletum in Ionia learned first to frame those amorous fictions which were afterwards famous through Greece and Italy, by the name of Milesian fables, which, with millions more of insignificant voluminous lies, are lost and forgotten, as well as their authors; the name of the best of whom, called Aristides, hardly survives his writings. He lived doubtless before Marius and Sylla's wars; for Sisenna, a Roman historian, had latinised his fables, which were very obscene, yet long the delight of the Romans. Photius, in his *Bibliothèque*, has given an extract of a fabulous story composed by Antonius Diogenes, whom he thinks to have lived some time after Alexander. It treats in prose of the loves of Dinias and Dereyllis, in imitation of Homer's *Odysseis*, and relates many incredible adventures; its author also makes mention of one Antiphanes, who before had written in that nature, and who, perhaps, may be a comic poet, whom the geographer Stephanus says to have written some such relations.

These are thought to have been the models of what Lucius, Juvenal, Jamblichus, Achilles Tatius, and Damascius have written in that kind, not to speak of Heliodorus, Bishop of Treves, who, under Arcadius and Honorius, wrote the adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea, some passages of which have been copied by Guarini, and the author of *Astrea*.

Our Britons about that time have not been behind-hand with other nations in writing such books. Theleisin, whom some place among the bards, because he made some prophecies in verse, lived about the middle of the sixth century, and, as well as Melkin, wrote fabulous histories in Welsh, of Britain, King Arthur, Merlin, and the Knights of the Round Table. Those of Geoffrey of Monmouth have not much more the appearance of truth; and as much may be said

of what Gildas, a Welsh monk, writ of King Arthur, Perceval, and Lancelot.

The French,<sup>37</sup> some time after, had also their famous romance of the heroic deeds of Charles the Great and his Paladins, said to be the work of Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims: but it was written about two hundred years after him: and was followed by many more as false, which yet pleased the people of those times, more simple and ignorant yet than those who wrote them. Then none endeavouring to get good memoirs to write true history, and men finding matter more easily in their fancy, historians degenerated into romancers, and the Latin tongue fell into as much contempt as truth had done before. Then the Troubadours<sup>38</sup> comics and contours of Provence, who were the writers that practised what is still called, in the southern parts of France, "le guay saber," or the gay science, spread all over that kingdom their stories and new sort of poetry of all kinds, composed in the Romanz language, which was a mixture of the Gallic, Teutonic, and Latin tongues, in which the latter was superior, so that, to distinguish it from that usually spoken through the other parts of the Gauls, it kept the name of Romanz.

The Germans, as Tacitus relates, used to sing the heroic deeds of Hercules, when they went to fight. The ancient inhabitants of Denmark, Sweden and Norway had fabulous stories, which they engraved in old Runic characters upon large stones, of which some are still to be seen. The most usual diversion at their feasts was to sing in rhyming verse the brave deeds of their ancient giants. These stories used to draw tears from the eyes of the company; and after that being well warmed with good cheer, to their tears succeeded cries and howlings, till all at last fell in confusion under the table. The kings and princes of Denmark, Norway, and the neighbouring countries, had always their Scaldri; thus were called their poets, who used extempore to make verses in rhyme, embellished with fictions and allegories,<sup>39</sup> upon all memorable events; and those were immediately learned and sung by the people. Even some of the kings and queens of those countries were Scaldri, as Olaus Warmius tells us.

<sup>37</sup> Huet Orig. des Romans. <sup>38</sup> Jean de Nostredame vie des Poëtes Provençaux. <sup>39</sup> Appendix de Littérature Runica.

The Indians, Japanese, and Chinese, have an infinite number of poet. and fables, and the latter esteem almost rustic, any other way than that of apologues in their conversation.

Even the Turks, to fit themselves for love or war, have not only the Persian romances, but fables of their own devising, and will tell you that Roland was a Turk, whose sword they still preserve at Bursa with veneration, relating the particulars of his life, and the great things he did in the Levant.

The Americans are great lovers of fables; and near Canada, the most wild among them, after their feasts, generally desire the oldest, or the greatest wit of the company, to invent and relate to them some strange story. Beavers, foxes, racoons, and other animals, generally come in for a share in the fiction, and the hearers are very attentive to their adventures, the relation of which they never interrupt but by their applause, and thus days and nights are passed with equal satisfaction to the speaker and the hearers. The people of Florida, Cuba, and Peru, excite themselves to work, and to martial exploits, by songs, and fabulous narrations of the great achievements of their predecessors. Whatever they relate of their origin is full of fictions; but in this, those of Peru far out-lie the rest, and have their poets, to whom they give a name that answers to that of inventors. \*Also those of Madagascar have men, who stroll from house to house to recite their composures; and those of Guinea have their tellers of fables, like those of the northern parts of America.

Thus, as observes Huetius, from whom I have borrowed part of these historical observations on fables, no nation can well attribute to itself the original of them, since all equally have been addicted to invent some, in the most ancient times. There is only this difference, that what was the fruit of the ignorance of some nations, even in Europe, has been that of the politeness of the Persians, the Ionians, and the Greeks.

When Rabelais lived, all the foolish romances that had been made in the barbarous ages that preceded his, were very much read; therefore, as he had a design to give a very great latitude to his satire, he thought he could not do better than to give it the form of those lying stories, the better to secure himself from danger, and at once show their ab-

surdities; also to cause his book to be the more read, having perceived that nothing pleased the people better than such writings; the wise and learned being delighted with the morality under the allegories, and the rest by their oddness. This was a good design, and it proved as effectual to make those who had any sense throw away those gross fables, stuffed with wretched tales of giants, magicians, and adventurous knights, as Miguel de Cervantes's Don Quixote proved in his country, to root out knight-errantry.

Thus Lucian, before him, in the story of the ass, enlarged afterwards by the philosopher Apuleius, had ridiculed Lucius of Patras; and, to make it the more obvious, called that fable by the name of that mythologist, who had written a book of strange metamorphoses, which he foolishly believed to be true. Rabelais seems also to have imitated Lucian's true history, called so by its author by antiphrasis; though some have thought that he had joined it to the treatise in which he gives precepts to write history well, as an example of his rules: but he declares, at the beginning of that incredible history, that his only design was to expose many poets, historians, and philosophers, who with impunity, related false things as truth, and used, upon unfaithful relations, to treat of foreign countries, as Ctesias and Iambulus had done.

But our history is not altogether an imitation of that of Lucian, though it participates of its nature. It is dramatic also, as that Greek author says of some of his works; a mixture of dialogue and comedy; of serious matter, and of the ridicule: of plays of all sorts, whether *Trabeatæ*, *Pretextatæ*, *Palliatæ*, *Togatæ*, *Attellanæ*, *Tabernariæ*, &c. It is the *Satyrical* of the Greek; the *Archæa*, the *Media*, and the *Nova Comœdia*: for sometimes great things are treated by our author in a manner equal to their grandeur; at others they are brought down to the level of the *Planipedia*: now and then little more than mirth is meant; often, also, particular persons are reflected on by name; at others they appear masked and disguised; and frequently, as in the new comedies of the Greeks, the characters are general.<sup>40</sup> It is likewise *Hilaro tragœdia*; that sort of dramatic composures which Rhinthon of Patras, about the reign of the first Ptolemy, is said to have invented; which doubtless got him that name of *Φαίλῳ*

<sup>40</sup> Suidas in *Περὶ θωγ*.

given him by Stephanus Bysantius, which some render Jocator, but 'is' thought by Hesychius 'to signify Scurra. This Rhinthon's fables, of which Donatus<sup>41</sup> makes mention in his notes on Terence, and which Suidas says were thirty-eight in number, still in being when Stephanus wrote, were imitated at Rome. And, as that geographer says that Rhinthon turned tragic things into ridicule, an Italian critic<sup>42</sup> thinks that the Hilarotragœdia was only 'una tragedia contrafatta e di grave ridotta al piacevole: e di tragœdia, per dir così, fatta cœmedia; that is, a tragedy turned into a comedy or a farce. But the learned Spanheim<sup>43</sup> more properly thinks that Rhinthon had joined the comic mirth of the Greek satiric plays, and interludes to the gravity of tragedy, which may by that have got the name of mixta.

Our Rabelais's work is also a satire of the kind of those which, from Menippus, were called Menippæan by his imitator Varro, the most learned among the Romans; having given that name to that which he made, because, like that Cynic philosopher, in it he had treated of grave matters in a merry joking style. That satire, or, as Tully calls it, that poemæ varium et elegans, was at once a mixture of prose and several sorts of verse; of Greek and of Latin; of philology and of philosophy. That orator<sup>44</sup> makes him give some account of its design and variety; and without doubt that work was far more estimable than the examples which he followed, if, as Diogenes Laertius says, those of Menippus were made merely to excite men to laugh, consisting chiefly of parodia, or verses out of famous authors, and generally Homer, Euripides, and such others, inverted and tagged together, sometimes like the cento of Ausonius, and often in the nature of our mock songs. Yet, since Strabo says that by them he got the name of *σπικρογελῶς*, "or Joco-serius,"<sup>45</sup> we may believe that there was morality in them; but that, as in our Rabelais, not being obvjous, some thought them trifling; like many in our age, who find it much easier to judge and find fault than to understand.

<sup>41</sup> Ad Prolog. Adelph. \*      <sup>42</sup> Ragion. della Academ. Aldean.

<sup>43</sup> Preface sur les Cæsars de Jul.      <sup>44</sup> Et tamen in illis verbis nostris, quæ Menippum imitati, non interpretati, quâdam hilaritate cœpersimus, multa admista ex intimâ philosophiâ, multa dialecticè dicta. *Adudem. Quæst.* lib. 1.      <sup>45</sup> Lib. 16.

I could wish that among the other sorts of writing which, in some things, have been imitated by our author, I might not reckon Petronius Arbiter; yet I only say this as to his immodesty: for otherwise, as that consul, under some amorous fictions, has concealed a close and ingenious satire on the vices that reigned in Nero's court, and was as nice and good a judge of polite learning as of dissolute pleasures, without doubt he is to be followed and admired: and, indeed, his fable was esteemed to be like the Greek satiric poems, which Plato says consisted of fictions whose hidden sense differed very much from the superficial signification of the words; since Macrobius, while he distinguishes fables made barely to please from those that at once divert and instruct, has placed that of Petronius among the latter.

Our author's works are also an imitation of Democritus and of Socrates, if we may compare writings with actions; for those two philosophers used to be still merry, and freely ridiculed whatever was a fit subject of raillery: for this reason Quintilian says of the latter, "*Etiam vita universa ironiam habere videtur, qualis est vita Socratis*:" and that great philosopher, who had deserved the name of the wisest of men, was called *Scurra* by Zeno, as Tully renders it: yet Plato and Xenophon, his scholars, have not only transmitted to us some of his admirable expressions,<sup>46</sup> but also imitated them. And we may apply to Rabelais what Vavassor said of that wise man, "*Constans ac perpetuus irrisor mortalium*."

In this, his work somewhat differs from the greatest part of the satires of the Romans; for he seldom leaves his ridiculing for their angry railing. Their chief design is less to rally than excite either indignation or hatred, *facit indignationem*.<sup>47</sup> Which caused an ancient grammarian to say; "*Satyra dicitur carmen apud Romanos nunc quidem maledicum*;" thus calling Satire a railing or a slandering poem: and Ovid, excusing himself for not having written any, gives it the epithet of biting.

"Non ego mordaci distinxî carmine quemquam;  
Nec meus ullius crimina versus habet."

Accordingly, the authors of the Roman satires generally kept the character of censors. Horace has given the gayest

<sup>46</sup> De Dictione *Ludjera*. <sup>47</sup> *Juven. Sat. 1.* <sup>48</sup> *Diomed. Lib. 5. Gram.*

air of them all to his satires; and in that of Nasidienus, the description of the fight between Sarmentus and Messius, as also in some others, has affected a comic style. He also tells us, that satire ought to be sometimes treated gaily, and at others sullenly or gravely; "*Ut sermone opus est, modo tristi, saepe jocosus.*" Yet in other places he speaks of the sharpness of his satires, and owns that they were an ill-natured or malicious kind of writing:

"Tristi lædere versu,  
Pantelabum scurram, nomentanumque nepotem." Sat. 1. Lib. 2.

Then he takes notice of the complaint of some against him:

"Lividus et mordax videor tibi."

He also observes, that it is not enough to make a hearer laugh:

"Ergo non satis est risu diducere rictum  
Additoris." Sat. 10. Lib. 1.

Far from this, he saith it is a commendable thing to fill a man with shame, and, as he calls it, to bark at him if he deserves it:

"Si quis opprobriis dignum lataverit."

This causes another satirist, speaking of Lucilius, whose imitator he was, as well as Horace to say,

"Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens  
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est  
Criminibus." Juvenal. Sat. 1.

The same, in another place, reflecting on the depraved manners of his age, cries, "*Difficile est satyram non scribere.*" By which he sufficiently shows what was the object and design of those sorts of poems.

Now Rabelais chiefly pursues his subject by jesting and exposing, ridiculing and despising what he thinks deserves such an usage; and it is but seldom that he makes use of railing, or sullen biting reproofs. Yet as he has doxé it in some places, we may well say that his work hath something of the Roshan satire.

In short, it is a mixture, or, if I may use the expression, an olio, of all the merry, serious, satirical, and diverting ways of writing, that have hitherto been used. But still mirth is predominant in the composition, and, like a pleasing tartness, gives the whole such a relish, that we ever feed on

it with an eager appetite, and can never be cloyed with it. It is farce, as our laureat, in his late curious preface<sup>49</sup> concerning that way of writing, judiciously observes of some of Ben Jonson's, but such farce as bequeaths that blessing (pronounced by Horace) on him that shall attempt the like.

“——Sudet multum frustra que laboret  
Ausus idem”

For, as it is there observed, the business of farce extends beyond nature and probability. But then there are so few improbabilities that will appear pleasant in the representation, that it will strain the best invention to find them out, and require the nicest judgment to manage them when they are conceived. Extravagant and monstrous fancies are but sick dreams, that rather torment than divert the mind; but when extravagancy and improbability happen to please at all, they do it to purpose, because they strike our thought with greatest surprise.

Pasquier, the most judicious critic that France had in his time, was very apprehensive of this, and illustrates it with two examples that concern too much our author, and the point in question, not to be inserted here. It is in one of his letters to the poet Ronsard<sup>50</sup>—“Il n'y a celui de nous, qui ne sçache combien le docte Rabelais en folastrant sagement sur son Gargantua et Pantagruel gaigna de grace parmi le peuple. Il se trouva peu apres deux singes qui se persuaderent d'en pouvoir faire tout autant; l'un sous le nom de Leon l'Adulfy en ses Propos Rustiques. L'autre sans nom en son livre des Fanfreluches. Mais autant y profita l'un que l'autre; s'étant la memoire de ces deux livres perdue.”

That is, “All knew to what degree the learned Rabelais gained the esteem of the nation by his wise drolling on his Gargantua and Pantagruel; soon after started up a couple of apes, who conceived that they could do as much; viz. Leon l'Adulfy in his Propos Rustiques, and the anonymous author of Fanfreluches. But as ill did the one succeed as the other; the memory of those two books being lost.”

This work of Rabelais is doubtless an original, by imitating and joining in one so many others. To imitate it, is not

<sup>49</sup> Mr. Tate, Preface to “A Duke or no Duke.”

<sup>50</sup> Lettre de

Pasquier, liv. I.



only periculosæ plenum opus alere, but almost an impossible task ; nor is it easily to be defined. We see that it is historical, romantic, allegorical, comical, satirical ; but as sometimes all these kinds of writing are united in one passage, at others they appear severally. • •

I might say that it is partly dramatic ; for there appears in it a great deal of action: the dialogues, of which it is full, are as many lively scenes. Europe is the stage, and all mankind is the subject. The author, with his witty, drolling prologues, comes in between every act, as the Sileni and the Satiri did in the Greek satiric plays. Or, if you had rather have it so, he supplies the place of the chorus in some of the old comedies. The five books answer exactly the five acts : and it might perhaps as easily be made appear by a Dacier, that he has managed his drama regularly, as by a Bossu, that the father of epic poetry has observed a just conduct in his Iliads.

It has the form of an history, or rather of romances, which it tacitly ridicules ; I mean such of them as those ages produced which preceded the restoration of learning. That chiefly happened when our author lived ; your *Amadis de Gaule*, *Lancelot du Lac*, *Tristan*, *Kyrie Eleison* of *Montauban*, &c. For then *Kyrie Eleison* and *Paralipomenon*, were taken for the names of saints ; somewhat like the epitomisers of *Gesner's* *Bibliothèque*, who have ascribed *Amadis* to one *Acuerso Olvido*, not knowing that these two words, which they found on the title-page of the French version of that book were the translator's Spanish motto, that signifies remembrance, oblivion. Our author seems to have mimicked those books, even in their titles, in their division into chapters and in the odd accounts of their contents. I am much mistaken if in many places he has not also affected their style ; though in others he displays all the purity and elegance which the French tongue, which he has much improved, had at that time.

As for the mixture of odd, lurllesque, barbarous, Latin, Greek, and obsolete words, which is seen in his book, it is justifiable, as it serves to add to the diversion of the reader, pleased generally the more, the greater is the variety ; principally in so odd a work.

About twenty years before it was composed, *Theophilus*

Folengi, a monk born at Mantua, of a noble family who is hardly known now otherwise than by the name of Merlinus Coccarius, had put out his *Liber Macaronicorum*, which is a poetical rhapsody, made up of words of different languages, and treating of pleasant matters in a comical style. The word macarone in Italian, signifies a jolly clown, and macaroni a sort of cakes made with coarse meal, eggs, and cheese, as Thomasin<sup>51</sup> observes. He published also another work, which he called, *Il Libro della Gatta*, in the same style, and another, only macaronic in part, called, *Chaos del Tri per Uno*.

A learned critic<sup>52</sup> has esteemed that sort of writing to be a third kind of burlesque. Nor was Folengi only followed by his countrymen, as Gaurinus Capella in his *Macarone de Rimini* against Cabri Ré de Gogue Magogue, in 1526; and Caesar Ursinus, who calls himself Stopinus, in his *Capriceia Macaronica*, 1536; for the learned William Drummond, author of the *History of Scotland*, and of some divine poems, has left us an ingenious macaronic poem, called, *Polemo-Middinia*, printed at the Theatre, at Oxford, 1691.

Rabelais has imitated and improved some fine passages of that of Coccarius, as well as his style; though M. Baillet, in his *Jugement des Scavans*, thinks that it would be an impossible task to preserve its beauties in a translation.

The Italians affect those mixed sorts of languages in their burlesque poetry. They have one sort which they call *Pedantesca*, from the name of the persons of whom it most treats and whom it imitates; Greek, Latin, and Italian making up the composition with an Italian termination. Some have celebrated the amours of grammarians and of others in that Italo-greco-latin tongue; and I have seen a book in prose in that idiom of idioms, intituled *Hipnerotomachia di Polifilo*; cioè, *Combattimento di Amore in Sogno*; or, the Fight of Love in a Dream.

Dante is full of Latin and Provençale, of which he boasts, saying, *Namque locutus sum in lingua trina*; and Petrarch, though more sparing of Latin, has many French and Provençale words, even whole lines of the latter, *ponendovene anche de i versi interi*, says one of his countrymen; and besides a great number of books of burlesque poetry and prose, which they have in *Lingua Bergamesca*, Bolognese, Pa-

<sup>51</sup> Eleg. p. 72. <sup>52</sup> Naudé *Jugement des Pièces contre Mazarin*.



authors, and if the Latins have used them less, it is because their tongue was not so happy in linking words together, as Quintilian observes. Yet we have many in Plautus that are downright burlesque of the same kind, as *Feritribaces*, *Servilicolæ*, *Plagipatide*, *Cluninstaridysarchides*, &c.

What shall we think of the *Parodiæ*, of which *Aristophanes* and *Lucian* are full, and which *Julian* has used in his *Cæsars*, as many more among the Greeks have done; those witticisms being a part of the salt, which they so much desired in all jocose and satirical composesures.

As for the puns, clenches, conundrums, quibbles, and all such other dregs or bastard sorts of wit, that here and there have crept in among the infinite number of our author's ingenious and just conceptions, I will not apologize in their behalf, otherwise than by showing that *Aristophanes* and *Plautus* have strewed them more lavishly through their works, which are partly of the nature of this. Nor is it necessary to mention the great *Tully*, and many more among the ancients, that allowed themselves the freedom of using them; many of those dropped in conversation by that orator having been thought worthy to be made public. They were doubtless better liked in those times than they are now, and we find them in as great a number in almost all the writers of the last age that pretended to wit; nor have rhetoricians refused to teach or use the figure *antanaclasis*. So, though we may mislike the pun, we may admire the author, since these are but so many small spots, which, far from darkening him, illustrate the beauties by which they are placed.

None can mislike the great number of various images which he gives of the same things, or the long train of verbs, or substantives, which he often sets together; indeed, in another work they might be thought redundant; *Ambitiosa ornamenta rescindenda sunt*; but here those terms, though they are often technical, and therefore instructing, are only used to cause mirth; and they become our author so well, that we seldom read them over without laughing.

Mirth being so desirable a thing, so beneficial to the body and to the mind, and laughing one of the distinguishing characters of mankind, our author may be said not to have advantaged the world a little, in composing this merry treatise. He justifies himself in his dedication to Cardinal

Chatillon, for his comical expressions, by representing the ease which many disconsolate and sick persons had received by them; and he says before his first book, *Le rire est le propre de l'homme*; or, as it has been Englished, "To laugh is proper to the man." Even Cæsar had writ a whole book of merry and witty sayings; and Balsac, a great enemy to burlesque, has said, *Que ce n'étoit pas peu meriter du genre humain, que de réjouir quelquefois Auguste*; "That mankind was not a little obliged to the man who sometimes could make Augustus merry." That emperor, as Macrobius tells us, did not think it below him sometimes to write lampoons, and made one on Pollio, who, knowing it, said, "*At ego taceo, non est enim facile in eum conscribere qui potest proscribere.*"

Horace, after he has said that it is not enough to make a hearer laugh, adds, "*Et est quædam hæc quoque virtus.*"

Nor has our author only aimed at mirth, though he has partly made it subservient to his chief design. He knew that the learned and the ignorant, by different motives, delight in fables, and that the love of mirth being universal, the only way to cause his sentiments to be most known and followed, was to give them a merry dress. The council of Trent began to sit in 1545, and then our author began to write. The restoration of learning had made the most knowing among the clergy and the laity desire that primitive Christianity might also be restored. Accordingly I find, that when Rabelais was at Rome,<sup>53</sup> in 1536, the Cardinal of Trent, who was a German, came thither to press the pope to a council, and, in our author's presence, said to Cardinal du Bellay, that the pope refused to grant a council, but that he would repent it, for the christian princes would take away what they had given to the church. The universal cry was for the restitution of the cup to the laity, and of marriage to the clergy; against indulgences, pardons, &c. This caused Rabelais to put out these Pythagorical symbols, as he calls them: that while some of the great ones, privately, and the protestants, publicly, were endeavouring a thorough reformation, he might insinuate a contempt of the church of Rome's fopperies, chiefly in the clergy of France, and those that were at the council of

<sup>53</sup> *Lettres de Rabelais à l'Evesque de Maillezais.*

Trent; as also in such of the laity as had wit enough to find out his meaning. And this is what he means, in the prologue to his third book, by the comical account which he gives of Diogenes; who, seeing the inhabitants of Corinth all very busy in their preparations for the war, and himself not invited to help them, rolled and tossed about his tub, that he might not be said to be idle. "For," says Rabelais, "I held it not a little disgraceful to be only an idle spectator of so many valorous, eloquent, and warlike persons, who, in the view and sight of all Europe, act this notable interlude, or tragi-comedy." By the word eloquent, we may easily judge that this notable interlude is the council then sitting. He knew that, in 1534, Calvin having dedicated his Institutions to Francis I., the bigots about him cunningly persuaded that king not to read that excellent work, nor its incomparable preface; though he was otherwise not very religious, having made a league with the Turks, and joined his fleet to that of Barbarossa, as also charged his children, in 1535, on pain of incurring his curse, to revenge his wrongs on Charles the Fifth, whom he used to call Satan's eldest son.<sup>51</sup> So, partly that his book might not have the same fate, he made it mysterious; and, indeed, that king had it read to him, in spite of those who told him it was heretical. But he was so embroiled in wars, that, perhaps, he dared not favour the reformed, for fear of being served by the pope like the king of Navarre. However, even his mother, Loyse de Savoye, what devotion soever she showed to popish fopperies, seems to have had but little respect for them; for in her journal, writ with her own hand, and kept still in the *Chambre des Comptes* at Paris, are found these words concerning St. Francis de Paule: "*Frere François de Paule fut par moi canonisé; à tout le moins j'en payay la taxe.*" That is, "Friar John de Paule was sainted by me; at least I paid the fees for making him a saint."—Yet our author wrote not so darkly, but that the ingenious of that age could know his meaning; for the very antidoted fanfreluches, which are the second chapter of his first book, show that he treated of religion, as he had said in the prologue before it. The first stanza may perhaps be only designed to make the rest pass

<sup>51</sup> *Mémoires de Castelnau.*

for a banter; but the second mentions the pope and Calvin plainly; the first, "whose slipper it is more meritorious to kiss than to gain pardons;" and the other, "from the depth issued where they fish for roaches," (the lake at Geneva,) a chuff who said, "Sirs, for God's sake let us forbear doing this;" in the French, "Qui dit, Messieurs, pour Dieu nous en gardons." I have not the leisure to examine now the other stanzas, though I can explain some of them. But to show that Rabelais was understood when he writ, we need but read the verses printed in the French before his second book; they are by Hugues Salel, a man of great wit and learning, who, as I have said, had translated Homer's Iliads: in them he encourages the author to write on, and tells him that, under a pleasing foundation, he had so well described useful matters, that, if he was not rewarded here below, he should be rewarded in heaven.

Gross superstition proceeds from ignorance; so next to the first he exposes the latter: but I need not come to particulars. I may say that he has satirised all sorts of vice, and consequently all sorts of men: we find them all promiscuously on his scene, as in Bays's grand dance in the Rehearsal, kings, cardinals, ladies, aldermen, soldiers, &c.

He saw that vice was not to be conquered in a declamatory war, and that the angry railing lectures of some well-meaning men were seldom as effectual to make it give ground, as the gay yet pointed raileries of those who seem unconcerned; the latter convincing us effectually, while the others, with their passionate invectives, persuade us of nothing, but that they are too angry to direct others.

This gay way of moralizing has also nothing of the dry mortifying method of those philosophers who, striving to demonstrate their principles by causes and a long series of arguments, only rack the mind; but its art and delicacy is not perceived by every reader: consequently many people will not easily find out the inward beauties of the works of Rabelais; but he did not intend that every one should perceive them, though every one may be extremely diverted by the outward and obvious wit and humour. We may say of those hidden graces, what a learned man says of those in Horace's Satires,<sup>55</sup> "Quæ cum animæ plebs percurret,

<sup>55</sup> Heinsius de Satiræ Horatiana.

nec venustatem vident, nec necessitatem argumenti intelligunt. Eruditi, præter incredibilem leporem, ad principium quo nititur recurrunt." The figure *oxymorum*, by which things at first appear foolish, though they are sharp and witty, is such a master-piece in rhetoric as can be perceived by none but the skilful. Painting has its grotesque and bold touches, which seem irregular to the vulgar, only pleased with their oddness; while masters, through the antic features and rough strokes, discover an exact proportion, a softness and a boldness together, which charm them to an unspeakable degree. So in artful jests and ironies, in that *lusus animi* and judicious extravagance, what seems mean and absurd is most in sight, and strikes the vulgar; but better judgments under that coarse outside discover exquisite wit, just and sublime thoughts, vast learning, and the most profound reasonings of philosophy. Our author's first prologue has led me to this observation, by that which he makes concerning Socrates. Sorbiere,<sup>56</sup> who was a man not much given to praise the living, and much less the dead, applies this to Rabelais, owning that his satire is the most learned and universal that ever was writ; and that it also so powerfully inclines our minds to mirth, that almost all those whom he had known, that had been much conversant with it, had gained by its means a method of thinking agreeably on the most profound and melancholic matters.. Thus it teaches us to bear adversities gallantly, and to make them our diversion rather than attack them directly, and with a concern which they are not worthy to cause. "*Ridiculum acri plenius ac melius magnas plerumque secat res,*" says Horace.

It is true, that those whose temper inclines them to a stoical severity will not have the same taste; and, indeed, rallying seldom or never becomes them; but those who would benefit themselves by the perusal of Rabelais need not imitate his buffoonery; and it is enough if it inwardly move us, and spread there such seeds of joy as will produce on all sorts of subjects an infinite number of pleasant reflections. In those places that are most dangerous, a judicious reader will curb his thoughts and desires, considering that the way is slippery, and thus will easily be safe; with wise reflections moderating his affections. It is even better to

<sup>56</sup> Sorberiana.



drink some too strong wines, tempering them with water, which makes them but the more pleasant, than to confine ourselves to flat and insipid liquors, which neither affect the palate nor cheer us within. The Roman ladies used to view the wrestlers naked in the circus, and one of them discreetly said, that a virtuous woman was not more scandalized at their sight, than at that of a statue; of which great numbers were naked in all places.

Thus the sight of those females at Sparta, who danced naked, being only covered with the public honesty, made no ill impression on the beholders. We may pass over, with as much ease, the impurities of our historian, as we forgive to excellent painters nudities, which they too faithfully represent; and we may only admire and fix our eyes on the other parts of the piece. *Omnia sana sanis*. The wise can benefit themselves even by the worst of books, like those ducks of Pontus, to whom, as Aulus Gellius says,<sup>57</sup> poisons are rather wholesome than hurtful, or those bees of Pliny, that, being gifted by nature with the virtue of the psilli,<sup>58</sup> could usefully feed on the juice and substance of the most venomous weeds. The learned Jesuit, who, in favour of his friend Balsac, writ a treatise against burlesque, cannot forbear granting as much, since he says,<sup>59</sup> "*Scriptores nostri quovis è genere librorum, etiam non optimorum, aucupantur utilitatem aliquam, et omnes undique flosculos delibant: quo fere pacto princeps olim poetarum legere se gemmas ex Ennianio stercore dicebat.*"

The age in which our author wrote was not so reserved in words as this, and perhaps he has not so much followed his own genius in making use of gross or loose expressions, as he has endeavoured to accommodate his way of writing to the humour of the people, not excepting a part of the clergy of those times. Now we ought not to blame those authors who wrote in former ages for differing from us in several things; since they followed customs and manners which were then generally received, though now they seem to us improper or unjust. To discover all the beauties in their works, we must awhile lay aside the thoughts of our practice, if it contradicts theirs; otherwise all books will be very

<sup>57</sup> Lib. 17. cap. 16.      <sup>58</sup> Lib. 21. cap. 13

<sup>59</sup> F. Vavassor de Ludicra Dictione.

short lived, and the best writers, being disheartened with the thoughts of the speedy oblivion or contempt of their works, will no longer strive to deserve an immortal fame, which fantastic posterity would deny them.

Some would altogether forbid the perusal of our author. Du Verdier, in his *Bibliothèque*, which gives an account of all those that had written in French, till about the year 1585, has inserted a large invective made against Rabelais, by an author whom I have discovered to be Schoock:<sup>60</sup> these are his words: "Utinam vel apud illos sit Rabelesus cum suo Pantagruelismo, ut scurrilis hominis scurrili voce abutar. Certe, si quid callet bonæ artis, cogatur in eas tandem se exercere aliqui tam impius homo quam publicè suis nefariis libellis pestilens, &c. Neque semel deploravi hominis sortem, qui in tanta literarum luce tam ædens sese vitiorum tenebris immergit." Others, principally of the papist clergy, have not been more kind to him, of which he himself complains in some places of his book, much like an author whom he accuses of filching, in his first prologue. It is Angelus Politian, a famous Latin poet who lived a little before him, and was also a priest and a prebend; he was a great admirer of Plautus, whose perusal the Florentine preachers would not allow in the universities. So, partly on that account, he expresses himself in these terms.

"Sed qui nos damnant, histriones sunt maximi,  
Nam Curios simulant, vivunt Bacchanalia.  
Hi sunt præcipue quidam clamosi, leves,  
Cucullati, lignipedes cincti funibus,  
Superciliosum, incurvicervicum pecus;  
Qui, quod ab aliis et habitu et victu dissentiunt,  
Tristique vultu vendunt sanctimonias,  
Censuram sibi quandam, et tyrannidem occupant,  
Pavidamque plebem terrent, minaciis."

*Epist. lib. 7.*

In which verses, by the way, he has made use of a word which an ancient critic, also an admirer of Plautus, mentions as burlesque.<sup>61</sup> But to show that our author's way of writing is not of the kind of those which ancient philosophers have condemned, we need but consider that there is at least

<sup>60</sup> In Fab. Hamel. p. 31.

<sup>61</sup> Cum *κυρτάρκενα* mirati sumus, incurvicervicum vix a risu defendimus.—*Quintilian.*

as much boldness and impurity in that very Plautus, and the ancient Greek comedy. Yet Cicero, whom all must grant to be a great judge of good writing and morality, speaking of the merry or ridiculing way of writing which was to be condemned, opposes to it that of Plautus, the ancient comedy, and the books of the disciples of Socrates. These are his words: "Duplex omnino est jocandi genus: unum, illiberale, petulans, flagitiosum, obscœrum: alterum, elegans, urbanum, ingeniosum, facetum. Quo genere non modo Plautus noster et Atticorum antiqua comœdia, sed etiam philosophorum Socraticorum libri referti sunt."

After all, as I could wish that some expressions, which I will not only call too bold and too free, but even immodest and profane, had not been in this book, I would not have those persons to read it whose lives are so well regulated, that they would not employ a moment of which they might not give an account without blushing; nor those whose minds, not being ripened by years and study, are most susceptible of dangerous impressions. Doubtless they may do much better than to read this book.

Some, therefore, will think, that either it was not to be translated, or ought to have been translated otherwise; and that, as in the most handsome faces there are always some lines which we could wish were not there; so, if those things, which here may shock some persons, had been omitted or softened, it would more justly and more generally have pleased: I suppose that the translator would have done so, had he not been afraid to have taken out some material thing, hid under the veil of some unhappy expression, instead of taking away a bare trifle.

But as what may be blameable in this book bears no proportion with the almost infinite number of admirable and useful things which are to be found in it, the ingenious ought not to be deprived of it.—Lucian's works, notwithstanding a thousand passages in them against modesty and religion, have been handed down to us by the primitive Christians, which they would not have done, had they not been sensible that they could do much more good than harm.

The art of writing has caused much mischief, which made the ancients say, that its inventor had sown serpents' teeth.

Yet who would be without the use of letters? We may as well cut out our tongue, that world of wickedness, as it is called in scripture. Weak minds may turn good things to the worst use, and even sacred writings have produced ill effects: readers are often more blameable than authors, and should like bees gather honey out of poetical flowers, instead of sucking the poison like spiders. The cause of the ill actions of most men is not in books, but in the wicked disposition of their hearts; and the soft melancholy with which the most chaste romances often cloud the mind, thus making way for violent passions, is much more to be feared than a work of this nature.

As long as those and some of our plays are in the hands of the weaker sex; that Catullus, Ovid, Juvenal, and Martial are learned by heart in schools by men children; and a thousand other books, more dangerous, prostituted to the ignorant vulgar; Rabelais's works, in which there is more morality, as well as more wit and learning, than in most that are read, may be allowed a place among the best. "*Verbis offendi morbi aut imbecillitatis argumentum est,*" saith Cicero: and we may say for our author, like Ausonius, "*Cui hic ludus noster non placet ne legerit; aut cum legerit obliviscatur; aut non oblitus ignoscat.*" A learned and pious Englishman,<sup>62</sup> who was a bishop in France in the old times, and wrote almost as freely as Rabelais, says, "*Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia, meis tamen rogo parcant opusculis.—In quibus fuit propositi semper à nugis ad bona transire seria.*" Solomon bids us not speak in the ears of a fool, for he will despise the wisdom of our words. As our author speaks to none of those, his book may be as useful as it is diverting; provided, as I have said, that a reader curb his thoughts in some few passages, which a man of sense will easily do, and I recommend it to no others.

PETER MOTTEAUX.

N.B. At the end of the late French editions of Rabelais, without the least reason, the Dipsodes were said to be Lorrains. Friar John was said to be Cardinal de Lorraine. Gargantua was said to be Francis I. Grangousier was said

<sup>62</sup> Joan Saresberiensis, in *Policratico de Nugis Curial.*

to be Lewis XII. Great mare of Gargantua, Madame d'Estampes. Her Trippa, a great magician. Hippothaudeus, the king's confessor. Lerné, Bresse. Loupgarou, Amiens. Pantagruel, Henry II. Sybil of Panzoust, a court lady. Panurge, Cardinal d'Amboise. Picrochole, Piedmont. Salmygondin, Benefices. Theleme, Protocol of the council of Trent. Xenomanes, the chancellor.

These are all the names said to belong to these three books, and unjustly called a key to them.

## THE LIST OF SOME OF THE NAMES

MENTIONED IN THE FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD BOOKS  
OF RABELAIS, EXPLAINED IN THE PREFACE.

THE antidoted franfreu-	}	A satire on the pope, em-
ches . . . . .		
Grangousier . . . . .		John d'Albret, King of
		Navarre
Gargamelle. . . . .		Catherinc de Foix, Queen of
		Navarre
Gargantua . . . . .		Henry d'Albret, King of
		Navarre
-Badebec " . . . . .		Margaret de 'Valois, his
		Queen
Pantagruel . . . . .		Anthony de Bourbon
Panurge . . . . .		Montluc, Bishop of Va-
		lence
Friar John of the Sun-	}	Cardinal Chatillon, also
nels . . . . .		
Utopia . . . . .		Navarre
Beusse . . . . .		Albret
Verron . . . . .		Bearn
Bibarois . . . . .		Vivarez

Picrochole . . . . .	King of Spain
Lerné . . . . .	Spain
Cake-bakers of Lerné . . . . .	The Popish priests
The cakes . . . . .	Bread in communion
Truands of Lerné . . . . .	The Spanish army
Philip Marais, Viceroxy of } Papeligosse . . . . . }	Philip, son to the Mar- chal of Navarre
Theodorus, the physician for } the brain . . . . . }	Berthaud, a protestant di- vine
White and blue, Gargan- } tua's colours . . . . . }	Innocence, piety, Bishop of Maillezais's colours
Epistemon . . . . .	Ruffy, Bishop of Oleron
Anticyrian hellebore . . . . .	The Holy Scripture
Vine of Seville . . . . .	Cup in the Eucharist
Janotus de Bragmardo . . . . .	Cenalis, Bishop of Avranches, also a head of a college
Gargantua's Mare . . . . .	A lady
Master beggar of St. An- } thony . . . . . }	The provincial father of that order
Ulrick Gallet . . . . .	Constable of Navarre, also Ulrick Zuinglius
Giants . . . . .	Princes
Gargantua's Shepherds . . . . .	Lutheran preachers
The medlars . . . . .	The reformers
The thirstiness of Gargantua } and the great drought at } Pantagruel's birth . . . . . }	The cry for the restitution of the wine in the Eu- charist
The Limosin scholar . . . . .	Helisaine, a pedantic author
The catalogue of the books } in St. Victor's library at } Paris . . . . . }	A satire on some books in that library, now one of the best in France
The cause between Kiss- } breach and Suck-fizzle . . . . . }	A trial between the mother of Francis I. and Const. Bourbon
Kiss-breach . . . . .	Poyet, chancellor
Suck-fizzle . . . . .	Monthelon, lord-keeper
Thaumast, the English Scho- } lar . . . . . }	Sir Thomas More, and Hie- ronymus Cardan
The Dyspodes . . . . .	Netherlanders
The city of the Amaurotes . . . . .	Terouenne
The Amaurotes . . . . .	Picardy

Loupgarou . . . . .	The town of Liliers
The giants armed with free- stone . . . . .	Castles near Liliers, Saint Omer, &c.
King Anarchus made to cry green sauce in a canvas jacket . . . . .	Boors that sheltered them- selves there
The Almyrods . . . . .	Bapaume
Pantagruel covering an army with his tongue . . . . .	Anthony Bourbon, obtaining clothes for his army
The sickness of Panta- gruel . . . . .	His disgust
The colony of Utopians sent into Dyspodic . . . . .	His vassals in Picardy, set- tled in the Low Countries
Salmygondin . . . . .	Montluc's abbey .
Sybil of Panzoust . . . . .	St. Theresa, a nun. Virgo Veneta, &c.
Raminagrobis . . . . .	Cretin, an old poet
Enguerrant . . . . .	Monstrelet, historiographer
The Ogygian Islands . . . . .	Jersey, Guernsey, &c..
Sammalo . . . . .	St. Malo
Her Trippa . . . . .	Henry Cornel. Agrippa
Hippothadeus . . . . .	Philip Melancthon
Rondibilis . . . . .	Rondeletus, a physician
Trouillogan . . . . .	Petrus Ramus
Triboulet . . . . .	A jester thus named
Judge Bridlegoose . . . . .	Chancellor Poyet
Herb Pantagruelion . . . . .	Hemp.

# THE LIFE

OF

## GARGANTUA AND OF PANTAGRUEL.

### BOOK I.

THE INESTIMABLE LIFE OF THE  
GREAT GARGANTUA, FATHER OF PANTAGRUEL,  
HERETOFORE COMPOSED BY M. ALCOFRIBAS,<sup>1</sup>  
ABTRACTOR OF THE QUINTESSENCE,  
A BOOK FULL OF PANTAGRUELISM.

#### TO THE READERS.

Good friends, my readers, who peruse this book,  
Be not offended, whilst on it you look :  
Denude yourselves of all deprav'd affection,  
For it contains no badness nor infection :  
'Tis true that it brings forth to you no birth  
Of any value, but in point of mirth ;  
Thinking therefore how sorrow might your mind  
Consume, I could no apter subject find ;  
One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span ;  
Because to laugh is proper to the man.

#### THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.

MOST noble and illustrious drinkers, and you thrice precious  
pockified blades, (for to you, and none else do I dedicate my  
writings,) Alcibiades, in that dialogue of Plato's, which is

<sup>1</sup> *Alcofribas Nasier*, anagram of François Rabelais.



, entitled, "The Banquet," whilst he was setting forth the praises of his schoolmaster, Socrates, (without all question the prince of philosophers,) amongst other discourses to that purpose said, that he resembled the Sileni.<sup>2</sup> Sileni of old were little boxes, like those we now may see in the shops of apothecaries, painted on the outside with wanton toyish figures, as harpies, satyrs, bridled geese, horned hares, saddled ducks, flying goats, thiller harts, and other such counterfeited pictures, at pleasure, to excite people unto laughter, as Silenus himself, who was the foster-father of good Bacchus, was wont to do; but within those capricious caskets called Sileni, were carefully preserved and kept many rich and fine drugs, such as balm, ambergrease, amommon, musk, civet, with several kinds of precious stones, and other things of great price. Just such another thing was Socrates: for to have eyed his outside, and esteemed of him by his exterior appearance, you would not have given the peel of an onion for him,<sup>3</sup> so deformed he was in body, and ridiculous in his gesture. He had a sharp pointed nose,<sup>4</sup> with the look of a bull, and countenance of a fool; he was in his carriage simple, boorish in his apparel, in fortune poor, unhappy in his wives, unfit for all offices in the commonwealth, always laughing, tippling, and merry, carousing to every one, with

<sup>2</sup> *Sileni.*] From Σιλαίνω, to jeer, banter, scoff at.

<sup>3</sup> *You would not have given the peel of an onion for him.*] Ecce unum calamum qui non valet unum oignonum. This pen's not worth an onion, says a raw school-boy, at the College (School) of Navarre, mentioned by Corderius in his *De corrupti Sermonis emendatione* (Edit. 1539.) This expression, so injurious to the honour of that excellent root, could never have its rise from the Loire, i. e. in the heart of France. This proverb, therefore, is here rectified by Rabelais, who does not say, "You would not have given the *peel* of an onion for him;" no, for the peelings or coat of an onion are the onion itself. But he says, "You would not have given the *beard* of an onion for him." Le coupeau, not la pelure: Le coupeau, from couper, is the fibrous part which you cut away, where the root was, our gardeners call it the beard, a thing of as little value as anything you can name. The celebrated Mons. Menage, in his *Origin of the French Tongue*, at the word Coupeau, does, indeed, explain Rabelais's Coupeau d'Oignon by Pelure d'Oignon, and so too, the excellent translator of this book, Sir T. U. calls it the peel of an onion: but they are both in the wrong, for "la pelure se leve, et ne se coupe point." What's peeled is *raised*, not *cut*; now, Rabelais uses the word cut, ergo, etc.

<sup>4</sup> *Sharp pointed nose.*] Yet, in all the antique gems, he is represented with a blunt, round, bottle-nose.

continual gibes and jeers, the better by those means to conceal his divine knowledge. Now, opening this box you would have found within it a heavenly and inestimable drug, a more than human understanding, an admirable virtue, matchless learning, invincible courage, inimitable sobriety, certain contentment of mind, perfect assurance, and an incredible disregard of all that for which men commonly do so much watch, run, sail, fight, travel, toil, and turmoil themselves.

Whereunto (in your opinion) doth this little flourish of a preamble tend? For so much as you, my good disciples, and some other jolly fools of ease and leisure, reading the pleasant titles of some books of our invention, as *Gargantua*, *Pantagruel*, *Whippot*, the *Dignity of Codpieces*, of *Pease and Bacon*, with a commentary, &c., are too ready to judge, that there is nothing in them but jests, mockeries, lascivious discourse, and recreative lies; because the outside (which is the title) is usually, without any farther inquiry, entertained with scoffing and derision. But truly it is very unbecoming to make so slight account of the works of men, seeing yourselves avouch that it is not the habit that makes the monk, many being monasterially accoutred, who inwardly are nothing less than monachal; and that there are of those that wear Spanish caps, who have but little of the valour of Spaniards in them. Therefore is it, that you must open the book, and seriously consider of the matter treated in it. Then shall you find that it containeth things of far higher value than the box did promise; that is to say, that the subject thereof is not so foolish, as by the title at the first sight it would appear to be. . .

And put the case, that in the literal sense you meet with purposes merry and solacious enough, and consequently very correspondent to their inscriptions, yet must not you stop there as at the melody of the charming Syrens, but endeavour to interpret that in a sublimer sense, which possibly you intended to have spoken in the jollity of your heart. Did you ever pick the lock of a cupboard to steal a bottle of wine out of it? Tell me truly, and, if you did, call to mind the countenance which then you had. Or, did you ever see a dog with a marrow-bone in his mouth,—the beast of all others, says Plato, lib. 2, de Republica, the most philosophi-

cal? If you have seen him, you might have remarked with what dévotion and circumspectness he wards and watcheth it: with what care he keeps it: how fervently he holds it: how prudently he gobbets it: with what affection he breaks it: and with what diligence he sucks it. To what end all this? What moveth him to take all these pains? What are the hopes of his labour? What doth he expect to reap thereby? Nothing but a little marrow. True it is, that this little is more savoury and delicious than the great quantities of other sorts of meat, because the marrow, (as Galen testifieth, 3, facult. nat. and 11, de usu partium) is a nourishment most perfectly elaborated by nature.

In imitation of this dog, it becomes you to be wise to smell, feel, and have in estimation, these fair, goodly books, stuffed with high conceptions, which though seemingly easy in the pursuit, are in the cope and encounter somewhat difficult. And then, like him, you must, by a sedulous lecture, and frequent meditation, break the bone, and suck out the marrow; that is, my allegorical sense, or the things I to myself propose to be signified by these Pythagorical symbols; with assured hope, that in so doing, you will at last attain to be both well-advised and valiant by the reading of them: for, in the perusal of this treatise, you shall find another kind of taste, and a doctrine of a more profound and abstruse consideration, which will disclose unto you the most glorious doctrines and dreadful mysteries, as well in what concerneth our religion, as matters of the public state and life economical.

Do you believe, upon your conscience, that Homer, whilst he was couching his Iliads and Odysseys, had any thought upon those allegories, which Plutarch, Heraclides Ponticus, Eustathius, Cornutus, squeezed out of him, and which Politian<sup>5</sup> filched again from them? If you trust it, with neither hand nor foot do you come near to my opinion, which judgeth them to have been as little dreamed of by Homer, as the gospel sacraments were by Ovid, in his Metamorphosis; though a certain gulligut friar,<sup>6</sup> and true bacon-picker

<sup>5</sup> Which Politian filched.] M. le Duchat plainly proves that Rabelais wrongs Politian very much by this expression (*derobé*) and that he did it to pleasure his friend Budæus, who, it is well known, was jealous, as well as his friend Lascaris, of Politian's great reputation.

<sup>6</sup> Gulligut friar, &c.] In the French, *Frere Lubin*. Satirical writers have been a long time in possession of, and consequently claim by pre-

would have undertaken to prove it, if, perhaps, we had met with as very fools as himself, (and as the proverb says, "a lid worthy of such a kettle.")

scription, a right to call the whole posse of monks, in general, Freres Lubins, though, more properly, it seems to appertain to the Franciscans, not so much on account of the colour of their habit, (grey, like a wolf, *loup*), as because their patriarch (St. Francis) did so indulgently call brother, the wolf which had done so much damage to the inhabitants of Gubio. The story is told with great simplicity in the *Book of Conformities* (Milan edit. 1513). In the *Romance of the Rose* (Edit. 1531,) Fauxsemblant, or Hypocrisy, speaks thus, under the habit of a begging friar :

Je m'en plaindray, &c.

——— No man shall hear my moan.

But my new Confessarius alone :

Not called Frere Louvel, he : for such a name

Would put the holy man into a flame.    &c.

Lupus, Lupulus, Lupellus, Louvel, Lupinus, Lubin. [I have translated *confesseur*, confessarius, for so our English Roman Catholics call their father confessor, and I think, very properly. A *confessor* seems to mean the person *confessing*, not the person *confessed to*.] The character of a *Frere Lubin* is admirably well painted in Marot's third balade. The Sea-fish, called *loup* (a shark, says Cam. Dict.) is also called *Lupin*, quasi *Lupinus à Lupo*. As for St. Lubin, Bishop of Chartres, who died about the middle of the 6th century, his Latin name in the Martyrologies, is *Leobinus*. To bring this nearer home, the *Frere Lubin*, whom Rabelais here alludes to, is not a Franciscan friar, but an English Jacobin (white Friar) who explained Ovid's *Metamorphoses* allegorically. His book, in 4to. was printed at Paris, in 1509, by Josse Badius, and was intituled, "*Metamorphosis Ovidiana moraliter, à Magistro Thoma Walleys Anglico, de professione Prædicatorum sub sanctissimo Patre Dymnico, explanata.*" It had appeared at Bruges, in folio, even in the year 1484, in French, printed by Colard Mansion. It is matter of surprise, that the Jesuit Theophilus Raynaud, in his book against the Jacobins, intituled, "*De Cynicorum immunitate à censura,*" has said nothing of these ridiculous moralities, which he would not have failed to scourge ; (he who had made himself so merry with St. Augustin's City of God,) by Thomas Valois, alias Walleys; for Thomas Valois, Walleys, de Walleys, and Gualensis, are but one and the same author, under favour of those who multiply him, and who, though he lived not beyond the middle of the 14th century, yet place him in the beginning of the 15th, being misled by the similitude of name, of Thomas de Walden, a Carmelite, who died in 1430. In the *Epistles Obscurorum Virorum*, one Conrad Dollenkopf (Numbscull) is introduced as a great admirer of Thomas de Walley's Ovid allegorised. Alexander Neckham, who lived a century before, a famous English poet, philosopher, and divine, had wrote on Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, a book out of which it is presumed the Jacobin stole good part of his ; as in all likelihood it was out of the Jacobin's book that John Buonsignore, of the city of Castello, took the alle-

' If you give any credit thereto, why do not you the same to these jovial new Chronicles of mine? Albeit, when I did dictate them, I thought thereof no more than you, who possibly were drinking the whilst, as I was. For in the composing of this lordly book, I never lost nor bestowed any more, nor any other time, than what was appointed to serve me for taking of my bodily refection, that is, whilst I was eating and drinking. And, indeed, that is the fittest and most proper hour, wherein to write these high matters and deep sentences: as Homer knew very well, the paragon of all philologues, and Ennius, the father of the Latin poets, as Horace calls him, although a certain sneaking jobbernel alleged that his verses smelled more of the wine than oil.

So saith a Turlupin<sup>7</sup> or a new start-up grub of my books; but a turd for him. The fragrant odour of the wine, oh! how much more dainty, pleasant, laughing, celestial, and delicious it is, than that smell of oil! and I will glory as much when it is said of me, that I have spent more on wine than oil, as did Demosthenes, when it was told him, that his expense on oil was greater than on wine. I truly hold it for an honour and praise to be called and reputed a frolic Gaultier<sup>8</sup> and a Robin Goodfellow; for under this name am I welcome in all choicc companies of Pantagruelists. It was upbraided to Demosthenes, by an envious, surly knave, that

gorical exposition (which he published in Italian) of the *Metamorphoses* in 1375, quoted by Leonard Salviati, and by the Dictionary of La Crusca. One Peter Lavinius, another Jacobin, printed at Lyons, in the beginning of the 16th century, a Tropological Explication of the same *Metamorphoses*. Furthermore, P. Labbe, p. 321, of his *Nova Bibliotheca MSS.* mentions a Manuscript in the Royal Library, marked n. 786, with this title, "*Ovidii Metamorphosis moralisat'a per Joannem Bourgualdum.*"

<sup>7</sup> *Turlupin.*] In the French *Tifelupin*, M. Duchat says, *Tirelupin* (for so Rabelais always spells it) was a nick-name given, in 1372, to a certain sort of Cynic-like people, who lived upon lupins, which they gathered (*tirerent*) up and down the fields.

<sup>8</sup> *Merry-Walter.*] In French, *Bon Gaultier*. Certain proper names have particular ideas affixed to them for ridiculous reasons. For instance, nothing being more common than cuckoldom, and the name of John, cuckolds are, therefore, called *Johns* or *Jans*. Gaultier (*Walter*) means a pleasant companion, in allusion to *Gaudir*, to play the good-fellow (from *gaudere*, in Latin.) Nicodemus is a foolish fellow, or *Nimyhämmer*, from *Nigant* and *Nice*, which last word has not the meaning of our word nice, but means dull. *Agnes* means harmless, inoffensive, lamb-like, from *Agneau*, in Latin, *Agnus*.

his Orations did smell like the sarpler, or wrapper of a foul and filthy oil vessel. For this cause interpret you all my deeds and sayings, in the perfectest sense; reverence the cheese-like brain<sup>9</sup> that feeds you with these faire billevzees, and trifling jollities, and do what lies in you to keep me always merry. Be frolic now, my lads, cheer up your hearts, and joyfully read the rest, with all the ease of your body and profit of your reins. But hearken, joltheads, you viedazes,<sup>10</sup> or dickens take ye, remember to drink a health to me for the favour again, and I will pledge you instantly. Tout arcs-metys.

## CHAPTER I.

*Of the Genealogy and Antiquity of Gargantua.*

I MUST refer you to the great Chronicle of Pantagruel for the knowledge of that genealogy and antiquity of race by which Gargantua is come unto us. In it you may understand more at large how the giants were born in this world, and how from them by a direct line issued Gargantua, the father of Pantagruel: and do not take it ill, if for this time I pass by it, although the subject be such, that the oftener it were remembered, the more it would please your worshipful Seniorias; according to which you have the authority of Plato in Philebo and Gorgias; and of Placcus,<sup>1</sup> who says that there are some kinds of purposes (such as these are without doubt), which, the frequentlier they be repeated, still prove the more delectable.

Would to God every one had as certain knowledge of his genealogy since the time of the ark of Noah until this age. I think many are at this day emperors, kings, dukes, princes, and popes on the earth, whose extraction is from some porters and pardon-pedlars; as on the contrary, many are now poor wandering beggars, wretched and miserable, who are descended of the blood and lineage of great kings and emperors, occasioned, as I conceive it, by the transport and re-

<sup>9</sup> Cheese-like brain.] *Cerveau Caseiforme*, a word of Rabelais's coining, to express the resemblance of the brain to soft cheese.

<sup>10</sup> *Viedzazes*.] Ass-visaged, (provençal.)

<sup>1</sup> Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit. Hyrat. Art Poet.

volution of kingdoms and empires, from the Assyrians to the Medes, from the Medes to the Persians, from the Persians to the Macedonians, from the Macedonians to the Romans, from the Romans to the Greeks, from the Greeks to the French.

And to give you some hint concerning myself, who speak unto you, I cannot think but I am come of the race of some rich king or prince in former times; for never yet saw you any man that had a greater desire to be a king, and to be rich, than I have, and that only that I may make good cheer, do nothing, nor care for anything, and plentifully enrich my friends, and all honest and learned men. But herein do I comfort myself, that in the other world I shall be so, yea, and greater too than at this present I dare wish. As for you, with the same or a better conceit console yourselves in your distresses, and drink fresh if you can come by it.

To return to our wethers,<sup>2</sup> I say, that by the sovereign gift of heaven, the antiquity and genealogy of Gargantua hath been reserved for our use more full and perfect than any other except that of the Messias, whereof I mean not to speak; for it belongs not unto my purpose, and the devils, that is to say, the false accusers and dissembled gospellers, will therein oppose me. This genealogy was found by John Andrew in a meadow, which he had near the pole-arch, under the olive-tree, as you go to Narsay: where, as he was making & cast up of some ditches, the diggers with their mattocks struck against a great brazen tomb,<sup>3</sup> and unmea-

<sup>2</sup> *To return to our wethers.*] In the French, *à nos moutons*, a proverb taken from the old French play of *Pastelin*, where a woollen draper is brought in, who, pleading against his shepherd concerning some sheep the shepherd had stole from him, would ever and anon digress from the point, to speak of a piece of cloth which his antagonist's attorney had likewise robbed him of, which made the judge call out to the draper, and bid him "return to his muttons." In reference to this proverb we may go back to that of "*alia Menecles, alia Porcellus loquitur*," and see Erasmus's explanation thereof.

<sup>3</sup> *A great brazen tomb.*] In a place called Civaux, within two leagues of Chauvigni, in Lower Poitou, there is still to be seen, almost even with the surface of the earth, a great number of stone tombs, for near two leagues together, in a circle, particularly near the River Vienne, wherein likewise, it is thought, are many more of those tombs. This is what Rabelais here alludes to, and the tradition of the country is, that they enclosed the bodies of a prodigious number of Visigoth Arians, defeated by Clovis.

surably long, for they could never find the end thereof, by reason that it entered too far within the sluices of Vienne. Opening this tomb in a certain place thereof, sealed on the top with the mark of a goblet, about which was written in Hettrurian letters, *HIC BISITUR*, they found nine flagons, set in such order<sup>5</sup> as they used to rank their skiffles in Gascony, of which that which was placed in the middle had under it a big, fat, great, grey, pretty, small, mouldy, little pamphlet, smelling stronger, but no better than roses. In that book, the said genealogy was found written all at length, in a chancery hand, not in paper, not in parchment, nor in wax, but in the bark of an elm tree; yet so worn with the long tract of time, that hardly could three letters together be there perfectly discerned.

I, though unworthy, was sent for thither, and with much help of those spectacles, whereby the art of reading dim writings, and letters that do not clearly appear to the sight, is practised, as Aristotle teacheth it; did translate the book, as you may see in your Pantagrue, that is to say, in drinking stiffly to your own heart's desire, and reading the dreadful and horrific acts of Pantagruel. At the end of the book there was a little treatise, entituled the "*Antidoted Fanfreluches*"; or, a *Galimatia* of extravagant conceits." The rats and moths, or (that I may not lie) other wicked beasts, had nibbled off the beginning: the rest I have hereto subjoined, for the reverence I bear to antiquity.

## CHAPTER II.

*The Antidoted Fanfreluches:<sup>1</sup> or, a Galimatia of extravagant Conceits found in an ancient Monument.*

No sooner did the Cymbrians' overcommer  
Pass through the air to shun the dew of summer,

<sup>4</sup> *Hetrurian Letters.*] Concerning the Hetrurian characters, (which now are absolutely unknown) see Duchat's account at length (upon this place) very curious, but too long to be here inserted.

<sup>5</sup> *In such order.*] Not all upon a line, as in some places, and at a certain game, but upon three parallel lines, three pins on each line, as here with us.

<sup>1</sup> *Antidoted Fanfreluches.*] This piece is a snare laid by Rabelais for such of his readers as shall ridiculously set up for cunning people. He would have been very much puzzled, were he to have been obliged to unriddle his antidoted conundrums. It matters nothing to say, he



But at his <sup>n</sup>coming straight great tubs were fill'd,  
 With pure fresh butter down in showers distill'd :  
 Wherewith when water'd was his grandam heigh,  
 Aloud he cried, fish it, sir, I pray ;  
 Because his beard is almost all bewray'd ;  
 Or, that he wou'd hold to'm a scale he pray'd.

To lick his slipper, some told was much better,  
 Than to gain pardons, and the merit greater.  
 In th'interim a crafty chuff approaches,  
 From the depth issued, where they fish for roaches ;  
 Who said, Good sirs, some of them let us save,  
 The eel is here, and in this hollow cave  
 You'll find, if that our looks on it demur,  
 A great waste in the bottom of his fur.

To read this chapter when he did begin,  
 Nothing but a calf's horns were found therein ;  
 I feel, quoth he, the mitre which, doth hold  
 My head so chill, it makes my brain take cold.  
 Being with the perfume of a turnip warm'd,  
 To stay by chimney hearths himself he arm'd,  
 Provided that a new thill-horse they made  
 Of every person of a hair-brain'd head.

They talked of the bunghole of Saint Knowles,  
 Of Giubathar and thousand other holes,  
 If they might be reduc'd t' a scarry stuff,  
 Such as might not be subject to the cough :  
 Since ev'ry man unseemly did it find,  
 To see them gaping thus at ev'ry wind :

qualified them in this manner, and made them so obscure by way of antidote against any offence they might have given had they been more intelligible. My answer is, he very well foresaw that even this obscurity would set the curious more agog to dive into the mystery thereof. Have not Nostradamus's Prophecies met with commentators ? Have we not seen divers and sundry explications of the famed Enigma of Bologna, *Ælia Lælia Crispis* ? Joseph Scaliger used to say Calvin was wise in not writing upon the Apocalypse. For my part, without profanely comparing Rabelais's conundrums with the works of St. John, I shall always hold those to be prudent men who do not offer to explain the Book of Revelation. Grammatical notes indeed may be allowed of, but shame and eternal derision on those who shall make historical ones on it, and, having made them, shall publish them to the world.

For, if perhaps they handsomely were clos'd,  
For pledges they to men might be expos'd.

In this arrest by Hercules the raven  
Was flayed at her [his] return from Lybia haven.  
Why am not I, said Minos, there invited?  
Unless it be myself, not one's omitted.  
And then it is their mind, I do no more  
Of frogs and oysters send them any store:  
In case they spare my life and prove but civil,  
I give their sale of distaffs to the devil.

To quell him comes Q. B. who limping frets  
At the safe pass of trixy crackarets;  
The boulder, the grand Cyclops' cousin, those  
Did massacre, whilst each one wip'd his nose:  
Few ingles<sup>2</sup> in this fallow ground are bred,  
But on a tanner's mill are winnowed.  
Run thither all of you, th' alarms sound clear,  
You shall have more<sup>3</sup> than you had the last year.

Short while thereafter was the bird of Jove  
Resolv'd to speak, though dismal it should prove;  
Yet was afraid, when he saw them in ire,  
They should o'erthrow quite flat, down dead, th' empire.

<sup>2</sup> *Ingles.*] It means a bardachio, a catamite; the French word is boulgrin. Minsheu says, an ingle is a boy kept for sodomy; vox est Hispanica, adds he, et significat. Latine Inguen, the groin of a man or woman (the Spaniards spell it *ynge*, which with them means nothing else but the groin, not a *bardash*.) Minsheu, who gives the name of this creature in several languages, with its respective derivations, worth reading, if such a subject can be worth it, concludes with these remarkable words, which for the honour of the German nation I shall transcribe: "Hoc autem vitium apud Germanos cum sit incognitum, meritò et appellatione destituitur, in eorundem lingua." To return to Rabelais, M. le Duchat says, some people will have this fallow field to be the field of the Roman Church, which in Rabelais's opinion, was not at that time cultivated as it ought; and the Boulgrins means the French Lutherans, whom he calls boulgrins (i.e. little bougres) as being descended from the Vaudois, who were called bougres, from Bulgaria, over which they were spread. Rabelais, by the *Tanner's Mill*, intimates, that till his time few persons had undertaken to reform the Western Church, or to separate from it, without leaving their skin behind them, as the saying is.

<sup>3</sup> *You shall have more, &c.*] If the Protestants' interpretation of this place be right, Rabelais here foretells the heretics of his time that they will be still more roughly treated than their ancestors were.

He rather chus'd the fire from heaven to steal,  
 To boats where were red-herrings put to sale;  
 Than to be calm 'gainst those who strive to brave us,  
 And to the Massicets fond words enslave us.

All this at last concluded gallantly,  
 In spite of Até and her hern-like thigh,<sup>4</sup>  
 Who, sitting, saw Penthesilea ta'en,  
 In her old age, for a cresse-selling quean.  
 Each one cried out, thou filthy collier toad,  
 Doth it become thee to be found abroad?  
 Thou hast the Roman standard filch'd away,  
 Which they in rags of parchment did display.

Juno was born, who under the rainbow,  
 Was a bird-catching with her duck below:  
 When her with such a grievous trick they plyed,  
 That she had almost been bethwacked by it.  
 The bargain was, that, of that throat-full, she  
 Should of Proserpina have two eggs free;  
 And if that she thereafter should be found,  
 She to a hawthorn hill should be fast bound.

Seven months thereafter lacking twenty-two,  
 He, that of old did Carthage town undo,  
 Did bravely midst them all himself advance,  
 Requiring of them his inheritance;  
 Although they justly made up the division,  
 According to the shoe-welt-laws decision,  
 By distributing store of brews and beef  
 To these poor fellows that did pen the urief.

<sup>4</sup> *Hern-like thigh.*] Marot, speaking of a fit of sickness which had brought him extremely low, expresses himself thus:

Tant affoibly m'a d'étrange manière,

Et si m'a faict la cuisse Heronniere.

That is, it had made him *hern-like*, as much as to say, lean, meagre, lank, as Cotgrave explains the word *heronnier*, which I take to be a right expianation, and M. Boyer's to be wrong, who makes *cuisse heronniere*, to mean only *cuisse rude*, a rough, rugged thigh, instead of a mere skin and bone thigh. To return to M. le Duchat—the Até of the Greeks was a goddess who excited tumults and quarrelings, and Rabelais gives a *hern*, or *heron's thigh*, that is, long and light, as a *heron's* is, because Homer (*Iliad* 9), to insinuate that dissensions are very swift, and arrive very soon, and often for the slightest cause, paints that goddess very swift and light of foot.

But th' year will come, sign of a Turkish bow,  
 Five spindles yarn'd and three pot-bottoms too,  
 Wherein of a discourteous king the dock  
 Shall pepper'd be under an hermit's rock.  
 Ah! that for one she hypocrite you must  
 Permit so many acres to be lost!  
 Cease, cease, this vizard may become another,  
 Withdraw yourselves unto the serpent's brother.<sup>5</sup>

'Tis in times past that he who is shall reign  
 With his good friends in peace now and again,  
 No rash nor heady prince shall then rule crave,  
 Each good will its arbitrement shall have;  
 And the joy, promised of old as doom.  
 To the heaven's guests, shall in its beacon come.  
 Then shall the breeding mares, that benumb'd were,  
 Like royal palfreys ride triumphant there.

And this continue shall from time to time,  
 Till Mars be fettered for an unknown crime;  
 Then shall one come, who others will surpass,  
 Delightful, pleasing, matchless, full of grace.  
 Cheer up your hearts, approach to this repast,  
 All trusty friends of mine; for he's deceas'd  
 Who would not for a world return again.  
 So highly shall time past be cry'd up then.

He who was made of wax shall lodge each member  
 Close by the hinges of a block of timber.  
 We then no more shall master, master, whoot  
 The swagger, who th' alarum bell holds out;  
 Could one seize on the dagger which he bears,  
 Heads would be free from tingling in the ears,  
 To baffle the whole storehouse of abuses;  
 And thus farewell Apollo and the Muses.

<sup>5</sup> *Serpent's brother.*] I take it to be a burlesque curse for "go to hell." The devil, every one knows, is called a serpent, because of that serpent which beguiled our first parents. \* See Apocalypse, c. 12 and 20. Serpent's brother for serpent, as *fraterculus gigantis*, for *gigas* in Juvenal. Sat. iv. v. 98.

## CHAPTER III.

*How Gargantua was carried eleven months in his mother's belly.*

GRANGOUSIER was a good fellow, in his time, and notable jester; he loved to drink neat, as much as any man that then was in the world, and would willingly eat salt meat. To this intent he was ordinarily well furnished with gammons of bacon, both of Westphalia, Mayence and Bayonne,<sup>1</sup> with store of dried neat's tongues, plenty of links, chitterlings and puddings, in their season; together with salt beef and mustard, a good deal of hard rows of powdered mullet called botargos,<sup>2</sup> great provision of sausages, not of Bolonia (for he feared the Lombard Boccone<sup>3</sup>), but of Bigorre,

<sup>1</sup> *Gammons of bacon, both of Westphalia, Mayence, and Bayonne.*] I would, methinks, turn the word gammons into hams, for more than one reason. As for Westphalia, Rabelais only says Jambons de Mayence et de Bayonne (not Babylone, as some editions have it.) Upon this M. le Duchat observes,—the hams (for so jambon, with an addition of place means; otherwise a gammon) of Mayence, and those of Bayonne, continue still in great request. The former have their name from Mayence (Mentz), not because they are cured there, but because these hams, which come from Westphalia, used formerly to be sold there, at a fair which has since been transferred to Francfort on the Maine. As for Bayonne hams, the finest come to Paris, where they make pies of them for the best tables. See the Queen of Navarre's Heptameron, Nouv. 28.

<sup>2</sup> *Botargos.*] Cotgrave says, are the hard rows of murene, a kind of mullet, salted, and then dried and eaten, to promote drinking.—Miege says the same, in the first part of his great dictionary: but in the second he says, a thick and short sausage, a l'Italienne qui se fait des œufs et du sang du mullet de Mer. [I suppose he means *muge*, for that is a mullet,—mullet is a mule.] According to those words of Miege, the botarge is made of the hard roe and blood of the sea-mullet. Boyer's Dictionary is silent; now hear what Duchat says; in Provence they call Botargues the hard roe of the mullet, pickled in oil and vinegar. The mullet (*muge*) is a fish which is catch'd about the middle of December; the hard roes of it are salted against Lent, and this is what is called *Boutargues*, a sort of *boudins* (puddings) which have nothing to recommend them but their exciting thirst.

<sup>3</sup> *For he feared the Lombard Boccone.*] “Car il craignoit li Bouconi de Lombard.” Boccone in Italian signifies a mouthful of anything (from the Latin bucca, the hollow part of the cheek,) but in French it signifies poison, or a poisoned bit absolutely. See Cotgrave, Miege, Boyer, Richelet, &c. &c. The reason of this may be gathered from Duchat's note, viz. The sausages that come from Bologna la Grasse (the fat or fertile), in Italy, are in high renown for their goodness (and very justly, teste meipso;) and what Rabelais here insinuates is, that

Longaulnay, Brene, and Rouargue. In the vigour of his age he married Gargamelle,<sup>4</sup> daughter to the King of the Parpaillons, a jolly pug, and well-mouthed wench. These two did oftentimes do the two-backed beast together, joyfully rubbing and frotting their bacon against one another, in so far, that at last she became great with child of a fair son, and went with him unto the eleventh month; for so long, yea longer, may a woman carry her great belly, especially when it is some master-piece of nature, and a person predestinated to the performance, in his due time, of great exploits. As Homer says, that the child, which Neptune begot upon the Nymph, was borne a whole year after the conception, that is in the twelfth month. For, as Aulus Gellius saith, lib.\* 3, this long time was suitable to the majesty of Neptune, that in it the child might receive his perfect form. For the like reason Jupiter made the night, wherein he lay with Alcmena last forty-eight hours, a shorter time not being sufficient for the forging of Hercules, who cleansed the world of the monsters and tyrants, wherewith it was oppress. My masters, the ancient Pantagruelists, have confirmed that which I say, and withal declared it to be not only possible, but also main-

for all it was so delicious a morsel, so excellent a thing to eat, Grangousier would never touch it, because he feared the Lombard bit. Now the reader is to know, that the Italians, who are accused of being not over scrupulous at poisoning their enemies, bore an extreme hatred to Louis XII. after he had made war upon them, in order to recover the duchy of Milan, which belonged to him by lineal descent from Valentina of Milan his grandmother, and which is composed of the ancient Lombardy. "God keep us from three things; the scrivener's caetera; the apothecary's *qui pro quo*; and the Lombard bit," was a common proverb in Oliver Maillard's time (Serm. 35. of the Advent.) Of these proverbial expressions, which are quoted by H. Stephens in c. 6, of his apology for Herodotus, the last may have taken its rise from the aforesaid Valentina (Duchess of Milan) being violently suspected of foul play towards the King Charles VI. and attempting to poison him, to make way for that king's brother, her husband, to mount the throne.

<sup>4</sup> *Gargamelle, daughter to the King of the Parpaillons.*] Parpaillon in some parts of France is the papillon (butterfly.) Gargamelle is a burlesque word for the gullet, the weasand.\* Gargante in Spanish signifies the same thing. The Greeks have their γαργαρεύειν, and all these words, as well as the *gurgies* of the Latins, the *gorgo* of the Italians, the *gargouille* of the French, the *gargle* of the English, *gorgelen* of the Hollanders, *gegurgel* of the Germans, &c., have been formed from that noise the throat makes in gargling one's mouth.

tained the lawful birth and legitimation of the infant born of a woman in the eleventh month after the decease of her husband. Hypocrates, lib. de alimento. Plinius, lib. 7. cap. 5. Plautus, in his Cistellaria. Marcus Varro in his Satyre inscribed, The Testament, alleging to this purpose the authority of Aristotle. Censorinus, lib. de die natali. Arist. lib. 7. cap. 3 and 4. de natura animalium. Gellius, lib. 3. cap. 16. Servius, in his exposition upon this verse of Virgil's Eclogues, *Matri longa decem*, &c. and a thousand other fools, whose number hath been increased by the lawyers ff. *de suis, et legit l. intestato. paragrapho. fin.* and in Auth. *de restitut. et ea quæ parit in xi mense.* Moreover upon these grounds they have foisted in their Robidilardick, or Lapituro-live law. Gallys ff. *de lib. et posth. l. sept. ff. de stat. hom.* and some other laws, which at this time I dare not name.<sup>5</sup> By means whereof the honest widows may without danger play at the close-buttock game with might and main, and as hard as they can for the space of the first two months after the decease of their husbands. I pray you, my good lusty springal lads, if you find any of these females, that are worth the pains of untying the cod-piece-point, get up, ride upon them, and bring them to me; for, if they happen within the third month to conceive, the child shall be heir to the deceased, if, before he died, he had no other children, and the mother shall pass for an honest woman.

When she is known to have conceived, thrust forward boldly, spare her not, whatever betide you, seeing the paunch is full. As Julia, the daughter of the Emperor Octavian, never prostituted herself to her belly-bumpers, but when she found herself with child, after the manner of ships that receive not their steersman, till they have their ballast and lading. And if any blame them for this their rataconniculation and reiterated lechery upon their pregnancy and big belliedness, seeing beasts, in the like exigent of their fulness, will never suffer the male-masculant to encroach them, their answer will be, that those are beasts, but they are women, very well skilled in the pretty vales, and small fees of the pleasant trade and mysteries of superfetation: as Populia here-

<sup>5</sup> Which at present I dare not name. By which laws the widows, &c.] Thus the text of Rabelais stands, and this profusion of quotations is probably designed to ridicule that affectation in the writers of his time.

tofore answered, according to the relation of Macrobius, lib. 2. Saturnal. If the devil would not have them to bag, he must ring hard the spigot,<sup>6</sup> and stop the bung-hole.

## CHAPTER IV.

*How Gargamelle, being great with Gargantua, did eat a huge deal of tripes.*

THE occasion and manner how Gargamelle was brought to bed, and delivered of her child, was thus: and, if you do not believe it, I wish your bum-gut may fall out, and make an escapade. Her bum-gut, indeed, or fundament escaped her in an afternoon, on the third day of February, with having eaten at dinner too many godebillios. Godebillios are the fat tripes of coiros. Coiros are beeves fattened at the cratch in ox stalls, or in the fresh guimo meadows. Guimo meadows are those, that for their fruitfulness may be mowed twice a year. Of those fat beeves they had killed three hundred sixty-seven thousand and fourteen, to be salted at Shrove-tide, that in the entering of the spring they might have plenty of powdered beef, wherewith to season their mouths at the beginning of their meals, and to taste their wine the better.

They had abundance of tripes, as you have heard, and they were so delicious, that every one licked his fingers. But as the devil would have it,<sup>1</sup> for all men could do, there was no possibility to keep them long in that relish; for in a very short while they would have stunk, which had been an indecent thing. It was therefore concluded, that they should

<sup>1</sup> *He must wring hard the spigot.*] Rabelais means, that after a woman has been three months a widow, she should be cautious how she has to do with a man, for fear of accidents which may hurt her reputation.

<sup>2</sup> *But as the devil would have it.*] In the original it is, "*Le grande diablerie à quatre personnages.*" A play or show of devils, says Cotgrave, and that is all. M. le Duchat goes further: he tells us it is an expression used by the people of Poitou, to signify, "*le malheur voulu,*" as if we should say, by devilish ill luck such or such a thing happened. The rise of it was this: in the amphitheatre of Doué and at St. Maxent in Poitou, they heretofore used to act religious plays, with more or fewer actors, among whom were commonly some devils, who were hereafter to torment hardened sinners, world without end. These pious theatrical representations were called *petite*, or *grand diablerie*. *Petite* (little devilry) when there were less than four devils; *grande*, when there were four: whence the proverb comes, *faire le diable à quatre*, to make a more than ordinary hellish hurly-burly.



be all of, them gulched up, without losing anything. To this effect they invited all the burghers of Sainais, of Suillé, of the Roche-Clermaud, of Vaugaudry, without omitting the Coudray Monpensier, the Gué de Vède,<sup>2</sup> and other their neighbours, all stiff drinkers, brave fellows, and good players at nine-pins. The good man Grangousier took great pleasure in their company, and commanded there should be no want, nor pinching for anything. Nevertheless he bid his wife eat sparingly, because she was near her time, and that these trips were no very commendable meat. They would fain,<sup>3</sup> said he, be at the chewing of ordure, that would eat the case wherein it was. Notwithstanding these admonitions, she did eat sixteen quarters, two bushels, three pecks, and a pipkin full. O the fair fecality, wherewith she swelled, by the ingrediency of such shitten stuff!

After dinner they all went out in a hurle, to the grove of the willows, where, on the green grass, to the sound of the merry flutes, and pleasant bagpipes, they danced so gallantly, that it was a sweet and heavenly sport to see them so frolic.

## CHAPTER V.

### *How they chirped over their cups.*

THEN did they fall upon the chat of victuals, and some belly furniture to be snatched at in the very same place. Which purpose was no sooner mentioned, but forthwith began flagons to go, gammons to trot, goblets to fly, great bowls to ting, glasses to ring. Draw, reach, fill, mix, give it me without water. So my friend, so, whip me off this glass neatly, bring me hither some claret, a full weeping glass till it run over. A cessation and truce with thirst. Ha, thou false fever, wilt thou not be gone? By my figgins, god-mother, I cannot as yet enter in the humour of being merry, nor drink so currently as I would. You have catch'd a cold,

<sup>2</sup> *Gué de Vède, &c.*] All these places are either appertaining to Poitou, or adjoining to Chinon, Rabelais's town.

<sup>3</sup> *They would fain, &c.*] In Alsace, where they are great eaters of tripe, and where Rabelais lived some time, they have a proverb, which may run thus in English:—

Scrape tripe as clean as e'er you can,

A tythe of filth will still remain.

<sup>1</sup> *Whip, &c.*] *Fouette moi ce verre*, whip me that glass, turn up the bottom or breech of it, as when you whip a child.

gammer? Yea, forsooth, sir. By the belly of Sanct Buff, let us talk of our drink: I never drink but at my hours, like the Pope's mule. And I never drink but in my breviary,<sup>2</sup> like a fair father guardian. Which was first, thirst or drinking? Thirst, for who in the time of innocence would have drunk without being athirst? Nay, sir, it was drinking; for privatio præsupponit habitum. I am<sup>3</sup> learned, you see: Forcundi calices quem non fecere disertum? We poor innocents<sup>3</sup> drink but too much without thirst. Not I truly, who am a sinner, for I never drink without thirst, either present or future. To prevent it, as you know, I drink for the thirst to come. I drink eternally. This is to me an eternity of drinking, and drinking of eternity. Let us sing, let us drink, and tunc up our roundlays. Where is my funnel? What, it seems I do not drink but by an attorney? Do you wet yourselves to dry, or do you dry to wet you? Pish, I understand not the rhetoric (theoric I should say), but I help myself somewhat by the practice. Beast, enough! I sup, I wet, I humect, I moisten my gullet, I drink, and all for fear of dying. Drink always and you shall never die. If I drink not, I am a ground dry, gravelled and spent. I am stark dead without drink, and my soul ready to fly into some marsh amongst frogs: the soul<sup>4</sup> never dwells in a dry place, drought kills it. O you butlers, creators of new forms, make me of no drinker a drinker, perenity and everlastingness of sprinkling, and bedewing me through these my parched and sinewy bowels. He drinks in vain, that feels not the pleasure of it. This entereth into my veins, the pissing tool and urinal vessels shall have nothing of it. I would willingly wash the tripes of the calf, which I appareled this morning. I have pretty well now

<sup>2</sup> *In my breviary.*] That is, at the time when he was canonically required to read his breviary.

<sup>3</sup> *Innocents.*] These are monks, who call the hood of their habit, the biggin, or cap of innocence. But their words will bear an allusion to what is said of some innocent people who are tortured with water forced down their throats to make them confess.

<sup>4</sup> *The soul, &c.*] Upon those words of S. Augustin, "Anima certè, quia spiritus est, in sicco habitare non potest," reported in 2d part of the decree, Caus. 32, &c. The gloss says, "et est argumentum pro Normannis, Anglicis, et Polonis, ut possint fortiter bibere, ne anima habitet in sicco." To which a Flemish physician, Peter Chatelain, a learned man, made this pleasant addition, "verisimile est Glossatorem ignorasse naturam Belgarum."

ballasted my stomach, and stuffed my paunch. If the papers of my bonds and bills could drink as well as I do, my creditors would not want for wine when they come to see me, or, when they are to make any formal exhibition of their rights to what of me they can demand. This hand of yours spoils your nose. O how many other such will enter here before this go out! What, drink so shallow? It is enough to break both girds and pettrel. This is called a cup of dissimulation, or flaggonal hypocrisy.

What difference is there between a bottle and a flagon. Great difference; for the bottle is stopped and shut up with a stopper, but the flagon with a vice. Bravely and well played upon the words! Our fathers drank lustily, and emptied their cans. Well cacked, well sung! Come, let us drink: will you send nothing to the river? Here is one going to wash the tripe. I drink no more than a sponge. I drink like a Templar Knight. And I, *tanquam sponsus*. And I, *sicut terra sine aqua*. Give me a synonymon for a gammon of bacon. It is the compulsory of drinkers: it is a pully. By a pully-rope<sup>6</sup> wine is let down into the cellar, and, by a gammon into the stomach. Hey! now, boys, hither, some drink, some drink. There is no trouble in it. *Respicie personam, pone pro duo, bus non est in usu*. If I could get up as well as I can swallow down, I had been long ere now very high in the air.

Thus became Tom Toss-pot rich; thus went in the tailor's stitch. Thus did Bacchus conquer Inde;<sup>6</sup> thus Philosophy, Melinde.<sup>7</sup> A little rain allays a great deal of wind: long tippling breaks the thunder. But, if there came such liquor from my ballock, would you not willingly thereafter suck the udder whence it issued? Here page, fill! I prythee, forget me not, when it comes to my turn, and I will enter the election I have made of thee into the very register of my

<sup>5</sup> *A pully-rope, &c.*] Thus we say, a red herring is a shooting-horn to a pot of ale.

<sup>6</sup> *Thus did Bacchus conquer Inde.*] That is, all the conquests Bacchus made in the Indies are no more than the chimerical projects of drinkers when the wine gets into their noddles.

<sup>7</sup> *Thus philosophy, Melinde.*] The sages of Portugal, having undertaken to convert the people of Melinde, wrought upon them as much by drinking as reasoning, which afterwards made the conquests of the whole country easy to the Portuguese. The translator has here made too free with his author. The two first lines of Rabelais, are—

“Ainsi se fit Jacques Cœur riche;  
Ainsi trouffirent boys en friche, &c.

heart. Sup, Guillot, and spare not, there is somewhat in the pot. I appeal from thirst, and disclaim its jurisdiction. Page, sue out my appeal in form. This remnant in the bottom of the glass must follow its leader. I was wont heretofore to drink out all, but now I leave nothing. Let us not make too much haste; it is requisite we carry all along with us. Hey day, here are tripes fit for our sport, and, in earnest, excellent godebillios of the dun ox (you know) with the black streak. O, for God's sake, let us lash them soundly, yet thriftily. Drink, or I will—. No, no, drink, I beseech you. Sparrows will not eat unless you bob them on the tail, nor can I drink if I be not fairly spoke to. The concavities of my body are like another hell for their capacity. *Lagonædatera*.<sup>8</sup> There is not a corner, nor cuniburrow in all my body, where this wine doth not ferret out my thirst. Ho, this will bang it soundly. But this shall banish it utterly. Let us wind our horns by the sound of flagons and bottles, and cry aloud, that whoever hath lost his thirst come not hither to seek it. Long clysters of drinking are to be voided without doors. The great God made the planets, and we make the platters neat.<sup>9</sup> I have the word of the gospel in my mouth, *Sitio*. The stone called *Asbestos* is not more unquenchable than the thirst of my paternity. Appetite comes with eating, says *Angeston*,<sup>10</sup> but the thirst goes away with drinking. I have a remedy against thirst, quite contrary to that which is good against the biting of a mad dog. Keep running after a dog, and he will never bite you; drink always before the thirst, and it will never come upon you. There I catch you, I awake you. *Argus* had a hundred eyes for his sight, a butler should have (like *Briareus*)

<sup>8</sup> *Lagonædatera*.] It should be, as it is in *Rabelais*, *lagonædatera*. these two words are no other than *Biscayan*, and mean, "partner, some drunk," though the Dutch scholiast takes a world of fruitless pains to prove them Greek words: in the first place, either from *λαγόνες*, the flanks or empty parts of the lower belly above the haunches, where are the intestines, of which puddings are made, and *ἐδω*, to eat. And if this won't down, then he gives ye another derivation, and so on.

<sup>9</sup> *Platters' neat*] "Plates neat," would come nearer the French pun viz. *planets*, and *plats nets*.

<sup>10</sup> *Angeston*.] This, in all probability, alludes to *Jerom le Hangest*, a doctor of Paris, a great school divine, and a barbarous writer of those times, and serves to show, that it was not, as has been thought, *Amyot*, Bishop of *Auxerre*, who first brought up this saying.

a hundred hands wherewith to fill us wine indefatigably. Hey now, lads, let us moisten<sup>11</sup> ourselves, it will be time to dry hereafter. White wine here, wine, boys! Pour out all in the name of Lucifer, fill here, you, fill and fill (peascods on you) till it be full. My tongue peels. Ians tringue; to thee countryman, I drink to thee, good fellow, comrade<sup>12</sup> to thee, lusty, lively! Ha, la, la, that was drunk to some purpose, and bravely gulped over. O lachryma Christi,<sup>13</sup> it is of the best grape? I' faith, pure Greek,<sup>14</sup> Greek! O the fine white wine! upon my conscience, it is a kind of taffatas wine;<sup>15</sup> hin, hin, it is of one ear,<sup>16</sup> well wrought, and of

<sup>11</sup> *Let us moisten, &c.*] He before had said, in this chapter, do you wet yourselves to dry, or do you dry to wet you? This is not unlike the song of an old testy cooper,

Remplis ton verre vuide,  
Vuide ton verre plein.  
Je ne puis souffrir dans ta main,  
Un verre ni vuide ni plein.  
Fill, fill your glass, which empty stands,  
Empty it and let it pass;  
For I hate to see in people's hands

A full or empty glass.

<sup>12</sup> *Comrade.*] *Compagny*, an old French word, to which has succeeded *compagnon*, though *compam* is still used in Languedoc and Picardy. Caninius says it comes from the Latin *compaganus*, not from *com* and *pamis*.

<sup>13</sup> *O Lachryma Christi.*] Within eight miles of Viterbo, and two days' journey from Rome, on the descent of a hill inclosed within the territory of the little town of Montefiascone, grows the excellent Moscatello wine, otherwise called *Lachryma Christi*, from a neighbouring abbey which boasts of being possessed of a tear just like that at Vendôme. Though now this wine is rarely to be had, even on the spot, the great Duke of Tuscany generally causing it to be carried off for his own use and for presents, yet a German gentleman drank of it to that excess that he died of it, if we may believe a Latin epitaph said to be made by his valet upon him. (See Misson, *Let.* 27.) We read in the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, that a master of arts, of Cologne, going to Rome, to solicit against Ruechlin pelike, drank here pretty liberally of this same *lachryma*, and liked it so well, that from the abundance of his heart, he cried out, "Utinam Christus vellet etiam flere in patriâ nostrâ."

<sup>14</sup> *Pure Greek.*] *Devinere* in the original, not Greek. *Devinere* was the vineyard belonging to the author's father, and the place where he was born. Sir T. U. might take *devinere* to be meant of the wine, as if it was *divine*, Greek wine.

<sup>15</sup> *Taffatas wine.*] As smooth and pleasing to the taste as taffeta is to the feeling.

<sup>16</sup> *Wine of one ear.*] It is a proverbial expression for exceeding good

good wool.<sup>17</sup> Courage, comrade; up thy heart, Billy! We will not be beasted at this bout, for I have got one trick. *Ex hoc in hoc.* There is no enchantment, nor charm there, every one of you hath seen it. My apprenticeship is out. I am a free man of this trade.<sup>18</sup> I am prester Macé, Prish, Brum! I should say, *master passé.* O the drinkers, those that are a-dry, O poor thirsty souls! Good page, my friend, fill me here some, and crown the wine,<sup>19</sup> I pray thee. *A la Cardinale!*<sup>20</sup> *Natura abhorret vacuum.* Would you say that a fly could drink in this? This is after the fashion of Switzerland. Clear off, neat, *supernaculum!* Come, therefore, blades, to this divine liquor, and celestial juice, swallow it over heartily, and spare not! It is a decoction of nectar and ambrosia.

## CHAPTER VI.

*How Gargantua was born in a strange manner.*

WHILST they were on this discourse and pleasant tattle of drinking, Gargamelle began to be a little unwell in her lower parts; whereupon Grangousier arose from off the grass, and fell to comfort her very honestly and kindly, sas-

wine. I have introduced the same with good success (*Præfiscinè dico: verbo absit invidia*) in some parts of Leicestershire, and elsewhere, speaking of *good ale*, ale of *one ear*: bad ale, *ale of two ears*. Because when it is good, we give a nod with *one ear*; if bad, we shake our head, that is, give a sign with both *ears* that we do not like it. [Probably wine which a man will drink without need of persuasion. It draws him on only by one ear.]

<sup>17</sup> *Well wrought and of good wool.*] That is, it has both a good body and a delicate taste.

<sup>18</sup> *I am a free man of this trade.*] *Je suis prêtre Macé*, he would say, *maître passé*, but his tongue tripped, being fuddled. As any of us, in our cups, should say, The Bishop of Bichester loves eggs and bacon, instead of The Bishop of Chichester loves eggs and bacon. A play of words or the benedictine René Macé, chronicler of Francis I.

<sup>19</sup> *Crown the wine.*] Pour on all the wine seems to crown my glass. Homer and Virgil use this expression more than once. Writing the words, *pour on*, puts me in mind of an honest, faithful drunkard, who, being called upon, when he lay snoring upon the floor, to get up, and not leave his wine behind him, answered, Pour it upon me.

<sup>20</sup> *A la Cardinale.*] A brimmer. Rouge-bord, a red brim (for red wine) is another word for a brimmer, synonymous to *cardinale*. for *rouge-bord* means a red-brim, as I said, and *cardinale* means a cardinal's hat, which is red.

pecting that she was in travail, and told her, that it was best for her to sit down upon the grass under the willows, because she was likely very shortly to see young feet, and that therefore it was convenient she should pluck up her spirits, and take a good heart of new at the fresh arrival of her baby; saying to her withal, that although the pain was somewhat grievous to her, it would be but of short continuance, and that the succeeding joy would quickly remove that sorrow, in such sort that she should not so much as remember it. On with a sheep's courage,<sup>1</sup> quoth he. Dispatch this, boy, and we will speedily fall to work for the making of another. Ha! said she, so well as you speak at your own ease, you that are men! Well then, in the name of God, I'll do my best, seeing that you will have it so: but would to God that it were cut off from you! What, said Grangousier? Ha, said she, you are a good man indeed, you understand it well enough. What, my member? said he. By the goat's blood, if it please you, that shall be done instantly; cause bring hither a knife. Alas, said she, the Lord forbid, and pray Jesus to forgive me! I did not say it from my heart, therefore let it alone, and do not do it neither more nor less any kind of harm for my speaking so to you. But I am like to have work enough to do to-day, and all for your member, yet God bless you and it.

Courage, courage, said he, take you no care of the matter, let the four foremost oxen do the work.<sup>2</sup> I will yet go

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<sup>1</sup> *On with a sheep's courage* ] Have at least as much courage as an ewe sheep that is going to yean. Instead of these words, *on with a sheep's courage*, to those inclusively, *seeing you will have it so*, we find in the edition of Dolet, agreeably to those of Francis Justus, 1531 and 1535, the following words.—“I will prove it,” said he. “Our Saviour says in the Gospel, Joannis xvi., a woman, when she is in travail, hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish. Ha, said she, you say well, and I had much rather hear such sentences of the Gospel, and find myself the better for it, than to hear the Life of St. Margaret, or such like cunting hypocritical trumpery.”

<sup>2</sup> *Let the four foremost oxen do the work.* ] Let your reliance be on the vigour and stretching-leatherness of the suffering part; for we see but very few women, however weakly they be, but what happily get over the condition you are in. *Let the four foremost oxen do the work*, is a proverbial expression in the province of Poitou, where, not having horses enough to draw their waggons and carts, they usually draw

drink one whiff more, and if, in the mean time, any thing befall you, that may require my presence, I will be so near to you, that, at the first whistling in your fist, I shall be with you forthwith. A little while after she began to groan, lament, and cry. Then suddenly came the midwives from all quarters, who groping her below, found some peloderies,\* which was a certain filthy stuff, and of a taste truly bad enough. This they thought had been the child, but it was her fundament that was slipped out with the mollification of her straight entrail, which you call the bum-gut, and that merely by eating of too many tripes, as we have showed you before. Whereupon an old ugly trot in the company, who had the repute of an expert she-physician, and was come from Brisepaille,<sup>4</sup> near to Saint Genou, three score years before, made her so horrible a restrictive and binding medicine, and whereby all her larris, arse-pipes, and conduits were so oppilated, stopped, obstructed, and contracted, that you could hardly have opened and enlarged them with your teeth, which is a terrible thing to think upon; seeing the devil at the mass<sup>5</sup> at Saint Martin's was puzzled with three couple of oxen, if they go far, and the way is bad. The four foremost, which are always the ablest, follow each other very close, but they are at a considerable distance from the two thillers that when the cart or wain is set fast in a slough, these four, which are made to do it, may draw out of the mire the two others, together with the waggon or cart.

<sup>3</sup> *Peloderies.*] *Pellauderies*, Rabelais spells it. Cotgrave construes it, filthy matter, beastly or ugly stuff. M. le Duchat says, it is the shreds, parings, clippings, and scrapings of beasts' hides and skins, from *peau*, (*pellis* in Latin.) In Normandy they call *pellautia*, a worker in hides, a pelter we may say in English.

<sup>4</sup> *Come from Brisepaille, near to St. Genou.*] In Languedoc and in Dauphiny, to say of a woman, that she is come from Brisepaille, near St. Genou, so many years ago, is to call her an old whore, and literally, though punningly, signifies, that the straw (*paille*) of her bed has been long since bruised (*brisé*) with the knees (*genoux*) of her belly-bumpers. These three make *Brise Paille Genou*.

<sup>5</sup> *Seeing the devil at mass, &c.*] This is not very clear, as the translator has managed it. Perhaps the reader will understand it better when he has perused the following note of M. le Duchat, which is this: Peter Grosnet, in his Collection of Cato's Golden Sayings and other Moral Sentences, relates this story in the following terms:

Notez, en l'Eglise de Dieu  
Femmes ensemble caquetoient, &c.

There are half a dozen lines more, but as she inserting them and other



the like task, when with his teeth he had lengthened out the parchment whereon he wrote the tittle tattle of two young mangy whores. By this inconvenience the cotyledons of her matrix were presently loosened, through which the child sprung up and leaped, and so, entering into the hollow vein, did climb by the diaphragm even above her shoulders, where the vein divides itself into two, and from thence taking his way towards the left side, issued forth at her left ear. As soon as he was born, he cried not as other babes use to do, miez, miez, miez, miez, but with a high, sturly, and big voice shouted about, Some drink, some drink, some drink, as inviting all the world to drink with him. The noise hereof was so extremely great, that it was heard in both the countries at once, of Beauce<sup>6</sup> and Bibarois.

verses and notes, at length, would swell the four volumes to seven or eight, the reader will accept of my translation of them, which he may assure himself is as literal as possible :

Two gossips prating in a church,  
The dev'l, who stood upon the lurch,  
In short-hand, on a parchment roll,  
Writ down their words ; and when the scroll  
Could hold no more, (it was so full,)  
His devilship began to pull  
And stretch it with his teeth, which failing,  
He knock'd his head against the railing  
St. Martin laugh'd, though then at mass,  
To see the devil such an ass,  
To think the parchment-roll, or e'en a skin,  
Could hold two women's chat, when they begin.

M.<sup>10</sup> Duchat goes on ; the people, taking notice of St. Martin's laughing, asked him, after mass, the reason of it ; then the saint revealed his vision, and so we came to know this (true) story. The Tales of Eutrapel touch upon it en passant ; nay, it was seen, in 1678, represented at Brest, in the church of la Recouvrance, in a picture, containing likewise a recital of the history both in French and Bas-Breton. N.B. There is at St. Omer's, in the church of St. Bertin, a very fine and large piece of painting, in a frame, the figures as big as the life, of much such another story of St. Anthony, which the translator and compiler of these notes, not long ago, saw there to his great edification, and his no less satisfaction.

<sup>6</sup> *Beauce and Bibarois.*] Beusse (for so Rabelais spells it) is a large town, which gives name to a little river, formed by divers springs near Loudun. The Bibarois is nothing else but the Vivarets, as the Gascons pronounce that word. Rabelais here reflects upon the country of Beusse and Vivarets, as if the inhabitants were great *drinkers*, *Buveurs*,

I doubt me, that you do not thoroughly believe the truth of this strange nativity. Though you believe it not, I care not much: but an honest man, and of good judgment, believeth still what is told him, and that which he finds written.

Is this beyond our law, or our faith: against reason or the Holy Scripture? For my part, I find nothing in the sacred Bible that is against it. But tell me, if it had been the will of God, would you say that he could not do it? Ha, for favour sake, I beseech you, emberlucock or impudregafize your spirits with these vain thoughts and idle conceits: for I tell you, it is not impossible with God; and, if he pleased, all women henceforth should bring forth their children at the ear. Was not Bacchus engendered out of the very thigh of Jupiter? Did not Roquetaillade come out of his mother's heel, and Crocmoush from the slipper of his nurse? Was not Minerva born of the brain, even through the ear of Jove? Adonis, of the bark of a myrrh tree; and Castor and Pollux of the doupe of that egg which was laid and hatched by Leda? But you would wonder more, and with far greater amazement, if I should now present you with that chapter of Plinius, wherein he treateth of strange births, and contrary to nature, and yet am I so impudent a liar as he was. Read the seventh book of his Natural History, chap. 3, and trouble not my head any more about this.

## CHAPTER VII.

*After what manner Gargantua had his name given him, and how he tipped, bibbed, and curried the can.*

THE good man Grangousier, drinking and making merry with the rest, heard the horrible noise which his son had made as he entered into the light of this world, when he cried out, Some drink, some drink, some drink; whereupon

(*bibitores*, if I may use that Latin word, to answer the French *bibaroys*) and *biberie* (*bibbing*.) by way of pun upon Beussie.

<sup>7</sup> *Doupe of that egg.*] I know not what *doupe* means, unless it is Scotch for *double*. Leda was indeed double-egged; for Jupiter turned himself into a swan, and lay with her just after her husband; by them two she had two eggs; of one came Pollux and Helena; of the other, Castor and Clytemnestra. Rabelais' words are only *de la coeque d'un oeuf*. [*Doupe*, is Scotch for the *bottom*, of broad end.]

he said in French, *Que grand tu as et souple le gousier !* that is to say, How great and nimble a throat thou hast. Which the company hearing said, that verily the child ought to be called Gargantua ;<sup>1</sup> because it was the first word that after his birth his father had spoke, in imitation, and at the example, of the ancient Hebrews ; whereunto he condescended, and his mother was very well pleased therewith. In the mean-while, to quiet the child, they gave him to drink a tirelarigot, that is, till his throat was like to crack with it ; then was he carried to the font, and there baptized, according to the manner of good Christians.

Immediately thereafter were appointed for him seventeen thousand nine hundred and thirteen cows of the towns of Pautille and Brehemond,<sup>2</sup> to furnish him with milk in ordinary, for it was impossible to find a nurse sufficient for him in all the country, considering the great quantity of milk that was requisite for his nourishment ; although there were not wanting some doctors of the opinion of Scotus, who affirmed that his own mother gave him suck, and that she could draw out of her breasts one thousand four hundred two pipes, and nine pails of milk at every time.

Which indeed is not probable, and this point hath been found duggishly scandalous<sup>3</sup> and offensive to tender ears, for that it savoured a little of heresy. Thus was he handled for one year and ten months ; after which time, by the advice of physicians, they began to carry him, and then was

<sup>1</sup> *Gargantua.*] This word is partly made up of these three words before, *Grand tu as*, as the French pronounce it.

<sup>2</sup> *Pautille and Brehemond.*] The map of the Chinonois, Rabelais' native country, places Potille on the River Vienne, within a league of Chinon ; and Brehemont on the Loire, three leagues from Chinon, on which it is dependent. Here are made those cheeses which, by the French translator of Platina de Opsonis, were so highly valued, that in his translation printed in 1505, though Platina does not take any notice of those cheeses, yet he has made particular and very honourable mention of them ; wherein he has been followed by Bruyerin, or La Bruyere Champier, l. 14, *de re cibaria*, c. 8.

<sup>3</sup> *Duggishly scandalous.*] *Mammallement scandaleuse.* Rabelais here seems particularly to have in view the anathema pronounced by the Universities of Lovain and Cologne, and afterwards by Pope Leo X. in 1520, against the propositions of Luther, which, as his very adversaries confessed, were not all equally heretical and capital. See Sleidan, l. 2, and Fra. Paolo's History of the Council of Trent.

made for him a fine little cart drawn with oxen, of the invention of Jan Denio,<sup>4</sup> wherein they led him hither and thither with great joy; and he was worth the seeing, for he was a fine boy, had a burly physiognomy, and almost ten chins. He cried very little, but beshit himself every hour; for, to speak truly of him, he was wonderly phlegmatic in his posteriors, both by reason of his natural complexion, and the accidental disposition which had befallen him by his too much quaffing of the Septembrual juice. Yet without a cause did not he sup one drop; for if he happened to be vexed, angry, displeased, or sorry, if he did fret, if he did weep, if he did cry, and what grievous quarter soever he kept, in bringing him some drink, he would be instantly pacified, rescaled in his own temper, in a good humour again, and as still and quiet as ever. One of his governesses told me (swearing by her fig), how he was so accustomed to this kind of way, that, at the sound of pints and flagons, he would on a sudden fall into an ecstasy, as if he had then tasted of the joys of paradise; so that they, upon consideration of this, his divine complexion, would every morning, to cheer him up, play with a knife upon the glasses, on the bottles with their stopples, and on the pottle-pots with their lids and covers, at the sound whereof he became gay, did leap for joy, would loll and rock himself in the cradle, then nod with his head, monocordising<sup>5</sup> with his fingers, and barytonising<sup>6</sup> with his tail.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *How they Apparelled Gargantua.*

BEING of this age, his father ordained to have clothes made to him in his own livery, which was white and blue.

<sup>4</sup> *Jan Denio.*] Rabelais calls him Jehan, not Jan, for Jan means a cuckold, Denyau, not Denio. An ancient and honourable family, most of them lawyers, both in Pontou and Bretagne.

<sup>5</sup> *Monocordising his fingers.*] It should be *monochordising* with his fingers. Moving his fingers, as if he was about to play on the instrument called by the ancients monochord, because it had but one string. The monochord of the moderns has kept the same name, (though it has several strings,) because they are unisons.

<sup>6</sup> *Barytonising with his tail.*] The art of rhetoric, quoted by Borel, has the word barytoniser, but barytoner is better. It means yielding a grave tone or accent, *Baprovotiv*, Gargantua formed the acute accent with his fingers, (by snapping them,) and the grave with his bum.

To work then went the tailors, and with great expedition were clothes made, cut, and sewed, according to the fashion that was then in request. I find by the ancient records or *pancartes*, to be seen in the chamber of accounts, or Court of the Exchequer at Montsoreau,<sup>1</sup> that he was accoutred in manner as followeth. To make him every shirt of his were taken up nine hundred ells of Chateleraud linen, and two hundred for the gussets, in manner of cushions, which they put under his arm-pits. His shirt was not gathered nor plaited, for the plaiting of shirts<sup>2</sup> was not found out, till the seamstresses (when the point of their needle was broken) began to work and occupy with the tail. There were taken up for his doublet, eight hundred and thirteen ells of white satin, and for his points fifteen hundred and nine dogs' skins and a half. Then was it that men began to tie their breeches to their doublets, and not their doublets to their breeches: for it is against nature,<sup>3</sup> as hath most amply been showed by Ockam<sup>4</sup> upon the expoxibles of Master Haute-haussade.

<sup>1</sup> [*Chamber of accounts at Montsoreau.*] Rabelais, placing the scene of his romance in Touraine, and part of the adjoining provinces, was resolved to settle a chamber of accounts at Montsoreau, a little town and comté in Anjou, on the Loire, alluding belike, to the title of comtes, which belonged to the lords of Montsoreau, a family so eminent about the twelfth century, that Walter de Montsoreau is styled Most Christian Prince in an instrument of those times, as M. Menage has observed, as did likewise M. Pavillon before him.

<sup>2</sup> [*Plaiting of shirts.*] The fashion began in Rabelais's time. "Nam rugæ hæ, quid aliud sũnt hoc tempore, quam nidi, aut receptacula pediculorum et pulicum," says one in *Vives*. (Dial. intitled *Vestitus, et deambulatio matutina*.) The person who spoke thus did not like that new mode, it seems, and so says, the gathers of such shirts are fit for nothing but to harbour lice and fleas.

<sup>3</sup> [*Against nature.*] Indeed it is neither natural nor possible to fasten or hang one thing to another thing which was lower than it.

<sup>4</sup> [*Ockam.*] The copy in Rabelais's own hand-writing has it *Olzam*, in old characters, according to which, in the manuscripts, and many printed pieces of those times, the *k* is made like an *z*; whence it is, that not one of the editions I have yet seen has it *Okam*, or *Ockam*, which is that English doctor's true name; but all of them *Olkam*, *Olcam*, or *Otzam*. Here below, in chap. 33, the printers have committed the same fault in the word *Lubeck*; for in the edition of Niery, 1573, we see *Lubelz* for *Lubeck*. In c. 40, l. 3, A.D. 1553, that edition has *Stolzom* for *Stockholm*, and in Prol. of l. 4, *Ollzegon* for *Ockeghem*, still carried on by the same blunder; nay, even those that

For his breeches were taken up eleven hundred and five ells and a third of white broad cloth. They were cut in the form of pillars, chamfered, channelled, and pinked behind, that they might not overheat his reins : and were, within the panes, puffed out with the lining of as much blue damask as was needful ; and remark, that he had very good leg-harness, proportionable to the rest of his stature.

For his codpiece were used sixteen ells and a quarter of the same cloth, and it was fashioned on the top like unto a triumphant arch most gallantly fastened with two enamelled clasps, in each of which was set a great emerald, as big as an orange ; for, as says Orpheus, lib. de lapidibus, and Plinius, libro ultimo, it hath an erective virtue and comfort and comfortative of the natural member. The exiture, out-jecting or out-standing of his codpiece, was of the length of a yard, jagged and pinked, and withal bagging, and strutting out with the blue damask lining, after the manner of his breeches. But had you seen the fair embroidery of the small needle-work pearl, and the curiously interlaced knots, by the goldsmith's art set out and trimmed with rich diamonds, precious rubies, fine torquoises, costly emeralds, and Persian pearls, you would have compared it to a fair Cornucopia, or horn of abundance, such as you see in antiques, or as Rhea gave to the two nymphs, Amalthea and Ida, the nurses of Jupiter.

And, like to that horn of abundance, it was still gallant, succulent, droppy, sappy, pithy, lively, always flourishing, always fructifying, full of juice, full of flower, full of fruit, and all manner of delight. I avow God, it would have done one good to have seen him, but I will tell you more of him in the book which I have made of the dignity of codpieces. One thing I will tell you, that, as it was both long and large, so was it well furnished and victualled within, nothing like unto the hypocritical codpieces of some fond wooers, and wench-courtiers, which are stuffed only with wind, to the great prejudice of the female sex.

For his shoes were taken up four hundred and six ells of blue crimson velvet, and were very neatly cut by parallel

worked for H. Stephens, on the best edition of his "Apology for Herodotus, A.D. 1566," have stumbled at the words Kyrielle and Lansquenets ; instead of which they have put Izirielle and lansquenelz.

lines, joined in uniform cylinders. For the soling of them were made use of eleven hundred hides of brown cows, shapen like the tail of a keeling.<sup>5</sup>

• For his coat were taken up eighteen hundred ells of blue velvet, dyed in grain, embroidered, in its borders with fair gilliflowers, in the middle decked with silver pearl, intermixed with plates of gold, and stores of pearls, hereby showing, that in his time he would prove an especial good fellow, and singular whip-can.\*

His girdle was made of three hundred ells and a half of silken serge, half white and half blue, if I mistake it not. His sword was not of Valentia, nor his dagger of Saragossa, for his father could not endure these hidalgos borrachos maranisados como diablos: but he had a fair sword made of wood, and the dagger of boiled leather, as well painted and gilded as any man could wish.

His purse was made of the cod of an elephant, which was given him by Her Pracontal,<sup>6</sup> proconsul of Lybia.

• For his gown were employed nine thousand six hundred ells, wanting two thirds, of blue velvet as before, all so diagonally pearled, that by true perspective issued thence an unnamed colour, like that you see in the necks of turtle-doves or turkey-cocks, which wonderfully rejoiced the eyes of the beholders. For his bonnet or cap were taken up three hundred two ells and a quarter of white velvet, and the form thereof was wide and round, of the bigness of his head; for his father said, that the caps of the Marrabaise fashion,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Keeling.*] An unusual word, as the Camb. Dict. says, for what the Latins, or rather Greeks, call *salpa*, that is, a stockfish. Rather, as Cotgrave says, a kind of small cod, whereof stockfish is made. He calls it a kneel<sup>ing</sup>, but that must be a typographical error. Merlus is the French word.

<sup>6</sup> *Her Pracontal.*] The sire Pracontal, of an ancient family in Dauphiny.

<sup>7</sup> *Caps of the Marrabaise fashion.*] *Bonnetz à la Marrabaise*, i. e. à la Juiva, Jew fashion, and as they are worn by the Spaniards, many of whom are counted a sort of Jews and Mahometans concealed.—Marrabais seems to be a word compounded of Maurus and Arabs, because the Moors and Arabians ruled a long time in part of Spain; and as there were many Jews intermixed among them, thence Marrabais means a Mahometan and a Jew. And because the Spaniards are abusively named Marranes and Marrabais, as if they held with the Jews; therefore, when in c. 22, l. 3, we read of the poet Raminagrobis, He is by G—d, a witty, quick, and subtle sophister, I'll lay an even wager

made like the cover of a pasty, would one time or other bring a mischief on those that wore them. For his plume, he wore a fair great blue feather, plucked from an Onocrotal of the country of Hircania the wild, very prettily hanging down over his right ear. For the jewel or broach which in his cap he carried, he had in a cake of gold, weighing three score and eight marks, a fair piece enamelled, wherein was pourtrayed a man's body with two heads, looking towards one another, four arms, four feet, two arses, such as Plato, in *Symposia*, says was the mystical beginning of man's nature; and about it was written in Ionic letters, Ἀγαννὸν ζῆτεῖται αὐτῆς.

To wear about his neck, he had a golden chain, weighing twenty-five thousand and sixty-three marks of gold, the links thereof being made after the manner of great berries, amongst which were set in work green jaspers, engraven, and cut dragon-like, all environed with beams and sparks, as King Nicepsos of old was wont to wear them: and it reached down to the very bust of the rising of his belly, whereby he reaped great benefit all his life-long, as the Greek physicians know well enough. For his gloves were put in work sixteen otters'<sup>8</sup> skins, and three of the loup-garous or men-eating wolves,<sup>9</sup> for the bordering of them: and of this stuff were they made, by the appointment of the Cabalists of Sanlouand.<sup>10</sup> As for the rings which his father would have him to wear, to renew the ancient mark of nobility, he had on the forefinger of his

he is a Marrabais, Rabelais undoubtedly means he is acute as the Spaniards, who, as is well known, being much attached to school divinity, were consequently great logicians.

<sup>8</sup> *Otters'-skins.*] *Peaux de lutins.* Lutin in French is not an otter, but a hob-goblin. Loutre indeed is an otter, and Sir T. U. mistook it for the other, deceived by the similitude of the name, not of the thing; for there is no such thing as an hob-goblin; and for that reason Rabelais here introduces it; for what can be more imaginary than an hob-goblin's skin?

<sup>9</sup> *Men-eating wolves.*] *Loup-garous.* This word means a man who is said to transform himself, or thinks himself transformed into a wolf. See Cotgrave's various and different accounts of this imaginary creature. Rabelais only gives it as a synonymous word for an hob-goblin: a hob-thrush, Robin-good-fellow, &c.

<sup>10</sup> *Sanlouand.*] A priory on the Vienne, about a league from Chinon.



left hand : carbuncle as big as an ostrich's egg, encased very daintily in gold of the fineness of a Turkey seraph. Upon the middle finger<sup>11</sup> of the same hand, he had a ring made of four metals together, of the strangest fashion that ever was seen ; so that the steel did not crash against the gold, nor the silver crush the copper. All this was made by Captain Chappuyss, and Alcofribas his good agent. On the medical finger of his right hand, he had a ring made spireways, wherein was set a perfect baleu ruby, a pointed diamond, and a Physon emerald, of an inestimable value. For Hans Carvel, the King of Melinda's jeweller, esteemed them at the rate of three score nine millions eight hundred ninety-four thousand and eighteen French crowns of Berry,<sup>12</sup> and at so much did the Fourques of Augsburg<sup>13</sup> prize them.

<sup>11</sup> *Middle-finger.*] Medical finger in the original : which among the Greeks, indeed was the middle finger, "quod eo veteres Medici miscerent pharmaca." Alex. ab Alex. Among the Latins it was otherwise ; they called the ring-finger medicus, as well as annularis. See Camb. Dict. under Digitus, for the names and reasons of all the fingers, as well as thumb.

<sup>12</sup> *Crowns of Berry.*] In the French, *Moutons à la grande Laine*. Well woolled sheep, a gold coin, on one side whereof was represented Jesus Christ, under the figure of a lamb, with these words round it, "Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis." Rabelais often uses this word.

<sup>13</sup> *Fourques of Augsburg.*] *Fourques de Augsburg.* Rabelais, in his first letter, tells us, they were vastly rich and very eminent merchants ; for his words are, Next to the Fourques of Augsburg in Germany, Philip Strozzi, of Florence in Italy, is counted the richest merchant in Christendom.—Their true name is Fugger, and they are at this day counts of the empire, of which they were made barons by the Emperor Maximilian I. The Supplement to Morley giving an account of the name Fuggers, I thought fit to translate it. "They were the richest merchants in Augsburg (their native city) in Charles the Fifth's time, and obtained of that emperor a privilege, exclusive of all others, to bring from Venice into Germany all the spiceries, which were distributed in France, and all the neighbouring countries. As these spiceries at that time came from the Levant, only by the Red Sea, and from thence into the Mediterranean, they were very scarce and dear. Whereby the Fuggers made so great a fortune, that they were counted the wealthiest family throughout the empire, insomuch that they have a proverb in Germany, 'Such a one is as rich as the Fuggers,' speaking of a person that is immensely rich, or has an overgrown estate. This family is yet in great credit, and makes a considerable figure, some in the army, others in the emperor's court. It is related of these rich merchants, as a very singular thing, and curious to be known, that the Emperor

## CHAPTER IX.

*The Colours and Liveries of Gargantua.*

GARGANTUA'S colours were white and blue, as I have showed you before, by which his father would give us to understand, that his son, to him was a heavenly joy; for the white did signify gladness, pleasure, delight, and rejoicing, and the blue, celestial things. I know well enough, that, in reading this, you laugh at the old drinker, and hold this exposition of colours to be very extravagant, and utterly disagreeable to reason, because white is said to signify faith, and blue, constancy. But without moving, vexing, heating or putting you in a chafe, (for the weather is dangerous) answer me, if it please you; for no other compulsory way of arguing will I use towards you, or any else; only now and then I will mention a word or two of my bottle. What is it that induceth you; what stirs you up to believe, or who told you, that white signifieth faith, and blue constancy? An old paltry book, say you, sold by the hawking pedlars, and ballad-mongers, entitled "The Blazon of Colours." Who made it? Whoever it was, he was wise in that he did not set his name to it. But, besides, I know not what I should rather admire in him, his presumption or his sottishness. His presumption and overweening, for that he should without reason, without cause, or without any appearance of truth, have dared to prescribe, by his private authority, what things should be denotated and signified by the colour: which is the custom of tyrants, who will have their will to bear sway instead of equity, and not of the wise and learned, who, with the evidence of reason, satisfy their readers. His sottishness and want of spirit, in that he thought, that with-

Charles V. in his return from Tunis, passing into Italy and from thence through the city of Augsburg, took up his quarters at their house: that, to show their gratitude and their joy for the honour he did them with his presence, one day, among their other magnificent regalements of the emperor, they put into the chimney-place, a faggot, or bundle of cinnamon, which was a very valuable commodity at that time; then showing him a promissory note they had of his, for a very large sum of money, they set it on fire, and with it kindled the faggot, which yielded an odour and a brightness, the more pleasing to the emperor, as he saw himself quit of a debt, which his affairs did not, at that time, permit him to pay without some difficulty."

out any of her demonstration or sufficient argument. the world would be pleased to make his blockish and ridiculous impositions the rule of their devices. In effect, according to the proverb, "To a shitten tail fails never ordure," he hath found, it seems, some simple ninny in those rude times of old, when the wearing of high round bonnets was in fashion, who gave some trust to his writings, according to which they carved and engraved their apophthegms and mottos, trapped and caparisoned their mules and sumpter-horses, apparelled their pages, quartered their breeches, bordered their gloves, fringed the curtains and valances of their beds, painted their ensigns, composed songs, and, which is worse, played many deceitful jugglings, and unworthy base tricks undiscoveredly, amongst the very chastest matrons. In the like darkness and mist of ignorance are wrapped up these vain-glorious courtiers, and name-transposers, who, going about in their impresas to signify esperance [espoir,] (that is, hope) have portrayed a sphere; and bird's pennes for pains; l'Ancholie (which is the flower colombine) for melancholy; a horned moon or crescent, to show the increasing or rising of one's fortune; a bench rotten and broken, to signify bankrupt; non and a corslet for non dur habit (otherwise non durabit, it shall not last); un lit sans ciel, that is, a bed without a tester, for un licentié, a graduated person, as, bachelor in divinity, or utter barrister-at-law; which are equivocals so absurd and witless, so barbarous and clownish, that a fox's tail<sup>1</sup> should be fastened to the neck-piece of, and a vizard made of a cows-herd given to, every one that henceforth should offer, after the restitution of learning, to make use of any such fopperies in France.

By the same reasons (if reasons I should call them, and not ravings rather, and idle triflings about words) might I cause paint a pannier, to signify that I am in pain—a mustard-pot, that my heart tarries much for it—one pissing upwards for a bishop—the bottom of a pair of breeches for a vessel full of farthings—a codpiece for the office of the

<sup>1</sup> A fox's tail, &c.] A way of speaking, borrowed from the ancients, who were wont to treat in this manner, such as they had a mind should be laughed at. "Veteres," says the Scaligerana, "iis quos irridere volebant, cornua dormientibus capiti imponebant, vel caudam vulpis, vel quid simile."

clerks of the sentences, decrees or judgments, or rather, (as the English bears it,) for the tail of a cod-fish—and a dog's turd, for the dainty turret, wherein lies the heart of my sweetheart.

Far otherwise did heretofore the sages of Egypt, when they wrote by letters, which they called Hieroglyphics, which none understood who were not skilled in the virtue, property and nature of the things represented by them. Of which Orus Apollo<sup>1</sup> both in Greek composed two books, and Polyphilus,<sup>2</sup> in his dream of love, set down more. In France you have a taste of them in the device<sup>3</sup> or impresa of my Lord Admiral which was carried before that time by Octavian Augustus. But my little skiff along these unpleasant gulfs and shoals will sail no further, therefore must I return to the port from whence I came. Yet do I hope one day to write more at large of these things, and to show both by philosophical arguments and authorities, received and approved of, by and from all antiquity, what, and how many colours there are in nature, and what may be signified by every one of them, if God save the mould of my cap, which is my best wine-pot, as my grandam said.

<sup>2</sup> *Polyphilus, &c.*] “Hypnerotomachia Poliphili, ubi omnia non nisi somnium esse docet, atque obiter plurima scitu sanè quam digna commemorat.” This is the inscription of the book, which is a folio, printed at Venice by Aldus Manutius, A. 1499. M. le Duchât gives a long, but not very advantageous character of this book and its author. Alchymists think the philosopher's stone may be found in it, if they had but the right key to it. (It is the dream of an amorous friar, whose name was Franciscus Colonna.)

<sup>3</sup> *Device, &c.*] Rabelais, in two or three places, says positively, Augustus's motto was “Festina lentè,” with the device of an anchor, a very heavy thing, and round it a dolphin. the swiftest of fishes, if not of all creatures. And yet it is certainly true that this very motto and device was the Emperor Titus's; that of Augustus having been, as H. Stephens observes, *Terminus fulmini conjunctus*, with the same words indeed, *Festina lentè*. Rabelais often wrote by memory. The Admiral of France he alludes to, is thought to be M. de Brion Chabot, whose device was the Anchor and Dolphin, the one referring to his marine employment, the other to his particular attachment to the Dauphin. (I think a noble English peer has likewise for his motto, *Festina lentè*, which, as it means *On slow*, there is no occasion to name him.)

## CHAPTER X.

*Of that which is signified by the colours white and blue.*

THE white therefore signifieth joy, solace, and gladness, and that not at random, but upon just and very good grounds : which you may perceive to be true, if, laying aside all prejudicate affections, you will but give ear to what presently I shall expound unto you.

Aristotle saith, that, supposing two things contrary in their kind, as good and evil, virtue and vice, heat and cold, white and black, pleasure and pain, joy and grief,—and so of others,—if you couple them in such manner, that the contrary of one kind may agree in reason with the contrary of the other, it must follow by consequence, that the other contrary must answer to the remnant opposite to that wherewith it is conferred. As for example, virtue and vice are contrary in one kind, so are good and evil. If one of the contraries of the first kind be consonant to one of those of the second, as virtue and goodness, for it is clear that virtue is good, so shall the other two contraries, which are evil and vice, have the same connexion, for vice is evil.

This logical rule being understood, take these two contraries, joy and sadness, then these other two, white and black, for they are physically contrary. If so be, then, that black do signify grief, by good reason then should white import joy. Nor is this signification instituted by human imposition, but by the universal consent of the world received, which philosophers call *Jus Gentium*, the Law of Nations, or an uncontrollable right of force in all countries whatsoever. For you know well enough, that all people, and all languages and nations, except the ancient Syracusans,<sup>1</sup> and certain Argives, who had cross and thwarting souls, when

<sup>1</sup> *Syracusans.*] Plutarch, describing the magnificence of the funeral ceremonies performed by the Syracusans to Timoleon, says, they appeared thereat in their neatest, cleanest clothes,—*Παντων καθαράς ἐθήτας φορούντων*. From whence Alexander ab Alexandro, cap. 7. of l. 3. of his *Gemal Days*, has taken occasion to write, that the custom of the Syracusans was to attend funerals in a white robe. Wherein he has committed two faults, here faithfully copied by Rabelais. First in talking of a white robe, when Plutarch mentions no colour, but only the neatness of their clothes ; the other, for taking the extraordinary funeral honours, done by the Syracusans to Timoleon, for a custom established among them in all funerals.

they mean outwardly to give evidence of their sorrow, go in black ; and all mourning is done with black. Which general consent is not without some argument, and reason in nature, the which every man may by himself very suddenly comprehend, without the instruction of any ; and this we call the law of nature. By virtue of the same natural instinct, we know that by white all the world hath understood joy, gladness, mirth, pleasure, and delight. In former times, the Thracians and Grecians<sup>2</sup> did mark their good, propitious, and fortunate days with white stones, and their sad, dismal, and unfortunate ones with black. Is not the night mournful, sad, and melancholy ? It is black and dark by the privation of light. Doth not the light comfort all the world ? And it is more white than anything else. Which to prove, I could direct you to the book of Laurentius Valla against Bartolus ; but an Evangelical testimony I hope will content you. In Matth. xvi. it is said, that, at the transfiguration of our Lord, *Vestimenta ejus facta sunt alba sicut lux*, his apparel was made white like the light. By which lightsome whiteness he gave his three apostles to understand the idea and figure of the eternal joys ; for by the light are all men comforted, according to the word of the old woman, who, although she had never a tooth in her head, was wont to say, *Bona lux*.<sup>3</sup> And Tobit, chap. v, after he had lost his sight, when Raphael saluted him, answered, what joy can I have, that do not see the light of heaven ? In that colour did the angels testify the joy of the whole world, at the resurrection of our Saviour, John xx, and at his Ascension, Acts i. With the like colour of vesture did St. John the Evangelist, Apoc. iv. 7. see the faithful clothed in the heavenly and blessed Jerusalem.

Read the ancient, both Greek and Latin histories, and you shall find, that the town of Alba, (the first pattern of Rome,) was founded, and so named by reason of a white sow that was seen there. You shall likewise find in those stories, that when any man, after he had vanquished his enemies, was by a decree of the senate, to enter into Rome trium-

<sup>2</sup> *Grecians.*] Cretans, in Rabelais.

<sup>3</sup> *Bona Lux.*] Φῶς ἀγαθόν. "Id est, Lumen bonum, vitæ lumen est. Id autem dictum est ab anu quapiam moriente, quam etiamnum juvabat vivere," says Erasmus himself, under the name of Listrius, on the Φῶς ἀγαθόν of the *Encomium Moria*, p. 64 of the Basle edition, 1676.

phantly, he usually rode in a chariot drawn by white horses : which, in the Ovavian Triumph, was also the custom ; for by no sign or colour would they so significantly express the joy of their coming, as by the white. You shall there also find, how Pericles, the general of the Athenians, would needs have that part of his army, unto whose lot befel the white beans, to spend the whole day in mirth, pleasure, and ease, whilst the rest were a fighting. A thousand other examples and places could I allege to 'his purpose, but that it is not here where I should do it.

By understanding hereof, you may resolve one problem, which Alexander Aphrodisæus hath accounted unanswerable,<sup>4</sup> why the lion who, with his only cry and roaring, affrights all beasts, dreads and feareth only a white cock ? For, as Proclus<sup>5</sup> saith "*fibro de sacrificio et magia*," it is because the presence, or the virtue of the sun, which is the organ and promptuary of all terrestrial and siderial light, doth more symbolise and agree with a white cock,<sup>6</sup> as well in regard of that colour, as of his property and specifical quality, than with a lion. He saith furthermore, that devils have been oftē seen in the shape of lions, which, at the sight of a white cock, have presently vanished. This is the cause why Galli (so are the Frenchmen called, because they are naturally as white as milk, which the Greeks call *Gala*) do willingly wear in their caps white feathers, for by nature they are of a candid disposition, merry, kind, gracious, and well-beloved,<sup>6</sup> and for their cognizance and arms have the whitest flower of any, the Flower de luce, or Lily.

If you demand, how, by white, nature would have us understand joy and gladness ? I answer, that the analogy and uniformity is thus. For, as the white doth outwardly disperse and scatter the rays of the sight. whereby the optic

<sup>4</sup> *Unanswerable.*] Rabelais's word is insoluble, which the reader will agree with me, is the proper word here, to correspond with solve before. But this, by the bye, and only to show Rabelais's correctness, M. le Duchat says, the place where Alexander Aphrodisæus declares this problem insoluble, is in his preface to his Problems, where, however, M. le Duchat takes notice, that that author does not actually say it is a white cock the lion dreads, but only a cock.

<sup>5</sup> *Proclus.*] Rabelais cites him again, l. 2, c. 1, yet neither Proclus, nor Alexander Aphrodisæus, determine the colour of the cock.

<sup>6</sup> *Well-beloved.*] It should be well-disposed, as M. le Duchat clearly proves Rabelais to have meant here ; from the old word *bienesme*.

spirits are manifestly dissolved, according to the opinion of Aristotle in his problems and perspective treatises; as you may likewise perceive by experience when you pass over mountains covered with snow, how you will complain that you cannot see well; as Xenophon writes to have happened to his men, and as Galen very largely declareth, lib. 10. de usu partium: just so the heart with excessive joy is inwardly dilated, and suffereth a manifest resolution of the vital spirits, which may go so far <sup>on</sup>, that it may thereby be deprived of its nourishment, and by consequence of life itself, by this pericharie or extremity of gladness, as Galen saith, lib. 12, Method, lib. 5, de Locis affectis, and lib. 2, de Symptomatum causis. And as it hath come to pass in former times, witness Marcus Tullius, lib. 6, Quæst. Tuscul. Verrius, Aristotle, Titus Livius, in his relation of the battle of Cannæ, Plinius, lib. 7. cap. 32 and 34, A. Gellius, lib. 3. c. 15, and many other writers,—to Diagoras the Rhodian, Chilon, Sophocles, Dionysius the tyrant of Sicily, Philippides, Philemon, Polycrates,<sup>7</sup> Philistion, M. Juventi,<sup>8</sup> and others who died with joy. And as Avicen speaketh, in 2 canon et lib. de virib. cordis, of the saffron, that it doth so rejoice the heart, that, if you take of it excessively, it will by a superfluous resolution and dilation deprive it altogether of life. Here peruse Alex. Aphrodisæus, lib. 1. Probl. cap. 19, and that for a cause. But what? It seems I am entered further into this point than I intended at the first. Here, therefore, will I strike sail, referring the rest to that book of mine, which handleth this matter to the full. Meanwhile, in a word I will tell you, that blue doth certainly signify heaven and heavenly things, by the very same tokens and symbols, that white signifieth joy and pleasure.

## CHAPTER. XI.

### *Of the youthful age of Gargantua.*

GARGANTUA, from three years upwards unto five, was brought up and instructed in all convenient discipline, by the com-

<sup>7</sup> *Polycrates.*] Policrites it should be, for so is this woman named by Parthenius and Plutarch, not Polycrates a man, as the old edition of Aulus Gellius has it.

<sup>8</sup> *M. Juventi.*] M. Juventius Talva, Plin. l. 7. c. 53. Val. Max. l. 9, c. 12, where Pighius observes, from the Fasti Capitolini and MSS. that it should be written Thalma.



mandment of his father ; and spent that time like the other little children of the country, that is, in drinking, eating, and sleeping : in eating, sleeping, and drinking : and in sleeping, drinking, and eating. Still he wallowed and rolled himself up and down in the mire and dirt : he blurred and sullied his nose with filth ; he blotted and smatched his face with any kind of scurvy stuff ; he trod down his shoes in the heel ; at the flies he did often times yawn, and ran very heartily after the butterflies, the empire whereof belonged to his father. He pissed in his shoes, shit in his shirt, and wiped his nose on his sleeve ; he did let his snot and snivel fall in his pottage, and dabbled, paddled and slobbered every where ; he would drink in his slipper, and ordinarily rub his belly against a pannier. He sharpened his teeth with a top, washed his hands with his broth, and combed his head with a bowl. He would sit down betwixt two stools, and his arse to the ground ; would cover himself with a wet sack, and drink in eating of his soup. He did eat his cake sometimes without bread, would bite in laughing, and laugh in biting. Oftentimes did he spit in the basin, and fart for fatness, piss against the sun, and hide himself in the water for fear of rain. He would strike out of the cold iron, be often in the dumps, and frig and wriggle it. He would flay the fox,<sup>1</sup> say the ape's pater-noster, return to his sheep, and turn the hogs to the hay. He would beat the dogs before the lion, put the plough before the oxen, and claw where it did not itch. He would pump one to draw somewhat out of him, by griping all would hold fast nothing, and always eat his white bread first. He shoed the geese, tickled himself to make himself laugh, and was cook-ruffin in the kitchen : made a mock at the gods, would cause sing Magnificat at Matins, and found it very convenient so to do. He would eat cabbage, and shite beets ; knew flies in a dish of milk, and would make them lose their feet. He would scrape paper, blur parchment, then run away as hard as he could. He would pull at the kid's leather, or vomit up his dinner, then reckon without his host. He would beat the bushes without catching the birds, thought the moon was made of green

<sup>1</sup> *Flay the Fox.*] *Escorcher le Regnard.* To cast up one's accounts upon excessive drinking ; either, says Cotgrave, because in spewing one makes a noise like a fox that barks, or (from the subject to the effect) because the flaying of so unsavoury a beast will make any one spew.

cheese, and that bladders are lanterns. Out of one sack he would take two moultures or fees for grinding; would act the ass's part to get some bran, and of his fist would make a mallet. He took the cranes at the first leap, and would have the mail-coats to be made link after link. He always looked a gift horse in the mouth, leaped from the cock to the ass, and put one ripe between two green. By robbing Peter he paid Paul, he kept the moon from the wolves, and hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall. He did make of necessity virtue, of such bread such pottage, and cared as little for the peeled as for the shaven. Every morning he did cast up his gorge, and his father's little dogs eat out of the dish with him, and he with them. He would bite their ears, and they would scratch his noses; he would blow in their arses, and they would lick his chaps.

But hearken, good fellows, the spigot ill betake you, and whirl round your brains, if you do not give ear! this little lecher was always groping his nurses and governesses, upside down, arseversy, topsiturvey, harri bourriquet,<sup>2</sup> with a Yacco haick, hyek gio! handling them very rudely in jumbling and tumbling them to keep them going; for he had already begun to exercise the tools, and put his codpiece in practice. Which codpiece, or braguette, his governesses did every day deck up and adorn with fair nosegays, curious rubies, sweet flowers, and fine silken tufts, and very pleasantly would pass their time, in taking you know what between their fingers, and dandling it,<sup>3</sup> till it did revive and creep up to the bulk and stiffness of a suppository, or street magdaleon, which is

<sup>2</sup> *Harri, &c.*] In the original it is *harri bourriquet*. *Bourriquet* is such a title for an ass, as jade is for a horse; so *harri bourriquet*, says Cotgrave, are words wherewith the millers, &c. in France drive forward their asses. M. le Duchat says the same thing, only he confines it to Languedoc; he also quotes the following verse of Merlin Coccaie, in lib. 8, of his *Macarones*—

“Non tibi fustigatus asinum pronunciat ari.”

<sup>3</sup> *Dandling it.*] Rabelais says, *comme ung Magdaleon d'entract*, they moulded his cock like a roller of green salve. M. le Duchat says, *sorte d'onguent*. He goes on—Latin barbarous authors have said, *magdaleones*; others more correct, *magdalia*, in the neuter gender; the Greeks *μαγδαλῖαι*, and *μαγδαλίδες* in the feminine gender; the whole derived from *μασσειν*, to knead or mould as dough, because this unguent is kneaded, as it were, to give it the form of a cylinder. Extract or entract, comes from *intractum*, because it is drawn out, in order to lengthen it, and withal give it a roundness.

a hard rolled up salve spread upon leather. Then did they burst out in laughing, when they saw it lift up its ears, as if the sport had liked them. One of them would call it her pillicock,<sup>4</sup> her fiddle-diddle, her staff of love, her tickle-gizzard, her gentle-titler. • Another, her sugar-plum, her kingo, her old rowley, her touch-trap, her flap dowlle. Another again, her branch of coral, her placket-racket, her Cyprian sceptre, her tit-bit, her bob-lady. And some of the other women would give these names, my Roger, my cock-atoo, my nimble-wimble, bush-beater, claw-buttock, eves-dropper, pick-lock, pioneer, bully-ruffin, smell-smock, trouble-gusset, my lusty live sausage, my crimson chitterlin, rump-splitter, shove-devil, down right to it, stiff and stout, in and to, at her again, my coney-borrow-ferret, wily-beguiley, my pretty rogue. It belongs to me, said one. It is mine, said the other. What, quoth a third, shall I have no share in it? By my faith, I will cut it then. Ha, to cut it, said the other, would hurt him. Madam, do you cut little children's things? Were his cut off, he would be then Monsieur sans queue,<sup>5</sup> the curtailed master. And that he might play and sport himself after the manner of the other little children of the country, they made him a fair weather whirl jack, of the wings of the windmill of Myrebalais.

## CHAPTER XII.

### *Of Gargantua's Wooden Horses.*

AFTERWARDS, that he might be all his lifetime a good rider, they made to him a fair great horse of wood, which he did make leap, curvet, yerk out behind, and skip forward, all at a time: to pace, trot, rack, gallop, amble, to play the hobby, the hackney gelding: go the gate of the

<sup>4</sup> *Pillicock.*] *Pne* or *pinne*: in the title 59 of the law of the Germans, the word *pinne* seems to mean a probe; "*pinna instrumentum chirurgicum quo vulnera tentantur*," says Ducange, in his Latin glossary at the word *pinna*.

<sup>5</sup> *Monsieur sans queue.*] Strictly, master without a tail, *i. e.* one that has no addition to his name, but only plain Mr. Such-a-one. *Queue*, besides its primary meaning, the tail of a beast, had several secondary ones, such as the stalk of fruits, label of a deed, and also label of mortality, or bauble of a man, &c.

camel, and of the wild ass.<sup>1</sup> He made him also change his colour of hair, as the Monks of Coultibo<sup>2</sup> (according to the variety of their holidays) use to do their clothes, from bay brown, to sorrel, dapple-grey, mouse-dun, deer-colour, roan, cow-colour, gin-gioline, skued colour, piebald, and the colour of the savage elk.

Himself of a huge big post made a hunting nag, and another for daily service of the beam of a wine-press : and of a great oak made up a ~~manle~~ <sup>manle</sup>, with a foot-cloth, for his chamber. Besides this, he had ten or twelve spare horses, and seven horses for post ; and all these were lodged in his own chamber, close by his bed-side. One day the Lord of Breadinbag<sup>3</sup> came to visit his father in great bravery, and with a gallant train : and at the same time, to see him, came likewise the Duke of Freemeale, and the Earl of Wetgullet. The house truly for so many guests at once was somewhat narrow, but especially the stables ; whereupon the steward and harbinger of the said Lord Breadinbag, to know if there were any other empty stable in the house, came to Gargantua, a little young lad, and secretly asked him where the stables of the great horses were, thinking that children would be ready to tell all. Then he led them up along the stairs of the castle, passing by the second hall unto a broad great gallery, by which they entered into a large tower, and as they were going up at another pair of stairs, said the harbinger to the steward,—This child deceives us, for the stables are never on the top of the house.

<sup>1</sup> *The Wild Ass.*] *L'Onagrier*, a quick short step, like that of a wild ass, whose Latin name, from the Greek, is *onager*.

<sup>2</sup> *As the Monks of Coultibo.*] There are no such monks, nor any such place. *Courtibaut*, for that is the word, is a monk's vestment, so called from *curtum tibi*, because it reaches but little lower than the knee. The monks do, according to the festival, change this *courtibaut*, as it is still called in Berri, Saintonge, and Touraine. It is a sort of tunic or ancient dalmatica ; so that the true translation of this place would be, Pantagruel made his horse change the colour of his hair, as monks do their *courtibauts* (vestments) according to the variety of their holidays. Et lui faisoit changer de poil, comme font les moynes de courtibaulx, selon les festes.

<sup>3</sup> *Breadinbag.*] *Panensac*. (Bread-in-bag) Of this name, which at first sight looks as if it was fictitious, or rather factitious, was the seneschal of Toulouse (le Sire de Pennensac) in 1452. See the History of Charles VII., falsely ascribed to Alan Chartier.

You may be mistaken, said the steward, for I know some places at Lyons, at the Basmette,<sup>4</sup> at Chaisnon,<sup>5</sup> and elsewhere, which have their stables at the very tops of the houses: so it may be, that behind the house there is a way to come to this ascent.<sup>6</sup> But I will question with him further. Then said he to Gargantua, my pretty little boy, whither do you lead us? To the stable, said he, of my great horses. We are almost come to it, we have but these stairs to go up at. Then leading them along another great hall, he brought them into his chamber, and, closing the door, said unto them, this is the stable you ask for, this is my gennet, this is my gelding, this is my courser, and this is my hackney, and laid on them with a great lever. I will bestow upon you, said he, this Frizeland horse, I had him from Francfort, yet will I give him you; for he is a pretty little nag, and will go very well, with a tessel of goshawks, half a dozen of spaniels,<sup>7</sup> and a brace of grey-hounds: thus are you king of the hares and partridges for all this winter. By St. John, said they, now we are paid, he hath gleeked us to some purpose, bobbed we are now for ever. I deny it, said he, he was not here above three days. Judge you now, whether they had most cause, either to hide their heads

<sup>4</sup> *La Basmetta.*] It is a convent half a quarter of a league below Angers, in the hollow of a mountain. René d'Anjou, King of Sicily, Duke of Anjou, and Earl of Provence, founded it in 1451, for the Cordeliers, on the model of the Sainte Baume of Provence, called so from the Latin-barbarous Balmo. The founder of this baumette called it so, as being but a diminutive of the Saint Baume, which the people of Provence do really believe to have served Mary Magdalen for a place of retirement. Anciently they called *basme*, that precious liquor which now is called *baum*, from *balsamum*, which gave occasion to the change that is made of the *baumette* of Anjou into *basmette*.

<sup>5</sup> *Chaisnon.*] This is *Chinon*, which Rabelais calls thus *de Caino*, which is the name of this town, in Gregory of Tours. See Adrian de Valois, under the word *Caino*.

<sup>6</sup> *There is a way to come to this ascent.*] It should be to the mounting-block, *au montoir*. Behind, as in all houses situated on the side, or at the root of a hill; there, beyond the stables, is an easy way, leading to a place, where one may get on horseback, and pursue one's way on level ground.

<sup>7</sup> *Spaniels.*] Maturin Corderius tells us, this sort of dog has its name from the country from whence the breed first came (Spain).—Nay, the people of Spain were anciently called Spaniels, not Spaniards; *Espanquels* not *Espagnols*, which is a modern word in comparison of the other.

for shame, or to laugh at the jest. As they were going down again thus amazed, he asked them, will you have a whimwham? What is that, said they? It is, said he, five turds to make you a muzzle. To-day, said the steward, though we happen to be roasted, we shall not be burnt, for we are pretty well quipped and larded in my opinion. O my jolly dapper boy, thou has given us a gudgeon, I hope to see thee pope<sup>a</sup> before I die. I think so, said he, myself; and then shall you be a puppy, and this gentle popinjay a perfect papelard, that is, dissembler. Well, well, said the harbinger. But, said Gargantua, guess how many stitches there are in my mother's smock. Sixteen, quoth the harbinger. You do not speak Gospel, said Gargantua, for there is sent before, and sent behind,<sup>b</sup> and you did reckon them ill, considering the two under holes. When, said the harbinger? Even then, said Gargantua, when they made a shovel of your nose to take up a quarter of dirt,<sup>c</sup> and of your throat a funnel, wherewith to put it into another vessel,

<sup>a</sup> *Thou hast given us a gudgeon; I hope to see thee pope.*] It should be. Thou hast hay in thy horns, I shall see thee pope before I die. *Fenum habet in cornu, longè fuge.* He has hay in his horns, used to be the outcry at Rome against railers and carping cynics; because when a bull or ox was vicious and would run at people, the owner of him was obliged to fasten a handful of hay to his horns, as a warning for people to keep out of his way. The steward has the same idea of Gargantua, and seeing him so full of waggery and witty roguery for one of his years, says, he knows enough to be made a pope in time. The vulgar have always thought the pope knows every thing, from whence they conclude that knowledge was the high road to the papacy. The fable of Pope Joan, and the examples of some poor priests, as well secular as regular, have helped forward this belief. Why, I see you are a scholar, says Verville, in his *Moyen de Parvenir*, you are in danger of being a pope one of these days. Thomas Naogeorgus was not in jest when he said in a satire against John de la Casa, "*Quippe hoc sanctorum merita effecere paparum ut vulgo insigne jam de nebulo feratur*—

"*Tam malus est nequam, Christique inimicus, et osor,*

*Ut fieri possit papa.*"

<sup>b</sup> *Sent before and sent behind*] A pun upon the word cent (a hundred) and scent, (or smell,) *sens*, the imperative of the verb *sentir*.

<sup>c</sup> *When they made a shovel of your nose to take up a quarter of dirt, &c.*] The parallel here is half lost; Rabelais says, *Alors qu'on fait de votre nez une dille pour tirer un muy de merde, &c.*—i.e., When they made a faucet of your nose to draw off a hogshead of turd, and of your throat a funnel, &c.

because the bottom of the old one was out.<sup>11</sup> Cocksbod, said the steward, we have met with a prater. Farewell, master tatter, God keep you, so goodly are the words which you come out with, and so fresh in your mouth, that it had need to be salted.

Thus going down in garden under the arch of the stairs they let fall the great lever, which he had put upon their backs;<sup>12</sup> whereupon Gargantua said, what a devil! you are, it seems, but bad horsemen, that suffer your bilder to fail you,<sup>13</sup> when you need him most. If you were to go from hence to Cahusac,<sup>14</sup> whether had you rather ride on a gosling, or lead a sow in a leash? I had rather drink,<sup>15</sup> said the harbinger. With this they entered into the lower hall, where the company was, and relating to them this new story, they made them laugh like a swarm of flies.<sup>16</sup>

### CHAPTER XIII.

*How Gargantua's wonderful understanding became known to his Father Grangousier, by the invention of a torchecul or wipe-breech.*

ABOUT the end of the fifth year, Grangousier, returning from the conquest of the Canarians, went by the way to see his son Gargantua. There was he filled with joy, as such a father might be at the sight of such a child of his: and

<sup>11</sup> *The bottom of the old one was out.*] By the bottom's being out, or cracked, or ill-soldered, or badly caulked, (as Rabelais says elsewhere,) Gargantua reproaches the steward's want of sense.

<sup>12</sup> *The great lever which he had put upon their backs.*] *Le gros levier qu'il leur avoit chargé.* I fancy Rabelais means the great walking-staff he had put into their hands.

<sup>13</sup> *Suffer your bilder to fail you.*] I know not what bilder means. Taking it in the sense, as I said just now, of a walking-staff, then instead of bilder, it will be, suffer your horse (which we often call one's walking-cane) to fail you. It is in French, *courtant*, a crop-eared or bob-tail horse. *Judicet lector.* (The probable meaning is, that they got out of the reach of Gargantua's blows. A bilder is a kind of heavy beetle or pounding staff.)

<sup>14</sup> *Cahusac.*] An estate in the Agenois, then belonging to Louis, Baron d'Estissac. This *Cahusac* is again mentioned, l. 4, c. 52.

<sup>15</sup> *I had rather drink.*] The poor man having been so often catch'd by the young Gargantua, did not dare any more to make a direct answer.

<sup>16</sup> *Laugh like a swarm of flies.*] Confusedly, like the buzzing of flies.

whilst he kissed and embraced him, he asked many childish questions of him about divers matters, and drank very freely with him and with his governesses, of whom in great earnest he asked, amongst other things, whether they had been careful to keep him clean and sweet? To this Gargantua answered, that he had taken such a course for that himself, that in all the country there was not to be found a cleaner boy than he. How is that, said Grangousier? I have, answered Gargantua, by a long and curious experience, found out a means to wipe my bum, the most lordly, the most excellent, and the most convenient that ever was seen. What is that, said Grangousier, how is it? I will tell you by and by, said Gargantua. Once I did wipe me with a gentlewoman's velvet mask, and found it to be good; for the softness of the silk was very voluptuous and pleasant to my fundament. Another time with one of their hoods, and in like manner that was comfortable. At another time with a lady's neckkerchief, and after that I wiped me with some carpieces of hers made of crimson satin, but there was such a number of golden spangles in them (turdy round things, a pox take them) that they fetched away all the skin off my tail with a vengeance. Now I wish St. Anthony's fire burn the bum-gut of the goldsmith that made them, and of her that wore them! This hurt I cured by wiping myself with a page's cap, garnished with a feather after the Switzers' fashion.

Afterwards, in dunging behind a bush, I found a March-cat, and with it I wiped my breech, but her claws were so sharp that they scratched and exulcerated all my perineæ. Of this I recovered the next morning thereafter, by wiping myself with my mother's gloves, of a most excellent perfume and scent of the Arabian Benin.<sup>1</sup> After that I wiped me with sage, with fennel, with anise, with marjorum, with roses, with gourd-leaves, with beets, with colwort, with leaves of the vine-tree, with mallows, wool-blade,<sup>2</sup> which is a tail-scarlet, with

<sup>1</sup> *Benin.*] The Arabian gum called *berfinne*: so Cotgrave renders Rabelais's word *maujoin*, which M. le Duchat says is the same thing as *benjoin*, only called *maujoin* by way of antiphrasis, or the rule of contraries.

<sup>2</sup> *Wool-blade.*] *Verbasce*. Its leaf, which is large and broad, is covered with a prickly down, which makes Rabelais call it tail-scarlet, because it inflames the place it touches, and makes it look red.



lettuce and with spinage leaves. All this did very great good to my leg. Then with mercury, with pursly,<sup>3</sup> with nettles, with comfrey, but that gave me the bloody flux of Lombardy, which I healed by wiping me with my braguette. Then I wiped my tail in the sheets, in the coverlet, in the curtains, with a cushion, with arras hangings, with a green carpet, with a table cloth, with a napkin, with a handkerchief, with a combing cloth; in all which I found more pleasure than do the mangy dogs when you rub them. Yea, but, said Grangousier, which torchet did you find to be the best? I was coming to it, said Gargantua, and by and by shall you hear the *tu autem*, and know the whole mystery and knot of the matter. I wiped myself with hay, with straw, with thatch-rushes, with flax, with wool, with paper, but,

Who his foul tail with paper wipes,  
Shall at his ballocks leave some chips.

What, said Grangousier, my little rogue, hast thou been at the pot, that thou dost rhyme already? Yes, yes, my lord the king, answered Gargantua, I can rhyme gallantly, and rhyme till I become hoarse with rheum. Mark, what our privy says to the skiters:

Shittard  
Squittard  
Crakard  
Turdous,  
Thy bung  
Hath slung  
Some dung  
On us :  
Filthard  
Cackard  
Stinkard,

St. Anthony's fire seize on thy  
toane [boane ?]

<sup>3</sup> *Pursly*.] *Persiquiere* in the original, which signifies not pursly, but what we English call arse-smart. This I have often recommended to the country fellows for a wipe-brush, and have been well diverted and not a little cursed for my advice. This simple, says Duchat, is called in Latin, *persicaria*. Lobel, in his *Adversaria Nova*, p. 131. "Gallis culraige vocatum est (he is speaking of the *persicaria*). ut cujus folia, quæ quis podici (honor sit auribus) abstergerendi causa affricuerint, inurant rabiem clunibus, sive, ut loquuntur legules, culo."

If thy  
 Dirty  
 Dounby  
 Thou do not wipe, ere  
 thou be gone.

Will you have any more of it? Yes, yes, answered Grangousier. Then, said Gargantua,

A RONDEAU.

In shitting yesterday I did know  
 The sess I to my arse did owe :  
 The smell was such came from that slunk,  
 That I was with it all bestunk :  
 O had but then some brave Signor  
 Brought her to me I waited for,  
 In shitting !  
 I would have cleft her water-gap,  
 And join'd it close to my flip-flap,  
 Whilst she had with her fingers guarded  
 My foul nockandrow, all bemedded  
 In shitting.

Now say that I can do nothing ! By the Merdi,<sup>4</sup> they are not of my making, but I heard them of this good old grandam, that you see here, and ever since have retained them in the budget of my memory.

Let us return to our purpose, said Grangousier. What, said Gargantua, to skite ? No, said Grangousier, but to wipe our tail. But, said Gargantua, will not you be content to pay a puncheon of Breton wine,<sup>5</sup> if I do not blank and gravel you in this matter, and put you to a non-plus ? Yes truly, said Grangousier.

<sup>4</sup> *Merdi*.] Instead of *mort Dieu*, Cotgrave says. The old Dutch scholiast says it is equivalent to marmes, which Cotgrave says is a rustical Languedoc oath for mon ame, or mon ame, and to merdigues, which Cotgrave likewise interprets mother or mercy of God, another rustical oath or interjection. Be all this as it may, it is certain that *par la merd *, is a very proper allusion to the subject of this chapter.

<sup>5</sup> *A puncheon of Breton wine*.] *Bussart de Vin Breton*. In Anjou they call a bussart a half-pipe of wine ; and what they call Breton wine is the best wine that grows in the whole Peninsula formed about Chinon by the Loire and the Vienne. It has this name belike from the Bretons (people of Bretagne) carrying it all off, as they usually do, for their own drinking.

There is no need of wiping one's tail, said Gargantua, but when it is foul; foul it cannot be, unless one have been a skiting; skite then we must, before we wipe our tails. O my pretty little waggish boy, said Grangousier, what an excellent wit thou hast? I will make thee very shortly proceed doctor in the jovial quirks of gay learning and that, by G—, for thou hast more wit than age. Now, I prythee, go on in this torcheculatif, or wipe-bummatory discourse, and by my beard, I swear, for ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> punchcon, thou shalt have threescore pipes, I mean of the good Breton wine; not that which grows in Britain, but in the good country of Verron.<sup>6</sup> Afterwards I wiped my bum, said Gargantua, with a kerchief, with a pillow, with a pantoufle, with a pouch, with a pannier, but that was a wicked and unpleasant torchceul; then with a hat. Of hats, note, that some are shorn, and others shaggy, some velveted, others covered with tassities, and others with satin. The best of all these is the shaggy hat, for it makes a very neat abstersion of the fecal matter.

Afterwards I wiped my tail with a hen, with a cock, with a pullet, with a calf's skin, with a hare, with a pigeon, with a cormorant, with an attorney's bag, with a montero, with a coif, with a falconer's lure. But, to conclude, I say and maintain, that of all torchceuls, arsewisps, bumfodders, tail napkins, bung-hole cleansers, and wipe-breeches, there is none in the world comparable to the neck of a goose, that is well downed, if you hold her neck betwixt your legs. And believe me therein upon mine honour, for you will thereby feel in your knuckle a most wonderful pleasure, both in regard of the softness of the said down, and of the temperate heat of the goose, which is easily communicated to the bum-gut, and the rest of the

<sup>6</sup> *Not that which grows in Britain, but in the good country of Verron.* The Pais de Verron is all that peninsula from the confluence of the Loire and the Vienne, as far as the territory of Chimon, inclusive; and it is indeed there that the good Breton wine grows, and not in Bretagne; where, if what is related of King Francis I. be no fable, it may be said, that the best grapes are not worth a rush. No, not in the neighbourhood of Rennes itself, which is not the worst situated of any city of Bretagne. The forementioned Francis I. related it as a matter of fact, that a dog belonging to M. Ruzé, a councillor of Rennes, having eaten but one bunch of grapes, near Rennes, fell that moment to barking at the vinestock, by way of protesting that he would revenge himself for the belly-ache, which the sourness of the grapes had given him. See last chapter of tales of Eutrapel.

inwards, in so far as to come even to the regions of the heart and brains. 'And think not, that the felicity of the heroes and demigods in the Elysian fields consisteth either in their Asphodels, Ambrosia, or Nectar, as our old women here used to say; but in this, according to my judgment, that they wipe their tails with the neck of a goose, holding her head betwixt their legs, and such is the opinion of Master John of Scotland,<sup>7</sup> alias Scotus.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### *How Gargantua was taught Latin by a sophister.*

THE good man Grangousier having heard this discourse, was ravished with admiration, considering the high reach, and marvellous understanding of his son Gargantua, and said to his governesses, Philip King of Macedon knew the wit of his son Alexander, by his skilful managing of a horse; for his horse Bucephalus was so fierce and unruly, that none durst adventure to ride him, after that he had given to his riders such devilish falls, breaking the neck of this man, the other man's leg, braining one, and putting another out of his jaw-bone. This by Alexander being considered, one day in the hippodrome, (which was a place appointed for the breaking and managing of great horses,) he perceived that the fury of the horse proceeded merely from the fear he had of his own shadow, whereupon getting on his back, he run him against the sun, so that the shadow fell behind, and by that means tamed the horse, and brought him to his hand. Whereby his father, knowing the divine judgment that was in him, caused him most carefully to be instructed by Aristotle, who at that time was highly renowned above all the philosophers of Greece. After the same manner I tell you, that by this only discourse, which now I have here had before you with my son Gargantua, I know that his understanding doth participate of some divinity, and that if he be well taught, and have that education which is fitting, he will attain to a supreme degree of wisdom. Therefore will I commit him to

<sup>7</sup> *Master John of Scotland.*] Many have taken this subtile doctor, John, to be a Scotchman, and that Duns was the name of his family. Leland, from good authorities, and after him Pitseus, say it is a vulgar error. John, according to them, was born at Dunstan, vulgarly Dyns, a village about three English miles from Alnwick, in Northumberland. His family name was Scot, but his country was England.

some learned man, to have him indoctrinated according to his capacity, and will spare no cost. Presently they appointed him a great sophister-doctor, called Master Tubal Holofernes,<sup>1</sup> who taught him his A. B. C. so well, that he could say it by heart backwards; and about this he was five years and three months. Then read he to him Donat.<sup>2</sup> to Facet,<sup>3</sup> Theodolêt, and Alanus in *parabolis*. About this he was thirteen years, six months, and two weeks. But you must remark, that in the mean time he did learn to write in Gothic characters, and that he wrote all his books,—for the art of printing was not then in use,—and did ordinarily carry a great pen and inkhorn, weighing about seven thousand quintals, (that is 700,000 pounds weight,) the pence whereof was as big and as long as the great pillar of Enay,<sup>4</sup> and the horn was hanging to it in great iron chains, it being of the wideness of a tun of merchant ware. After that he read unto him the book *de Modis significandi*,<sup>5</sup> with the commentaries of Hurbise,<sup>6</sup> of Fasquin, of Tropdicux, of Gaulhaut, of John Calf, of Billonio, of Berlinguandus, and a rabble of others;

<sup>1</sup> *Tubal Holofernes.*] Supposed by M. le Duchat to be a sham name of Rabelais's own inventing.

<sup>2</sup> *Donat.*] *Æli Donati de octo partibus Orationis Libellus.*

<sup>3</sup> *Le Facet, &c.*] These three treatises are part of the *Auctores octo morales*, in Latin verse, printed with their Gloss. (also in Latin) at Lyons, (anno 1490,) by John Fabri. The author of Facetus, or of the book called Mr. Merryman, (if you will,) was one Reinerus Allemannus, quoted by the vocabulist Hugutio, who died about the year 1212. See in Duchat a further account of these school-books, of which Alanus in *Parabolis* is the best. He died in 1189.

<sup>4</sup> *The great pillar of Enay.*] There are four such pillars. At Lyons, there is an abbey called Enay; or, as it should be written, Ainay, built on the ruins of the ancient Athenæum, or Temple of Augustus, at the point and mouth of the Rhone and Soane, famous for several antiquities still to be seen there; but there is nothing more remarkable than these pillars, which, because of their being spotted red and white, are reckoned by the people of Lyons to be an artificial made stone.

<sup>5</sup> *De modis significandi.*] One John de Garlandia, alias Garlandria, an Englishman, of the 11th century, wrote this book, which Erasmus speaks, but contemptuously of in his *Discourse de Colloquiorum utilitate*, printed after his *Colloquia*. See also Babelin's *Opuscula*.

<sup>6</sup> *Hurbise, &c.*] Some of these names were forged by Rabelais, such as Hurbise, quasi Heurter la bise, beating the air, as if he was such an impertinent writer, that the reading him would be throwing away one's time without any advantage, &c. As for the rest, I must refer the reader to M. le Duchat; and if he is any thing curious to know the characters of those authors and books, he will take delight in reading what Duchat says of them in his own language, than which nothing is

and herein he spent more than eighteen years and eleven months, and was so well versed in it, that, to try masteries in school disputes with his condisciples, he would recite it by heart backwards; and did sometimes prove on his finger ends to his mother, quod de modis significandi non erat scientia. Then did he read to him the compost, for knowing the age of the moon, the seasons of the year, and tides of the sea, on which he spent sixteen years and two months. and that justly at the time that, his said Preceptor died of the French pox, which was in the year one thousand four hundred and twenty.<sup>7</sup> Afterwards he got an old coughing fellow to teach him, named Master Jobelin Bridé, or muzzled dolt, who read unto him Hugutio, Hebrard's *Grecisme*,<sup>8</sup> the Doctrinal, the Parts, the Quid est, the Supplementum, Marmotret, De Moribus in mensa servandis; Senecæ de quatuor virtutibus cardinalibus; Passavantus cum commento,<sup>9</sup> and more easy to be understood, though the text of Rabelais is difficult enough.

<sup>7</sup> *In the year one thousand, &c.* Thus given by Rabelais —

Et feut l'an mil quatre cens vint  
De la verole qui luy vint.

Two lines of Marot's, in his epitaph on the cordelier Jean Lévêque, of Orleans.

<sup>8</sup> *Hugutio, Hebrard, &c.* Ugutio, Bishop of Ferrara. author of a grammar; Ebrard's (of Béthune) *Grecisme*, a work written in 1112, and still in use, at the time of Erasmus; the *Doctrinal*, a Latin grammar, written about 1212, by Alexander of Villedieu; the *Parts*, instruction divided according to the eight parts of speech; the *Quid est*, instruction in question and answer; the *Supplementum*, Philippe de Bergame's *Supplementum Chronicorum*; Marmotret, Marchesin's *Mammetractus, sive expositio in singulis libris Biblie*; De Moribus in mensa servandis, a treatise of Jean Sulpice, of Veroli, a writer of the 15th century; Seneca, a pseudonym of Martin, Bishop of Brague, in 583.

<sup>9</sup> *Passavantus cum commento.* James Passavant, a celebrated Jacobin of Florence, lived about the close of the 14th century. He wrote the *Specchio di Penitenza*, so highly in esteem among the Tuscans for the purity of its style. He had not the same talent for Latin; witness the short notes which he added to the commentaries of two other Jacobins, Thomas Valois and Nicholas Trivet, on St. Augustine's City of God. It is notorious how Vives has rallied them all three, especially poor James Passavant. "At Thomæ Valois," says he, "et Nicolao Trivet prodiit velut succenturiatus Jacobus Passavantius, quem nomen ipsum indicat fuisse scurrum aliquem festivum qui sodalium totum oblectabat, cui, ut credo, per jocum lusumque nomen Passavant est à reliquis fratribus inditum." Vives, who understood French very well, thought there was something comical in Passavant's name, and indeed

Dormi securè,<sup>10</sup> for the holidays, and some other of such like meally stuff, by reading whereof he became as wise as any we ever since baked in an oven.<sup>11</sup>

## CHAPTER XV.

*How Gargantua was put under other schoolmasters.*

AT the last his father perceived, that indeed he studied hard, and that, although he spent all his time in it, he did nevertheless profit nothing, but which is worse, grew thereby foolish, simple, doted and blockish, whereof making a heavy regret to Don Philip of Marays, Viceroy or Depute King of Papefigosse,<sup>1</sup> he found that it were better for him to learn nothing at all, than to be taught such like books, under such schoolmasters; because their knowledge was nothing but brutishness, and their wisdom but blunt foppish toys, serving only to bastardise good and noble spirits, and to corrupt all the flower of youth. That it is so, take, said he, any young boy of this time, who hath only studied two years; if he have not a better judgment, a better discourse, and that expressed in better terms than your son, with a completer it sounds a little like Trutavant, &c. [Trut, an interjection, importing indignation; tush, tut, fie, man; trut avant, pshaw, go along—a fig's end, no such matter.] Rabelais, by another jeu de mots, in saying Passavantus instead of Passavantius, alludes to *pas savant*, (ignorant,) and has ludicrously added *cum commento*, a way of speaking usually in those days employed, when they had a mind to say that a thing was well-conditioned, and nothing wanting.

<sup>10</sup> *Dormi Securè, &c.*] The Sermons intituled *Dormi Securè*; or, *Sermones de Sanctis per Annum satis notabiles et utiles omnibus Sacerdotibus, Pastoribus et Capellanis, qui Dormi Securè*; or *Dormi sine curâ sunt nuncupati*, eò quod absque magno studio faciliter possint incorporari et populo prædicari, were printed in 1486, at Nuremberg, by Ant. Koberger; at Paris, in 1503, by John Petit; afterwards at Lyons, by John Vincle; and lastly at Cologne, in 1612, and in 1615, by John Crithius, with notes by Rodolph Clutius, a Jacobin. Luke Wading, de Scriptoribus Ordinis Minoraticæ, informs us that Matthew Huss, a cordelier, and a German, wrote the *Dormi Securè*. [These sermons were written for the use of Poor Preachers, who were thus enabled to sleep soundly, without care for the morrow's homily, which was provided to their hand.]

<sup>11</sup> *He became as wise as any, &c.*] It means Gargantua, after three-score and odd years' study, was no wiser, nor his bread better baked (to use Rabelais's metaphor) than ours, who set in but yesterday.

<sup>1</sup> *Papefigosse.*] An imaginary country, called Papefigosse, from a supposition that the inhabitants of it dwell there in perfect liberty, even to the ridiculing the pope (se gauser du pape) with impunity.

carriage and civility to all manner of persons, account me for ever hereafter a very clounch, and bacon slicer of Brene.<sup>2</sup> This pleased Grangousier very well, and he commanded that it should be done. At night at supper, the said Des Marays brought in a young page of his, of Ville-gouges,<sup>3</sup> called Eudemon, so neat, so trim, so handsome in his apparel, so spruce, with his hair in so good order, and so sweet and comely in his behaviour, that he had the resemblance of a little angel more than of a human creature. Then he said to Grangousier, do you see this young boy? He is not as yet full twelve years old. Let us try, if it please you, what difference there is betwixt the knowledge of the doting Mateologians<sup>4</sup> of old time, and the young lads that are now. The trial pleased Grangousier, and he commanded the page to begin. Then Eudemon, asking leave of the Viceroy his master so to do, with his cap in his hand, a clear and open countenance, beautiful and ruddy lips, his eyes steady, and his looks fixed upon Gargantua, with a youthful modesty, standing up straight on his feet, began very gracefully to commend him; first, for his virtue and good manners; secondly, for his knowledge; thirdly, for his nobility; fourthly, for his bodily accomplishments: and, in the fifth place, most sweetly exhorted him to reverence his father with all due observancy, who was so careful to have him well brought up. In the end he prayed him, that he would vouchsafe to admit of him amongst the least of his servants; for other favour at that time desired he none of heaven, but that he might do him some grateful and acceptable service. All this was by him delivered with such proper gestures, such distinct pronunciation, so pleasant a delivery, in such exquisite fine terms, and so good Latin, that he seemed rather a Gracchus, a Cicero, an Æmilius of the time past, than a youth of this age. But all the countenance that Gargantua kept was, that he fell to crying like

<sup>2</sup> *Bacon-slicer of Brene.*] *Taille-bacon de la Brene.* Bacon-slicer, is as much as to say, a worthless fellow, though strictly a braggadochio a vapourer, a beater of a fast-tied cow, a breaker-down of open doors, such as trinc' amellos, a kernel-splitter, among the people of Toulouse. [See Diction. de la Langue Toulousaine, aux mots Amello et Trinca.] Bacon is as common a word, and means the same thing, in the Lyonnais, Dauphiny, Poitou, and Lorrain, as in England.—As for la Brene, mentioned above, it is a small territory of Touraine, where is Mezieres, otherwise St. Michael, in Brene.

<sup>3</sup> *Ville-gouges.*] A parish of Berri, two leagues from the river Indre.

<sup>4</sup> *Mateologians.*] A Greek word for vain discoursings.



a cow, and cast down his face, hiding it with his cap, nor could they possibly draw one word from him, no more than a fart from a dead ass. Whereat his father was so grievously vexed, that he would have killed Master Jobelin, but the said Des Marays withheld him from it by fair persuasions, so that at length he pacified his wrath. Then Grangousier commanded he should be paid his wages, that they should whittle him up soundly, like a sophister,<sup>5</sup> with good drink, and then give him leave to go to all the devils in hell. At least, said he, to day shall it not cost his host much, if by chance he should die as drunk as an Englishman.<sup>6</sup> Master Jobelin being gone out of the house, Grangousier consulted with the viceroy what schoolmaster they should choose for him, and it was betwixt them resolved, that Ponocrates, the tutor of Eudemon, should have the charge, and that they should go altogether to Paris, to know what was the study of the young men of France at that time.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*How Gargantua was sent to Paris, and of the huge Great Mare that he rode on; how she destroyed the ox-flies of the Beauce.*

IN the same season Fayoles,<sup>1</sup> the fourth King of Numidia,

<sup>5</sup> *Whittle him up soundly, like a sophister.*] It is in the original, *qu'on le fêist bien choppiner theologalement*, i. e. Make him ply the pot theologically. The sottishness of the old regents of the college (schoolmasters) and of the Sorbonnists of past ages, had given occasion to this proverbial expression. H. Stephens explains this tippling theologically, by drinking abundantly, and that too of the very best wine.

<sup>6</sup> *Drunk as an Englishman.*] Rabelais says, *Saoul comme ung Anglois*. The word *saoul* means as well glutted, cloyed, overcharged with eating as well as drinking. Saouler, to satiate, give a gorge full, &c. The English soldiers, and ordinary people are the fonder of wine, because there is none grows in their country, says M. de Duchat. That nation is moreover very carnivorous, (adds he,) great flesh-eaters, and they had for a long space ravaged France. \* At that time, when the French burghers could not, without extreme heart-breaking, behold the English gorging themselves with their substance, it was customary (as in the poet Cretins's epistle to King Francis I.) to call a rough, harsh creditor, an Englishman; sometimes (as in Marot) an unrelenting, hard-hearted bum-bailly, living at discretion upon a poor debtor, they would call un Anglois, an Englishman. It is to those times we are to refer this proverbial expression, which Erasmus had before taken notice of in his *Adages*, and which is also to be found in Rondeletius's *Physical Works*, c. 18, de *Sudoris excretionē*.

<sup>1</sup> *Fayoles.*] M. de Duchat declares he does not know who this

sent out of the country of Africa to Grangousier, the most hideous great mare that ever was seen, and of the strangest form, for you know well enough how it is said, that Africa always is productive of some new thing. She was as big as six elephants, and had her feet cloven into fingers, like Julius Cæsar's horse, with slouch-hanging ears, like the goats in Languedoc, and a little horn on her buttock. She was of a burnt sorrel hue, with a little mixture of dapple grey spots, but above all she had a horrible tail; for it was little more or less, than every whit as great as the steeple-pillar of St. Mark,<sup>2</sup> besides Langes: and squared as that is, with tufts, and ennicroches or hair-plaits wrought within one another, no otherwise than as the beards are upon the ears of corn.

If you wonder at this, wonder rather at the tails of the Scythian rams, which weighed above thirty pounds each, and of the Surian sheep, who need, if Tenaud<sup>3</sup> say true, a little cart at their heels to bear up their tail, it is so long and heavy. You female fachers in the plain countries have no such tails. As she was brought by sea in three carricks and a brigantine into the harbour of Olone in Thalmondoïs. When Grangousier saw her, "Here is," said he, "what is fit to carry my son to Paris. So now, in the name of God,

Fayoles is, unless he be of the house of Melet, of which there was, in 1587, one Bertrand de Melet de Fayoles Sieur de Neuvy. The 117th Epistle of John Bouchet begins thus:—

Ve, lettre, va pour moi porter parole

A Mousigneur Monsieur de la Fayole, &c.

M. le Duchat says that Rabelais, styling him *Quart-Roy*, or *Tetrarch*, designs some governor of a province. Sir T. U. translates, "*Fayoler, quart roy de Numidia*;" Fayoles, the fourth King of Numidia; as if he was the fourth of that name. If Rabelais had meant so, he would have said, *Fayoles quatre*, or *quatrieme*, as *Henry quatre*, or *quatrieme*, not *quart*, which signifies the fourth part of a thing; a quarter part.

<sup>2</sup> *St. Mark.*] Wrong. Read *St. Mars*, in Latin, *Martius*, and sometimes *Medardus*. See Duchat further on this head

<sup>3</sup> *Tenaud.*] It is said that the Abbot Guyet, by Tenaud, understood the geographer, Stephanus, in which he was mistaken, Stephanus, or Stephens, having related no such thing. It is Herodotus, l. 3, 4, 113, speaking of the sheep of Arabia; and after him Ælian, c. 4, l. 10, of *Animals*. Aristotle 8, *Animal*. 28, speaking of the tails of the Scythian sheep, says they are a cubit wide; but that is all he says of them. Thus Rabelais's Tenaud is in all likelihood some modern, named Stephen, or Stephens. Suria, as Rabelais speaks, according to the custom of the age he lived in, perhaps from the Italian, *Soria*, is the ancient Syria.

all will be well. He will in times coming be a great scholar. If it were not, my masters, for the beasts, we should live like clerks.<sup>4</sup> The next morning, after they drunk, you must understand, they took their journey; Gargantua, his pedagogue Ponocrates, and his train, and with them Eudemon the young page. And because the weather was fair and temperate, his father caused to be made for him a pair of dun boots; Babin calls them buskins. Thus did they merrily pass their time in travelling on their high way, always making good cheer, and were very pleasant till they came a little above Orleans, in which place there was a forest of five-and-thirty leagues long, and seventeen in breadth, or thereabouts. This forest was most horribly fertile and copious in dorflies, hornets, and wasps, so that it was a very purgatory for the poor mares, asses, and horses. But Gargantua's mare did avenge herself handsomely of all the outrages therein committed upon beasts of her kind, and that by a trick whereof they had no suspicion. For as soon as ever they were entered into the said forest, and that the wasps had given the assault, she drew out and unsheathed her tail, and therewith skirmishing, did so sweep them, that she overthrew all the wood alongst and athwart, here and there, this way and that way, longwise and sidewise, over and under, and felled every where the wood with as much ease, as the mower doth the grass, in such sort that never since hath there been there, neither wood, nor dorflies: for all the country was thereby reduced to a plain champagne field. Which Gargantua took great pleasure to behold, and said to his company no more but this, "Je trouve beau ce," I find this pretty; whereupon that country hath been ever

<sup>4</sup> *If it were not for the beasts, we should live like clerks.*] Froissart, in ch. 173 of the 2d vol. of Verard's edition, frankly says, The temporal lords would not know how to live or behave, and would be no better than mere beasts, or idiots, were it not for the clergy. But here Rabelais, to let us see what his opinion was as to the capacity of the clergy of his time, affects to mistake Froissart's words, as it were, to make Grangousier say, since he resolved his son should be a student, that, after all, the world might do very well without such a clergy, whose example was the occasion that nobody cared a pin for instruction, or concerned themselves about what might tend thereto.

<sup>5</sup> *Neither wood nor dorflies.*] The forest of Orleans is, however, still in being; but it had been newly felled at the time Rabelais speaks of, as they still continue from time to time to make great falls of timber and underwood, when it is too thick.

since that time called Beauce. But all the breakfast the mare got that day, was but a little yawning and gaping, in memory whereof the gentlemen of Beauce do as yet to this day break their fast with gaping,<sup>6</sup> which they find to be very good, and do spit the better for it. At last they came to Paris, where Gargantua refreshed himself two or three days, making very merry with his folks, and inquiring what men of learning there were then in the city, and what wine they drank there.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*How Gargantua paid his welcome to the Parisians, and now he took away the great Bells of our Lady's Church.*

SOME few days after that they had refreshed themselves, he went to see the city, and was beheld of every body there with great admiration; for the people of Paris are so sottish, so badot, so foolish and fond by nature, that a juggler, a carrier of indulgences, a sumpter-horse, or mule with cymbals, or tinkling bells, a blind fiddler in the middle of a cross lane, shall draw a greater confluence of people together, than an Evangelical preacher. And they pressed so hard upon him, that he was constrained to rest himself upon the towers of Our Lady's Church. At which place, seeing so many about him, he said with a loud voice, I believe that these buzzards will have me to pay them here my welcome hither, and my Proficiat. It is but good reason. I will now give them their wine, but it shall be only in sport. Then smiling, he untied his fair braguette, and drawing out his mentul into the open air, he so bitterly all-to-be-pissed them,<sup>1</sup> that he drowned two hundred and sixty thousand

<sup>6</sup> *Break their fast with gaping.*] Coquillart, in the Monologue of Perriwigs, speaking of certain people who dress out, and go very trim and jantée, though they want necessaries,

Et desjeuner tous les matins

Comme les escuiers de Beaulce.

And every morning break their fast.

Like gentlemen of Beauce.

That is to say, they gape and spit, as it is usual in a morning when one has not broke one's fast.

<sup>1</sup> *He so bitterly all-to-be-pissed them.*] King Francis I., if, however, it be true that Rabelais did design him by the name of Gargantua, had so many amiable qualities by nature, that the French were transported with joy at having him for their king; the Parisians, in particular, ad-

four hundred and eighteen, besides the women and little children. Some, nevertheless, of the company escaped this piss-flood by mere speed of foot, who, when they were at the higher end of the university, sweating, coughing, spitting, and out of breath, they began to swear and curse, some in good hot earnest, and others in jest. Carimari,<sup>2</sup> carimara : golynoly, golynolo. By my sweet Sanctesse, we are washed in sport, a sport truly to laugh at;—in French, *Par ris*, for which that city hath been ever since called Paris, whose name formerly was Leucotia, as Strabo testifieth, lib. quarto, from the Greek word λευκοτης, whiteness,—because of the white thighs of the ladies of that place. And forasmuch as, at this imposition of a new name, all the people that were there swore every one by the Sancts of his parish, the Parisians, which are patched up of all nations, and all pieces of countries, are by nature both good jurors, and good jurists, and somewhat overweening; whereupon Joanninus de Barrauco, libro de copiositate reverentiarum, thinks that they are called Parisians, from the Greek word παρηγοια which signifies boldness and liberty of speech.<sup>3</sup>

This done, he considered the great bells, which were in the said towers, and made them sound very harmoniously. Which whilst he was doing, it came into his mind, that they would

mired him. But soon after his accession to the crown, that prince, who was unprovided of the necessary funds for the war he was going to make in Italy, having created several new imposts, and established the venality of abundance of offices, all this together put a great damp on the hopes the Parisians had conceived of the easiness and mildness of his reign; and in all probability it is this that Rabelais means, in saying, he so bitterly all-to-be-pissed them, soon after his arrival in their city; that is to say he put such hardships and affronts upon them, that they had much ado to digest them.

<sup>2</sup> *Carimari.*] Confused, senseless sounds.

<sup>3</sup> *Boldness and liberty of speech.*] This opinion, which is refuted by Adrian de Valois, is one of those offered by Andrew Du Chesne, in ch. i. of his Antiquities of Paris, where it appears that he whom Rabelais means by Joanninus de Barrauco, or Barranco, as we read in Dulet's edition, must needs be William le Breton, who, in Lib. i. of his Philippid, thus speaks of the Parisians:—

Finibus egressi patriis, per Gallica rura  
Sedem quærebant ponendis mœnibus aptam,  
Et se Parrhisios dixerunt nomine Græco,  
Quod sonat expositum nostris Audacia verbis,  
Erroris causâ vitandi, nomine solo  
A quibus extiterant Francis distare volentes.

serve very well for tingling Tantans, and ringing Campanels, to hang about his mare's neck, when she should be sent back to his father, as he intended to do, loaded with Brie cheese, and fresh herring. And indeed he forthwith carried them to his lodging. In the meanwhile there came a master beggar of the friars of St. Anthony, to demand in his canting way the usual benevolence of some hoggish stuff, who, that he might be heard afar off, and to make the bacon he was in quest of shake in the very chimnies, made account to filch them away privily. Nevertheless, he left them behind very honestly, not for that they were too hot, but that they were somewhat too heavy for his carriage. This was not he of Bourg, for he was too good a friend of mine.

All the city was risen up in sedition, they being, as you know, upon any slight occasion, so ready to upfoars and insurrections, that foreign nations wonder at the patience of the kings of France, who do not by good justice restrain them from such tumultuous courses, seeing the manifold inconveniences which thence arise from day to day. Would to God, I knew the shop wherein are forged these divisions and factious combinations, that I might bring them to light in the confraternities of my parish! Believe for a truth, that the place wherein the people gathered together, were thus sulphured, hopurymated, moiled, and be-pissed, was called Nesle, where then was, but now is no more, the Oracle of Leucetia.<sup>4</sup> There was the case proposed, and the inconvenience showed of the transporting of the bells. After they had well ergoted pro and con, they concluded in baralipton, that they should send the oldest and most sufficient of the faculty unto Gargantua, to signify unto him the great and horrible prejudice they sustain'd by the want of those bells. And notwithstanding the good reasons given in by some of the university, why this charge was fitter for an orator than

<sup>4</sup> *Oracle of Leucetia.*] The goddess Isis is reckoned to have been the tutelar deity of the Parisians, when they were in the state of Paganism. The idol which they had consecrated to her was still subsisting, and in good condition, in the abbey of St. Germain des Prez, at the beginning of the 16th century; but in 1514 it was taken away, by order of William Bricconnet, Bishop of Meaux, and Abbot of Saint Germain, who put up in the room of it a red cross. As for this idol, her statue, which was tall and erect, rough, and discoloured with age, was placed against the wall, on the north side, where the crucifix of the church stands, and it was naked, except some drapery in a certain place or two.

a sophister, there was chosen for this purpose our Master Janotus de Bragmardo.<sup>5</sup>

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*How Janotus de Bragmardo was sent to Gargantua, to recover the Great Bells.*

MASTER Janotus, with his hair cut round like a dish à la Cæsarine, in his most antic *accoutrement* liriptionated with a graduate's hood, and, having sufficiently antidoted his stomach with oven marmalades, that is, bread and holy water of the cellar, transported himself to the lodging of Gargantua, driving before him three red muzzled beadles, and dragging after him five or six artless masters,<sup>1</sup> all tho-

<sup>5</sup> *Janotus de Bragmardo.*] Vallambert d'Avalon, physician and poet, is the author of some Latin epigrams, among which are some against one Janotus, a very tedious fatiguing orator. The surname of de Bragmardo puts me in mind of John le Cornu, to whom the poet Villon, in his (little) Will and Testament, bequeaths his *Branc d'Acier*, (cutlass I take it,) a word which Marot, in the margin of his edition, renders Braquemard, and which Cotgrave says, as I said before, is a sort of wood knife, hanger, whineyard, couteau. The famous M. Sarrasin, who understood Rabelais (*qui savoit bien son Rabelais*, an expression become as proverbial in France, as with us, to understand Trap; I do not mean Dr. Trapp) had his eye to this passage in his Greedy Gut's last Will and Testament, (a notorious parasite, Peter de Montmaur, whom Sarasin calls Goulu.)

Pour Janotus, mon viel ami,  
Sera mon gentil Braquemart;  
Puis encor Theca Calami,  
Qu' indoctes nomment calemart.

My friend, Janotus, when I'die,  
Shall have my fine Couteau.  
Item, my Theca Calami,  
(Or pen-case, you must know,  
For so by the indoct 'tis call'd, &c.)

<sup>1</sup> *Artless Masters.*] M. le Duchat has two or three very pretty remarks on these artless masters, (*Maitres Inertes*, as Rabelais ludicrously calls them,) but I have neither room nor time allowed me to get them into this edition; so they must be kept, as well as several others, no less curious, till another occasion offers. Operators for the booksellers are forced oftentimes to shrug up their shoulders, and say to them, as the Italian phrase is, *Voi sete Padroni*, when they cannot help themselves, nor have interest enough to get a subscription, as was my case, who could get but thirty subscribers to my translation of the Roman History, and one that came after me got five hundred to his. He has made his fortune by a false translation, and I have lost scores of pounds by a true one. But what was most provoking, though ridiculously partial

roughly bedaggled with the mire of the streets. At their entry Ponocrates met them, who was afraid, seeing them so disguised, and thought they had been some maskers out of their wits, which moved him to inquire of one of the said artless masters of the company, what this mummerly meant? It was answered him, that they desired to have their bells restored to them. As soon as Ponocrates heard that, he ran in all haste to carry the news unto Gargantua, that he might be ready to answer them, and speedily resolve what was to be done. Gargantua being advertised hereof, called apart his schoolmaster Ponocrates, Philotinus steward of his house, Gymnastes his esquire, and Eudemon, and very summarily conferred with them, both of what he should do, and what answer he should give. They were all of opinion that they should bring them unto the goblet-office, which is the buttery, and there make them drink like roysters, and line their jackets soundly. And that this cougher might not be puffed up with vain glory, by thinking the bells were restored at his request, they sent, whilst he was chopining and plying the pot, for the major of the city, the rector of the faculty, and the vicar of the church, unto whom they resolved to deliver the bells, before the sophister had propounded his commission. After that, in their hearing, he should pronounce his gallant oration, which was done; and they being come, the sophister was brought in full hall, and began as followeth, in coughing.

## CHAPTER XIX.

*The Oration of Master Janotus de Bragmardo, for the recovery of the Bells.*

HEM, hem, gud-day, sirs, gud-day.<sup>1</sup> Et vobis, my masters at the same time, some would not subscribe to mine, because I had dedicated it to Sir R. W., and others refused, because I had wrote a criticism to expose the blunders of a court chaplain.

<sup>1</sup> *Hem, hem, gud-day, sir, gud-day.*] In the original it runs, *Ehen hen, hen, Mnadies, Monsieur, Mngdies.* On which M. le Duchat observes, that what made Janotus cough thus, before he began his speech, was neither the great age of that doctor, nor the great quantity of bread he had eaten at home, or at Gargantua's. It was a piece of premeditated affectation, to imitate the famous preacher Oliver Maillard, who in his time was wont to cough at the principal passages of his sermons. The minister Faucheur, p. 81, of the treatise of the action of an orator, mistakingly ascribed by many to M. Goussart, says, <sup>A</sup> As for coughing, there were heretofore preachers of so odd a fancy, as to cough in their



ters. It were but reason that you should restore to us our bells; for we have great need of them. Hem, hem, aihfuhash. We have often-times heretofore refused good money for them of those of London, in Cahors,<sup>2</sup> yea and those of Bourdeaux in Brie, who would have bought them for the substantific quality of the 'elementary complexion, which is intronicated in the terrestreity of their quidditative nature, to extrancize the blasting mists, and whirlwinds upon our vincts, indeed not ours, but these round about us. For if we lose the plet and liquor of the grape, we lose all, both sense and law. If you restore them unto us at my request, I shall gain it by six basketfuls of sausages, and a fine pair of breeches, which will do my legs a great deal of good, or else they will not keep their promise to me. Ho by gob, Domine, a pair of breeches is good, et vir sapiens non abhorrebit eam. Ha, ha, a pair of breeches is not so easily got; I have experience of it myself. Consider Domine, I have been these eighteen days in matagrabolising<sup>3</sup> this brave speech. Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari, et quæ sunt Dei, Deo. Ibi jacet lepus. By my faith, Domine, if you

sermons without the least occasion, but only because they thought it gave a grace and weight to their words; witness Oliver Maillard, who, in a sermon preached at Bruges, 1500, marked the places of his sermon where he designed a cough, by putting down hem, hem, hen, as is still to be seen in the printed copies; which gave occasion to the pretended Vigneul Marville, an inexact copier of this place, to say, that had it not been for this example, people would perhaps never have dreamed of such a thing as a coughing eloquence." But to proceed, "as for the mnadics, with which old Janotus begins his oration, nothing can be better fancied, since such an impertinent and senseless pronunciation of bona dies equally shows the faltering of a drunkard, and the vicious and barbarous way of speaking which prevailed in the schools before the restitution of polite literature. Besides, could any thing be more sottish, than for this pedant to begin a speech to his prince with a bona dies? (good day to you.) And lastly, did it not argue great want of sense, to revive the ridiculous custom of the Menots and Maillards to speak sometimes French and sometimes Latin in the same discourse?"

<sup>2</sup> London in Cahors, &c.] *Londres en Cahors, &c.*, a wiper for those who venture to speak of things beyond their understanding. They make as many blunders as they speak words.

<sup>3</sup> Matagrabolising.] A word forged at pleasure, and signifies the studying or writing of vain things. When Rabelais coined this word, says M. le Duchat, he had in his eye these three, μάταιος ineptus, γράφω scribo, and βάλλω jacio, from whence making ματαιογραφο-βαλίζειν ineptas scriptiones mittere, he afterwards formed his French matagraboliser.

will sup with me in cameris,<sup>4</sup> by cox body, charitatis, nos faciemus bonum cherubin.<sup>5</sup> Ego occidi unum porcum, et ego habet bonum vino :<sup>6</sup> but of good wine we cannot make bad Latin.<sup>7</sup> Well, de parte Dei date nobis bellas nostras.

<sup>4</sup> *Cameris, &c.*] The camera charitatis is the chamber where the mendicants make good cheer with the tid-bits given them out of charity.

<sup>5</sup> *Bonum cherubin.*] We shall make good cheer, and by banging the bottle about shall make our faces cherubical. So these words really signified heretofore in the school of Paris; and for a proof that this fine Latin was yet in vogue amongst the scholars at the beginning of Francis the First's reign, we have Maturin Cordier (Corderius) reproving and correcting this barbarous locution, three times or more, in his dialogues, *De corrupti Sermonis Emendatione*, printed for the first time in 1531.

<sup>6</sup> *Ego habet bonum vino.*] These are indeed Rabelais's words, and it may be imagined by some, that he carried the railery too far, or at least had only a view to the theologians, with respect to that maxim, non debent verba cœlestis oraculi subesse regulis Donati; (St. Gregory towards the close of the preface of his morality.) But there is no such thing; and it is most certainly true, that abundance of doctors in all faculties did maintain, what pronouns of the first person might, without incongruity, be joined with the third person of a verb. "Incredibile prope dictu est," says Freigius in Ramus's life, "sed tamen verum, et editis libris proditum, in Parisiensi Academia Doctores exstitisse, qui mordicus tuerentur ac defenderent, *Ego amat*, tam commodam orationem esse, quàm, *Ego amo*, ad eamque pertinaciam comprimendam consilio publico opus fuisse." One would be at a loss to guess at the grounds of these doctors' opinion, which was, however, at length solemnly condemned by the Sorbonne, and by the divinity faculty of Oxford, had not Agrippa informed us, that they built this extravagant notion of theirs on the Hebrew text of two passages of the Old Testament, bringing in God speaking of himself. (One in Isaiah, c. xxxviii. v. 5. *Ecce Ego addet super dies tuos, &c.* Behold, I will add unto thy days, &c. For he does not say, *addam*, but *addet*. The other in Malachi, c. i. v. 6. If I be a master, where is my fear? He does not say *Dominus ego*, but *Domini ego*.) See more of this in Duchat's quotation out of Cornelius Agrippa, de Vanitate Scientiarum, c. 3, though by the way, Agrippa did not paraphrase what Erasmus had before glanced at concerning this merry contest, in his *Moriæ Encomium*.

<sup>7</sup> *But of good wine we cannot make bad Latin.*] *De bon vin, on ne peult faire mauvais Latin.* It is certain, bating the falseness of the concord, whether we say bonum vino, or bonus vina, as in Dolet's edition, we understand that good wine is what is meant, as easily as if we say bonum vinum. Now, according to the Canonists, it sufficeth if we be understood. Ask them whether it is a baptism to say, omne atris et ilii, &c., instead of nomine patris et filii, &c. They will tell you no, and that such a diminution hinders it from being a baptism; for, say they, the sense and meaning is removed and changed, for atris does not signify father, nor ilii, son; ergo, such baptism is null. But

Hold, I give you in the name of the faculty a Sermones de Utino,<sup>8</sup> that utinam you will give us our bells. Vultis etiam pardonos? Per diem<sup>9</sup> vos habebitis, et nihil payabitis.

O Sir, Domine, bellagivaminor<sup>10</sup> nobis; verily, est bonum urbis. They are useful to everybody. If they fit your mare well, so do they do our faculty; quæ comparata est jumentis insipientibus, et similis facta est cis, Psalmi nescio quo.<sup>11</sup> Yet did I quote it in my note-book, et est unum bonum Achilles,<sup>12</sup> a good defending argument. Hem, hem, if this diminution be at the end of the word, as if the *s* be taken from patris, by saying patri, or the like, such diminution does not hinder the baptism; for one and the same sense remains in the words, but then the intention of saying them aright must go along with them. Of this we have an example in a decree de consecr. dist. 4 cap. retulerunt: a priest ignorant in the Latin tongue, baptizeth a child thus, in Nomina Patria et Filia Spiritum Sancta, amen. In this decree the Pope says, the child was baptized; considering the priest was a very devout man, and had an intention to speak aright, and only failed through ignorance and inscience.

<sup>8</sup> *A Sermones de Utino, &c.*] Allusion of the word utinam to the name Utinum or Udino, the chief city of Friuli, and the country of a Dominican monk, who published a huge volume of sermons under the title of "Sermones aurei de Sanctis Fr. Leonardi de Utino, printed first in 1473, at Venice; reprinted in 1496, again 1503, at Lyons; then again here in 1517. In order to understand this passage of Janotus's speech, we need but suppose, that as these sermons were very much in vogue, the faculty, who thought to please the prince's taste, being persuaded that Gargantua might be prevailed on to restore the bells, if at the same time that they besought him so to do, they presented him with a copy of Utino's sermons. The pedant Janotus thought he could not more properly tender his present, than by accompanying, with an affectionate Utinam, the most humble petition which, he made to Gargantua to restore the bells of the church of Notre Dame.

<sup>9</sup> *Per diem.*] He swears per diem (by day) not daring to swear per Deum; and Beza is still more facetious, when in swearing per diem in his Passavantius, he adds, sicut dicit David, as if that would save his oath, by favour of the 6th verse of the 121st Psalm. The sun shall not smite thee by day, &c.

<sup>10</sup> *Bellagivaminor.*] In the original, Clochidonnaminor fobis, [Let our bells (Cloches, in French) be given us.]

<sup>11</sup> *Psalmi nescio quo.*] A rare textuary, this Master Janotus! These words are in Psalm 49, "et homo cum in honore esset, non intellexit; comparatus est jumentis insipientibus et similis factus est illis." His applying this passage to the university of Paris, is, because having abused their too great authority to the exciting several mutinies in preceding reigns, they were now somewhat curbed in comparison of what they were in those times.

<sup>12</sup> *Est unum bonum Achilles.*] He means that his argument, taken from the Psalm, was invincible, like a second Achilles. Vives, in his

hem, haikhash ! For I prove unto you, that you should give me them. Ego sic argumentor. Omnis bella bellabilis in bellerio bellando, bellans bellativo, bellare facit, bellabiliter bellantes. Parisius habet bellas. Ergo gluc.<sup>13</sup> Ha, ha, ha. This is spoken to some purpose. It is in tertio primæ, in Darii, or elsewhere. By my soul, I have seen the time that I could play the devil in arguing, but now I am much failed, and henceforward want nothing but a cup of good wine, a good bed, my back to the fire, my belly to the table, and a good deep dish. Hei, Domine, I beseech you, in nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritûs Sancti, Amen, to restore unto us our bells : and God keep you from evil, and our Lady from health,<sup>14</sup> qui vivit et regnat per omnia secula seculorum, Amen. Hem, hashchelhawksash, qzchrem-hemhash.

Verum enim vero, quandoquidem, dubio procul. Edepol. quoniam, ita certe, meus deus fidius ; a town without bells is like a blind man without a staff, an ass without a crupper, and a cow without cymbals. Therefore be assured, until you have restored them unto us, we will never leave crying after you, like a blind man that hath lost his staff, braying like an ass without a crupper, and making a noise like a cow without cymbals. A certain Latinisator, dwelling near the hospital, said once, producing the authority of one Taponus,—I lie, it was one Pontanus the secular poet,<sup>15</sup>—

dialogue, intituled, Schola. "Argumentum hic est planè Achilles invincibilis ; jugulum petit, non poterit propugnator se tueri, statim dabit manus."

<sup>13</sup> *Ergo gluc.*] See in M. le Duchat some very merry explanations of this word gluc, too long to be inserted here. He concludes with observing, that gluc is likewise a word used by the Germans, when they wish any one well, as, that God would help them, &c. (from whence I suppose we have our word luck.) In this sense it may be, that, after them, we have applied it to a timorous logician, and seeing him in convulsions at his ergo, we say to him gluc ! i. e. cheer up, have a good heart, to encourage him to push home his argument.

<sup>14</sup> *God keep you from evil and our Lady from health.*] This old dotard would have said, God, and our lady of health, keep you from evil ! Rabelais ridicules the vicious and careless ways of speaking used by the old French, and too many of the moderns too, especially among the vulgar.

<sup>15</sup> *Pontanus the secular poet.*] This is the famous John Jovian Pontanus. Janotus calls him the secular poet by way of sneer ; for, under the notion of this nick-name, the Sorbonists generally comprehend all

who wished those bells<sup>16</sup> had been made of feathers, and the clapper of a foxtail,<sup>17</sup> to the end that they might have begot a chronicle<sup>18</sup> in the bowels of his brain, when he was about the composing of his carminiformal lines. But nac<sup>19</sup> petetin petetac, tic, torche lorgne, or rot kipipur kipipot put pantse the good Greek and Latin authors both ancient and modern, but particularly Reuchlin's friends, and others who then had renounced the empty titles of the schools, and the barbarisms thereof, in order to bend their minds to the study of the languages, philosophy, and the belles lettres. John of Salisbury, l. 1. Metalog. c. 3, where he speaks of the barbarism brought into literature by the idle and vain science of the school-divines. "Sufficiebant ad victoriam verbosus clamor, et qui undecumque aliquid inferebat, ad propositi perveniebat metam; Poetæ, Historiographi, habebantur infames, et si quis incumbebat laboribus antiquorum, notabatur et non modò asello Arcadiæ tardior, sed obtusior plumbo omnibus erat in risum." The hatred which these people bore towards every thing that they called Secularia Scripta is no less seriously described by Budæus, part 1, of his Annot. on the Pandects, page 469, &c. of the edition of Lyons, 1562, in 8vo., but where it is described in the most facetious terms, is in the several passages of the satire, which some of Reuchlin's friends published, under the title of Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum, against his adversaries. Under the pretence that Tully, Virgil, and such authors, had not taken their doctor's degree at Paris or Cologne, they were, in these barbarian theologues' account, so many paltry secular poets, out of whose works a certain German of Nuremberg merrily named Doctor Hasenmuss (Potage de Marmite) believed that it was dangerous for the scholars to fetch the principles of the Latin tongue. "Et scribatis mihi," thus they make him write to Ortuinus, his friend and oracle, "an est necessarium ad æternam salutem, quod scholares discunt grammaticum ex Poetis Secularibus, sicut est Virgilius, Tullius, Plinius, et alii?"

<sup>16</sup> Bells, &c.] Pontanus did break a jest or two on bells in his dialogue, intitled Charon, which was indeed prohibited to be read, not on that account, but because he made too free with churchmen, but the author was never declared a heretic for either one or the other.

<sup>17</sup> A Fox-tail.] This thought, which is repeated in cñ. 27, of l. 5, is to be met with in the book intitled the Shin of Fools, in the chapter, advising, not to mind every body's ill-natured or idle discourse about us. All the calumnies that can be spread abroad against an honest man, says that old book, ought no more to move him than if they shook in his ears a bell with a fox-tail in it for a clapper.

<sup>18</sup> A Chronicle.] Wrouff; *la chronique* is not a chronicle (or history) but a chronical disorder, i. e. Vertigo of the brain, &c. Physicians distinguish between an acute malady *ἡθὺς οὖρον*, which does not continue long, either because people die of it, or are cured of it in a short time; and a chronical malady *ἡθὺς χρόνιον*, so called from *χρόνος*, tempus, because it returns from time to time, and is of a lasting nature, off and on.

<sup>19</sup> Nac, &c.] Janotus, in his dull way, rings the bells with his voice

malf, he was declared an heretic. We make them as of wax.<sup>20</sup> And no more saith the deponent. *Valete et plaudite.*<sup>21</sup> *Calpinus recensui.*<sup>22</sup>

## CHAPTER XX.

*How the Sophister carried away his Cloth, and how he had  
Suit in Law against the other Masters.*

THE sophister had no sooner ended, but Ponocrates and Eudemon burst out into a laughing so heartily, that they had almost split with it, and given up the ghost, in rendering their souls to God: even just as Crassus did, seeing a lubberly ass eat thistles; and as Philemon,<sup>1</sup> who, for seeing an ass eat those figs which were provided for his own dinner, died with force of laughing. Together with them Master Janotus fell a laughing too as fast as he could, in which mood of laughing they continued so long, that their eyes did water by the vehement concussion of the substance of the brain, by which these lachrymal humidities, being prest out, glided through the optic nerves, and so to the full re- and two arms, as if he was actually mocking poor Pontanus and his bells.

<sup>20</sup> *We make them as of wax.*] We make heretics as we please, to perfection, as if we cast them in a mould.

<sup>21</sup> *Valete et plaudite.*] Janotus having exhibited a comedy in his own person, it was but just he should finish it, as Plautus and Terence do most of theirs.

<sup>22</sup> *Calpinus recensui.*] The pedant concludes his speech like the ancient grammarians, who used to put their names at the bottom of their manuscripts, which they had revised and corrected; after which they were copied out. Thus we see, *Calliopius recensui*, *Eutropius recensui*; because *Calliopius* had corrected the manuscript of *Terence*, and *Eutropius* that of *Vegetius*. In like manner, *Julius Celsus recensui*, *Synnachus recensui*, because the first of these two last mentioned critics had corrected the manuscript of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, and the other *Aurelius Victor*. *Verville* likewise had his eye to this ancient custom, when at the bottom of the title of his *Moyen de Parvenir*, he put, *Recensuit Sapiens ab A. ad Z.* In fine, *Rabelais* here gives to understand, that the vocabulist *Calpin*, who died about 1510. had revised *Janotus's* speech, which this ignorantus had composed in Latin yet worse than we see it in.

<sup>1</sup> *Philemon.*] This is the same person whom (in l. 4, c. 17) *Rabelais* calls *Philomenes*, to show he had also read *Valerius Maximus*, in fol., Paris, 1517, where he is called so, l. 9, c. 12. This story is to be found in *Lucian*, l. 2, in the chapter treating of the longevity of some persons.

presented Democritus Heraclitising, and Heraclitus Democritising.

When they had done laughing, Gargantua consulted with the prince of his retinue, what should be done. There Ponomocrates was of opinion, that they should make this fair orator drink again; and seeing he had showed them more pastime, and made them laugh more than a natural fool<sup>2</sup> could have done, that they should give him ten baskets full of sausages, mentioned in his pleasant speech, with a pair of hose,<sup>3</sup> three hundred great billets of logwood, five and twenty hogsheds of wine, a good large down bed, and a deep capacious dish, which he said were necessary for his old age. All this was done as they did appoint: only Gargantua, doubting that they could not quickly find out breeches fit for his wearing, because he knew not what fashion would best become the said orator, whether the martingal fashion<sup>4</sup> of breeches, wherein is a spung-hole with a draw-bridge, for the more easy-casting: or the fashion of the mariners,<sup>5</sup> for the greater solace and comfort of his kidneys: or that of the Switzers, which keeps warm the bedon-daine or belly-tabret: or round breeches with strait canions, having in the seat a piece like a cod's tail,<sup>6</sup> for fear of over-heating his reins. All which considered, he caused to

<sup>2</sup> *A natural fool.*] *Songecreux* in French. Our author strikes at Magister noster Songecrusius, whose character you have in the catalogue of St. Victor's library.

<sup>3</sup> *A pair of hose.*] *Une paire des chausses*, means a pair of breeches, not hose.

<sup>4</sup> *Martingal fashion.*] *A la martingale*. Beza, in his letter under the name of Benedictus Passavantius, to the president Liset, newly made Abbot of St. Victor, acquaints us, that the said president used to wear such breeches. "Quamvis," says he to him, "non plus faciat ad propositum quam si canendo Missam, tu faceres totum (tu bene me intelligis) in caligis tuis ad martingalam." These martingal breeches so called, as it is said elsewhere, from the Martegaux people of Provence, were still in fashion in 1579, among the court minions, who made them serve for a quite different use than what they were at first invented for. See L. Stephen's *Dial. l. du Nouv. Lang. Fr. Ital.* p. 210.

<sup>5</sup> *The fashion of the mariners.*] *A la marmere*. *Calyx follicantes*. These breeches, different from those since called chausses à la matelotte, were full of plaits and gathers both above and below, and hardly reached to the knee.

<sup>6</sup> *Like a cod's tail.*] See some very curious remarks upon all this in Duchat.

be given him seven ells of white cloth for the linings. The wood was carried by the porters, the masters of arts carried the sausages and the dishes, and Master Janotus himself would carry the cloth. One of the said masters, called Jousse Bandouille, showed him that it was not seemly nor decent for one of his condition to do so, and that therefore he should deliver it to one of them. Ha, said Janotus, Baudet, Baudet, or Blockhead, Blockhead, thou dost not conclude in modo et figura. For lo, to this end serve the suppositions, and parva logicalia.<sup>7</sup> Pannus, pro quo supponit? Confusè, said Bandouille, et distributivè. I do not ask thee, said Janotus, blockhead, quomodo supponit, but pro quo? It is, blockhead, pro tibiis meis, and therefore I will carry it, Egomet, sicut suppositum portat appositum. So did he carry it away very close and covertly, as Patelin,

<sup>7</sup> *The Suppositions and Parva Logicalia.*] Agrippa, in his enumeration of the ridiculous and dangerous subtilties of the learning of the sophists or scholastics of his time, speaks thus of the book intitled "*Parva Logicalia*," where this pernicious doctrine was taught and treated to the bottom. "Longè plura prodigia majoraque porten; addidit recentior Sophistarum Schola, de terminorum passionibus de infinito, de comparativis, de superlativis, de dissert aliud ab alio, de incipit et desinit, de formalitatibus, hæccentatibus, instantibus, amphi ationibus, restrictionibus, distributionibus, intentionibus, suppositionibus, appellationibus, obligationibus, consequentibus, indissolubilibus exponibilibus, reduplicativis, exclusivis, instantis, casibus, particulisacionibus, suppositis, mediatis et immediatis, completis et incompletis, complexis et incomplexis, et cæteris intolerandis vanisque vocabulis, quæ traduntur in *Parva Logicalia*, quibus, omnia quæcunque reipsa falsa sunt et impossibilia, vera esse faciliè convincent: et contri quæcunque vera sunt, velut ex equo Trojano erumpentes, iis machinis subito verborum incendio ac ruina vastabunt." This false dialectic which was set up in the 12th century, upon the crying down of the solid dialectic, taught by Aristotle, was some time after reduced into an art by Hieron Hispanus, of Lisbon, who lived to be Pope under the name of John XXII. This man was the author of the *Parva Logicalia* consisting of eight particular treatises, to which were added two more in the re-impression which was made thereof in 8vo., with a large commentary, at Cologne, by H. Quintel, in 1500; and it was out of this fine work (highly valued by the old pedants) that the sophist Janotus had drawn the science he thought to get so much honour by with Gargantua, and those about him.

<sup>8</sup> *Patelin.*] See in Duchat an account at large of this old French farce, and of Reuchlin's supposed translation of it into Latin, under the name of Alexander Connibertus, and intitled "*Veterator, alias Patelinus*," &c.



the buffoon, did his cloth. The best was, that when this cougher, in a full act or assembly held at the Mathurins, had with great confidence required his breeches and sausages, and that they were flatly denied him, because he had them of Gargantua, according to the informations thereupon made, he showed them that this was gratis, and out of his liberality, by which they were not in any sort quit of their promises. Notwithstanding this, it was answered him, that he should be content with reason, without expectation of any other bribe there. Reason, said Janotus? We use none of it here. Unlucky traitors, you are not worth the hanging. The earth beareth not more arrant villains than you are. I know it well enough; halt not before the lame. I have practised wickedness with you. By God's rattle I will inform the king of the enormous abuses that are forged here and carried underhand by you, and let me be a leper, if he do not burn you alive like bougres, traitors, heretics,<sup>9</sup> and seducers, enemies to God and virtue.

<sup>9</sup> *Bougres.—Heretics.*] Anciently, these two words, bougres, and heretics, were terms convertible; two words for the same thing, being joined immediately together, and most commonly the second explaining the first. Froissard, vol. i chap. 227. "Et fut (Don Pedro de Castile) en pleine Consistorie en Avignon, et en la chambre des excommuniés publicquement déclaré et réputé pour bougre et in credule." And in ch. 7, vol. 4, one Betusarch, treasurer to the Duke of Berri, is burnt alive at Beziers, for having owned that he was a heretic, and held the opinions of the Bougres; that is, in the language of that country, denied the Trinity and Incarnation. He had been only charged with extortion, but he pretended to hold heretical opinions, in hopes, that being a cleric, he should be sent to the L'ope, but the Bailli of Beziers caused him to be executed on his own word. In these two passages *Heretic* and *Bougre* are synonymous, and mean the same thing; but here in Rabelais the case is somewhat different, and I am apt to think Janotus accuses his brethren of sodomy, treason, and heresy. Every man of reading knows the proverb in the Confession of Sanev, l. 1, c. 2, "In Francia los Grandes y los Pedantes." Some doctors of the University might at that time be suspected to be guilty of that vile unnatural practice, as some of them have since been charged home with it. Nicholas Maillard was of this number, on which, see H. Steph. c. 13, of his Apology for Herodotus, and the comedy of the sick Pope, (Pope Malade,) where, after this verse,

"C'est Magister noster Maillard."

We read these two.

"Qui donc? nostre Maistre Paillard,

Ce venerable Sodomite."

This piece was printed at Rouen (or rather at Geneva,) in 8vo., 1561;

Upon these words they framed articles against him: he on the other side warned them to appear. In sum, the process was retained by the Court, and is there as yet. Hereupon the magisters made a vow, never to decroft themselves in rubbing off the dirt of either their shoes or clothes: Master Janotus with his adherents vowed never to blow or snuff their noses, until judgment were given by a definitive sentence.

By these vows do they continue unto this time both dirty and snotty;<sup>10</sup> for the court hath not garbled, sifted, and fully looked into all the pieces as yet. The judgment or decree shall be given out and pronounced at the next Greek Calends,<sup>11</sup> that is, never. As you know that they do more than nature, and contrary to their own articles. The articles of Paris maintain, that to God alone belongs infinity, and nature produceth nothing that is immortal; for she putteth an end and period to all things by her engendered, according to the saying, *Omnia orta cadunt*,<sup>12</sup> &c. But these thick mist-swallowers<sup>13</sup> make the suits in law depending before them both infinite and immortal. In doing whereof, they have given occasion to, and verified the saying of Chilo the Lacedæmonian, consecrated to the Oracle at Delphos, that misery is the inseparable companion of law-suits; and that suitors are miserable; for sooner shall they attain to the end of their lives, than to the final decision of their pretended rights.

but in 1591, there was another edition in 12mo., without any place's name.

<sup>10</sup> *Dirty and Snotty.*] Dirt, ordure, filth and vermin, were in a manner inherent to the persons of Messieurs our Masters, particularly in Vives's time; who, speaking of the gowns of the Sorbonists of Paris, tells us they wore them, "*crassas, detritas, laceras, lutulentas, immundas, pediculosas.*" He compares them likewise to the ancient cynics, &c.

<sup>11</sup> *At the next Greek Calends.*] Never. The Greeks had no Calends, i. e. did not reckon by them.

<sup>12</sup> *Omnia orta cadunt.*] "*Omniaque orta occidunt,*" says Sallust, in the beginning of his *Bellum Jugurthinum*.

<sup>13</sup> *Thick-mist swallowers*] *Avalleurs de frimats.* See elsewhere why Rabelais calls the lawyers by this name, as *frimats* means a thick mist; but there is another meaning in it, which is *frimat* for *fremart*. Now the word *ferme* (a farm) used to be spelt *freme*, or *frime*, so then it will allude to their swallowing the farms of the poor widows and orphans, and the strong houses of the gentry.

## CHAPTER XXI.

*The study of Gargantua, according to the discipline of his schoolmasters and sophisters.*

THE first day being thus spent, and the bells put up again in their own place, the citizens, of Paris, in acknowledgment of this courtesy, offered to maintain and feed him mare as long as he pleased,<sup>1</sup> which Gargantua took in good part, and they sent her to graze in the forest of Bierc.<sup>1</sup> I think she is not there now. This done, he with all his heart submitted his study to the discretion of Ponocrates; who for the beginning appointed that he should do as he was accustomed, to the end he might understand by what means, in so long time, his old masters had made him so sottish and ignorant. He disposed therefore of his time in such fashion, that ordinarily he did awake between eight and nine a clock, whether it was day or not, for so had his ancient governors ordained, alleging that which David saith, *Vanum*<sup>2</sup> est vobis ante lucem surgere. Then did he tumble and toss, wag his legs, and wallow in the bed some time, the better to stir up and rouse his vital spirits, and appareled himself according to the season: but willingly he would wear a great long gown of thick frieze,<sup>3</sup> furred with fox skins. Afterwards he combed his head with an Alman comb,<sup>4</sup> which is the four fingers and the

<sup>1</sup> *Forest of Bierc.*] So called in old time. It is near the village of Bievre, where rises the little river of Bievre, better known by the name of the Gobelins Brook.

<sup>2</sup> *Vanum, &c.*] Psalm cxxviii. v. 2. It is in vain for you to rise up early.

<sup>3</sup> *Great long-gown of thick frieze.*] This was a Bachelor or Master of Arts gown, which by reason of its length was always ragged. It was of a coarse thick stuff, like all the disciples or scholars' habits in the university, as we learn from Vives. From the length and width of these gowns of thick frieze (*grosse frise*) the wits used to call the apartments or quarters of these gentry, "*de Pais de Frise*," the county of Frieze, or Friezeland.

<sup>4</sup> *Combed his hair with an Alman.*] "*Se pygnoit du pygne de Almaing.*" An Alman or German comb does not here reflect on that nation as slovens, for nothing is more cleanly than they are, whether in thoroughly combing their heads, or frequently washing their hands and faces; but what gave occasion to this sort of proverbial expression was this. Of all the civilised nations of Europe, they being perhaps the last that came into the wear of periwigs, the French, who are seldom seen without a comb in one hand, were apt to laugh when they

thumb. For his preceptor said, that to comb himself other ways, to wash and make himself neat, was to lose time in this world. Then he dunged, pist, spued, belched, cracked, yawned, spitted, coughed, yexed, sneezed, and snotted himself like an arch-deacon, and to suppress the due and bad air, went to breakfast, having some good fried tripe, fair rashers on the coals, excellent gammons of bacon, store of fine minced meat, and a great deal of sippet brewis, made-up of the fat of the beef-pot, laid upon bread, cheese, and chopped parsley stewed together. Ponocrates showed him, that he ought not eat so soon after rising out of his bed, unless he had performed some exercise beforehand. Gargantua answered, what! have not I sufficiently well exercised myself? I have wallowed and rolled myself six or seven turns in my bed, before I rose. Is not that enough? Pope Alexander did so,<sup>6</sup> by the advice of a Jew his physician, and lived till his dying day in despite of his enemies. My first masters have used me to it, saying that to breakfast made a good memory, and therefore they drank first. I am very well after it, and dine but the better. And Master Tubal, who was the first licenciate at Paris, told me, that it was no enough to run a pace, but to set forth betimes: so doth not the total welfare of our humanity depend upon perpetua

saw a German ever and anon all the day long using both his to keep the hair on his forehead parted in two divisions, as he had adjusted it with his comb in the morning. In Oudin's Dictionaries, *Fr. Sp. et Fr. Ital. la peigne* (or as it was spelled in old time, *pygne-d'Aléman*, i. e. German's comb) is explicated by "los dedos et la dita." The finger and thumb, undoubtedly for the reason before given. I take *dedos* & *dita* to mean fingers and *thumb* too, though *grosso* is not added.

<sup>5</sup> *Snotted himself, &c.* | "Se morvant en archidiaere." He slung his snot about like an archdeacon. Because an archdeacon, having much fatter prebend and a greater income than the ordinary and ur dignified canons of his chapter, has wherewithal to make better cheer and so by faring better and being fully fed, he must abound more wit humours than the others.

<sup>6</sup> *Pope Alexander did so.* | This must be meant of Pope Alexander V., a great crammer and as great a guzzler, says his historian Thedoric de Niem (l. 2, c. 33.) I very well remember to have read some where, that this pontiff being unable to sit up, (he was grown so corpulent and heavy,) Marsilius of Parma, his physician, prescribed him wench to frisk and gambol it together a-bed now and then by way of exercise, and in this posture the holy father was one day surprised by company, who unexpectedly came to see him.

drinking in a ribble rabble, like ducks, but on drinking early in the morning ; unde versus,

To rise betimes is no good hour,  
To drink betimes is better sure.

After he had thoroughly broke his fast, he went to church, and they carried him in a great basket, a huge impantouffed or thick covered breviary, weighing, what in grease, clasps, parchment, and cover, little more or less than eleven hundred and six pounds. There he heard six and twenty or thirty masses. This while, to the same place came his orison-mutterer impaletocked, or lapped up about the chin, like a tufted whoop,<sup>7</sup> and his breath antidoted with the store of the vine-tree-sirup. With him he mumbled all his kiriels, and dun-sicals breborions, which he so curiously thumbed and fingered, that there fell not so much as one grain to the ground. As he went from the church, they brought him, upon a dray drawn with oxen, a confused heap of pater-nosters and aves of Sanct Claude, every one of theth being of the bigness of a hat-block ; and thus walking through the cloisters, galleries or garden, he said more in turning them over, than sixteen hermits would have done. Then did he study some paltry half hour with his eyes fixed upon his book ; but as the comic saith, his mind was in the kitchen. Pissing then a full urinal,<sup>8</sup> he sat down at table ; and because he was naturally phlegmatic, he began his meal with some dozens of gammons, dried neat's tongues, hard rows of mullet, called botargos, andouilles, or sausages, and such other forerunners of wine. In the mean while, four of his folks did cast into his mouth one after another continually mustard by whole

<sup>7</sup> *Like a tufted whoop.* Cotgrave says it is a sort of dwaghill cock that loves to nestle in man's ordure, and hath a great crest or tuft of feathers on its head. M. le Duchat (quoting Bèlon, Of Birds) says, it is a silly bird, almost without any tongue, and, by its ill articulated voice, it resembles that of matin mumblers.

<sup>8</sup> *Pissing then a full urinal.* "Pissant donc plein official." In all the editions except that of 1535, and that of Dolet, it is urinal instead of official, which inclines M. le Duchat to think that official, in the sense of urinal, is a word peculiar to the people of Lyons, where those two editions were printed. In c. 9, Rabelais laughs at those who call a chamber-pot an official ; because, in his time, some people, thinking to speak politely, would call that implement an official, under colour that it did the office of a ward-robe (garde-robe), so the French call a house of office, or close stool closet.

shovels full. • Immediately after that, he drank a horrible draught of white-wine for the ease of his kidnays. When that was done, he ate according to the season meat agreeable to his appetite, and then left off eating when his belly began to strout, and was like to crack for fulness. As for his drinking, he had neither end nor rule. For he was wont to say, that the limits and bounds of drinking were, when the cork of the shoes of him that drinketh swelleth up half a foot high.

## CHAPTER XXII.

*The games of Gargantua.*

THEN blockishly mumbling with a set on countenance a piece of scurvy grace, he washed his hands in fresh wine, picked his teeth with the foot of a hog, and talked jovially with his attendants. Then the carpet being spread, they brought plenty of cards, many dice, with great store and abundance of checkers and chessboards.

There he played

At flusse	At puff, or let him speak that
At primero	hath it
At the beast	At take nothing and throw out
At the rifle	At the marriage
At trump	At the frolic or jack daw
At the prick and spare not	At the opinion
At the hundred	At who doth the one, and doth
At the peeny	the other
At the unfortunate woman	At the sequences
At the fil	At the ivory bundles
At the pass ten	At the tarots
At one and thirty	At losing load him
At post and pair, or even and	At he's gulled and esto
sequence	At the torture
At three hundred	At the handruff
At the unlucky man.	At the click
At the last couple in hell	At honours
At the hock	At love
At the surly	At the chess
At the lanskenet	At Reynard the fox
At the cuckoo.	At the squares

At the coves	At earlie beardie,
At the lottery	At the old mode
At the chance or mumchance	At draw the spit
At three dice or maniest bleaks	At put out
At the tables	At gossip lend me your sack
At nivinivinack	At the rameod ball
At the lurch	At thrust out the harolt
At doublets or queen's gainc	At Marseil figs
At the failie	At nicknamric
At the French trietrac	At stick and hole
At the long tables or ferkeering	At boke or him, or flaying the fox
At feldown	At the branching it
At tods body	At the cat selling
At needs must	At trill madam, or grapple my lady
At the dames or draughts	At blow the coal
At bob and mow	At the re-wedding
At primus secundus	At the quick and dead judge
At mark-knife	At unoven the iron
At the keys	At the false clown
At span-counter	At the flints, or at the nine stones
At even or odd	At to the crutch hulch back
At cross or pile	At the sanet is found
At ball and huckle-bones	At hinch, pinch, and laugh not
At ivory balls	At the leek
At the billiards	At bumdockdousse
At bob and hit	At the loose gig
At the owl	At the hoop
At the charming of the hare	At the sow
At pull yet a little	At belly to belly
At trudgepig	At the dales or straths
At the magatipes	At the twigs
At the horn	At the quoits
At the flowered or shrovtide ox	At I'm for that
At the madge-owl	At tilt at weekie
At pinch without laughing	At nine pins
At prickle me tickle me	At the cock quintin
At the unshoing of the ass	At tip and hurle
At the cocksess	At the flat bowles
At hari hohi	
At I set me down	

At the veere and tourn	At Geordie give me my lance
At rogue and ruffian	At swaggy, waggy, or shoggy-
At bumbatch touch	shou
At the mysterious trough	At stook and rook, shear and
At the short bowls	threave
At the dapple grey	At the bircl
At cock and crank it	At the musse
At break pot	At the dilly dilly darling
At my desire	At ox moudy
At twirly whirlytril	At purpose in purpose
At the rush bundles	At nine less
At the short staff	At blind-man-buff
At the whirling gigge	At the fallen bridges
At hide and seek, or are you	At bridled nick
all hid	At the white at butts
At the picket	At thwack swinge him
At the blank	At apple, pear, and plum
At the pilferers	At mungi
At the caveson	At the toad
At prison bars	At cricket
At have at the nuts	At the pounding stick
At cherry-pit	At jack and the box
At rub and rice	At the queens
At whip-top	At the trades
At the casting top	At heads and points
At the hobgoblins	At the vine-tree hug
At the O wonderful	At black be thy fall
At the soilie smutchy	At ho the distaffe
At fast and loose	At Joanne Thomson
At scutch breech	At the boulding cloth
At the broom-besom	At the oat's seed
At St. Cosme I come to adore	At greedy glutton
thee	At the moorish dance
At the lusty brown boy	At feebie
At I take you napping	At the whole frisk and gambole
At fair and softly passeth Lent	At battabum, or riding the
At the forked oak	wild mare
At truss	At Hinde the Plowman
At the wolf's tail	At the good mawkin
At bum to buss or nose in	At the dead beast
breech	At climb the ladder Billy



At the dying hog	At mustard peel
At the salt doup	At the gome
At the pretty pigeon	At the relapse
At barley break	At jog breech, or prick him
At the havine	forward
At the bush leap	At knockpate
At crossing	At the Cornish chough
At bo-peep	At the crane dance
At the hardit arsepursey	At slash and cut
At the harrowers nest	At bobbing, or flirt on the nose
At forward hey	At the larks
At the fig	At filipping
At gunshot crack	

After he had thus well played, revelled, past and spent his time, it was thought fit to drink a little, and that was eleven glassfuls the man, and, immediately after making good cheer again, he would stretch himself upon a fair bench, or a good large bed, and there sleep two or three hours together, without thinking or speaking any hurt. After he was awakened he would shake his ears a little. In the mean time they brought him fresh wine. Then he drank better than ever. Ponocrates showed him, that it was an ill diet to drink so after sleeping. It is, answered Gargantua, the very life of the patriarchs and holy fathers;<sup>1</sup> for naturally I sleep salt, and my sleep hath been to me instead of so many gammons of bacon. Then began he to study a little, and out came the patenotres or rosary of beads, which the better and more formally to despatch, he got up on an old mule, which had served nine kings, and so mumbling with his mouth, nodding and doddling his head, would go see a coney ferreted or caught in a gin. At his return he went into the kitchen, to know

<sup>1</sup> *The very life of the patriarchs and holy fathers.*] There is no patriarchs in the original, only fathers. This thought of Gargantua's alludes to the 42nd chapter of the rule of St. Benedict, which directs the monks of that order "mox ut surrexerint à cœna (from dinner) sedeant omnes in unum et legant minus collationes, vel vitas patrum: aut certe aliquid quod ædificet audientes." It is founded upon this; after such reading, the monks are used to go and drink a cup in the refectory. Now Gargantua thought himself privileged to drink like them at the hour of vespers, because, though indeed he slept while those monks got thirsty by reading the Lives of the Fathers, and the Collations and Conferencés of Cassian, his nature being, he said, to sleep salt, he found himself at that hour no less a thirst than they were.

what roast meat was on the spit, and what otherwise was to be drest for supper. And supped very well upon my conscience, and commonly did invite some of his neighbours that were good drinkers, with whom carousing and drinking merrily, they told stories of all sorts from the old to the new. Amongst others, he had for domestics the Lords of Fou, of Gourville,<sup>2</sup> of Griniot, and of Marigny. After supper were brought in upon the place the fair wooden gospels,<sup>3</sup> and the books of the four kings, that is to say, many pairs of tables and cards; or the fair flusse, one, two, three; or all to make short work; or else they went to see the wenches thereabouts, with little small banquets, intermixed with collations and reer-suppers. Then did he sleep without unbridling, until eight o'clock in the next morning.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*How Gargantua was instructed by Ponocrates, and in such sort disciplined, that he lost not one hour of the day.*

WHEN Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in another kind; but for a while he bore with him, considering that nature cannot endure such a change, without great violence. Therefore to begin his work the better, he requested a learned physician of that time, called Master Theodorus,<sup>1</sup> seriously to perpend, if it were possible, how to bring Gargantua unto a better course. The said physician purged him canonically with Anticyrian-hellebore,<sup>2</sup> by which medicine he cleansed all the alteration, and perverse habitude of his brain. By this means also Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned

<sup>2</sup> *Lords of Fou, of Gourville, &c.*] These were worthy gentlemen of Poutou. In the neighbourhood of Poitiers, there is a seat or castle called Du Fou. See more in Duchat upon this head.

<sup>3</sup> *Wooden Gospels, &c.*] See some pretty remarks on all this in Duchat.

<sup>1</sup> *Master Theodorus.*] Theodorus, i. e. God's Gift. By the Greek name of this physician, Rabelais would give us to understand, that it was through the especial favour and gift of God, that Gargantua was at last put into the hands of other-guise masters than those who till then had been spoiling his head and corrupting his heart.

<sup>2</sup> *Anticyrian hellebore.*] Hellebore was made use of to purge the brain, in order to fit it the better for study. Pliny, l. 25, c. 26. Aulus Gellius, l. 17, c. 15.

under his ancient preceptors, as Timotheus did to his disciples,<sup>3</sup> who had been instructed under other musicians. To do this better, they brought him into the company of learned men, which were there, in whose imitation he had a great desire and affection to study otherwise, and to improve his parts. Afterwards he put himself into such a road and way of studying that he lost not any one hour in the day, but employed all his time in learning, and honest knowledge. Gargantua awak'd, then about four o'clock in the morning. Whilst they were in rubbing of him, there was read unto him some chapter of the Holy Scripture aloud and clearly, with a pronunciation fit for the matter, and hereunto was appointed a young page born in Basché, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to worship, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God, whose word did show his majesty and marvellous judgment. Then went he into the secret places to make excretion of his natural digestions. There his master repeated what had been read, expounding unto him the most obscure and difficult points. In returning, they considered the face of the sky, if it was such as they had observed it the night before, and into what signs the sun was entering, as also the moon for that day. This done, he was appareled, combed, curled, trimmed and perfumed, during which time they repeated to him the lessons of the day before. He himself said them by heart, and upon them would ground some practical cases concerning the estate of man, which he would prosecute sometimes two or three hours, but ordinarily they ceased as soon as he was fully clothed. Then for three good hours he had a lecture read unto him. This done, they went forth, still conferring of the substance of the lecture, either unto a field near the

<sup>3</sup> *As Timotheus did to his disciples.*] Quintilian, l. 2, c. 63, relates, that such as had a mind to learn music of that excellent master, were obliged to give him a double salary, in case they had before received any tincture of that art from other hands; because he was to take double the pains with them. First to unteach them what they had been taught amiss, and then to instruct them aright. All the old editions have Thimotus, by following bad editions of Quintilian, as hath been already noted in the case of Polycrates, (ch. 10) by following an old copy of Aulus Gellius, printed at Paris, 1508.

<sup>4</sup> *A field, &c.*] Read a Tennis Court, in the suburb of St. Marcellus, at the sign of the Bracque, a short-tailed spotted setting dog.

university called the Brack, or unto the meadows where they played at the ball, the long-tennis, and at the pile trigone,<sup>5</sup> most gallantly exercising their bodies, as formerly they had done their minds. All their play was but in liberty, for they left off when they pleased, and that was commonly when they did sweat over all their body, or were otherwise weary. Then were they very well wiped and rubbed, shifted their shirts, and walking soberly, went to see if dinner was ready. Whilst they stayed for that, they did clearly and eloquently pronounce some sentences that they had retained of the lecture. In the meantime Master Appetite came, and then very orderly sat they down at table. At the beginning of the meal, there was read some pleasant history of the warlike actions of former times, until he had taken a glass of wine. Then, if they thought good, they continued reading, or began to discourse merrily together; speaking first of the virtue, propriety, efficacy and nature of all that was served in at that table; of bread, of wine, of water, of salt, of fleshs, fishes, fruits, herbs, roots, and of their dressing. By means whereof, he learned in a little time all the passages competent for this, that were to be found in Pliny, Athenæus, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyrius, Oppian, Polybius, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Cælian, and others. Whilst they talked of these things, many times, to be the more certain, they caused the very books to be brought to the table, and so well and perfectly did he in his memory retain the things above said, that in that time there was not a physician that knew half so much as he did. Afterwards they conferred of the lessons read in the morning, and, ending their repast with some conserve or marmalade of quinces, he picked his teeth with mastic tooth-pickers,<sup>6</sup> washed his hands and eyes with fair fresh water, and gave thanks unto God in some fine

<sup>5</sup> *Pile trigone.*] Read, *A la Pile Trigone*. Cotgrave says, *pile trigone* a triangular piece of iron, to be thrown at a ring, through which he who passes it wins the game. Duchat says, it is an ancient game at tennis, wherein three persons, placed at the corners of a triangle, strike the ball reciprocally from one to the other. Martial, *Epig.* 19, l. 4. "*Seu lentum ceroma teris, tepidumve trigona.*"

<sup>6</sup> *He picked his teeth with mastic tooth-pickers.*] *S'escurait les dents avecques ung trou de lentisce.* In the ancientest editions we find *trou* instead of *tronc*, by changing the *n* into a *u*, as in *couvent* instead of *convent* (*Covent-garden* instead of *Convent-garden*) *Trou de lentisque* therefore means the stem or stalk of the lentisk tree; the stalks of this

canticks, made in praise of the divine bounty and munificence. This done, they brought in cards, not to play, but to learn a thousand pretty tricks, and new inventions, which were all grounded upon arithmetic. By this means he fell in love with that numerical science, and every day after dinner and supper he passed his time in it as pleasantly, as he was wont to do at cards and dice : so that at last he understood so well both the theory and practical part thereof, that Tunstal the Englishman,<sup>7</sup> who had written very largely of that purpose, confessed that verily in comparison of him he had no skill at all. And not only in that, but in the other mathematical sciences, as geometry, astronomy, music, &c. For in waiting on the concoction, and attending the digestion of his food, they made a thousand pretty instruments and geometrical figures, and did in some measure practice the astronomical canons.

After this they recreated themselves with singing musically, in four or five parts, or upon a set theme or ground at random, as it best pleased them. In matter of musical instruments, he learned to play upon the lute, the virginals, the harp, the Allman flute with nine holes, the violin, and the sackbut. This hour thus spent, and digestion finished, he did purge his body of natural excrements, then betook himself to his principal study for three hours together, or more, as well to repeat his matutinal lectures, as to proceed in the book wherein he was, as also to write handsomely, to draw and form the antique and Roman letters. This being done, they went out of their house, and with them a young gentleman of Touraine, named the Esquire Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Changing then his clothes, tree, from whence drops the mastic, were used by the Romans for tooth-pickers, preferable to quills, Martial, Epig. 22, l. 24.

"Lentiscum melius : sed si tibi frondea cuspis  
Defuerit, dentes, penam, levare potes."

<sup>7</sup> *Tunstal the Englishman.*] Cuthbert Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, in England; M. le Duchat goes on,—We see, in Draudius's Bibliothéque, the title of several of his Theological Works, but the treatise hinted at here by Rabelais, was printed in 4to., at London, 1522; and reprinted in one volume, at Paris, by Robert Stevens, 1529, under the title of "*Cuthberti Tonsali de Arte supputandi, Libri Quatuor,*" with an Epistle Dedicatory of the Author, to Sir Thomas More. In 1531, Nicholas Leonicus dedicated to the same Tunstal his three books, *De varia Historia*.

he rode a Naples courser, Dutch roussin, a Spanish gennet, a barbed or trapped steed, then a light fleet horse, unto whom he gave a hundred carieres, made him go the high saults, bounding in the air, free a ditch with a skip, leap over a stile or pail, turn short in a ring both to the right and left hand. There he broke not his lance; for it is the greatest foolery in the world to say, I have broken ten lances at tilts or in fight. A carpenter can do even as much. But it is a glorious and praiseworthy action, with one lance to break and overthrow ten enemies. Therefore with a sharp, stiff, strong, and well-steeled lance, would he usually force up a door, pierce a harness, beat down a tree, carry away the ring, lift up a cuirassier saddle, with the mail-coat and gauntlet. All this he did in complete arms from head to foot. As for the prancing flourishes, and smacking popisms, for the better cherishing of the horse, commonly used in riding, none did them better than he. The voltiger of Ferrara was but as an ape compared to him. He was singularly skilful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another without putting foot to ground, and these horses were called desultories. He could likewise from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure without a bridle, for such things are useful in military engagements. Another day he exercised the battle-axe, which he so dexterously wielded, both in the nimble, strong, and smooth management of that weapon, and that in all the feats practiceable by it, that he passed knight of arms in the field, and at all essays.

Then tossed he the pike, played with the two-handed sword, with the back sword, with the Spanish tuck, the dagger, poniard, armed, unarmed, with a buckler, with a cloak, with a target. Then would he hunt the hart, the roebuck, the bear, the fallow deer, the wild boar, the hare, the pheasant, the partridge and the bustard. He played at the balloon, and made it bound in the air, both with fist and foot. He wrestled, ran, jumped, not at three steps and a leap, called the hops, nor at clochepied, called the hare's leap, nor yet at the Almanes; for, said Gymnast, these jumps are for the wars altogether unprofitable, and of no use: but at one leap he would skip over a ditch, spring over a hedge, mount six paces upon a wall, ramp and grapple after this fashion

up against a window, of the full height of a lance. He did swim in deep waters on his belly, on his back, sideways, with all his body, with his feet only, with one hand in the air, wherein he held a book, crossing thus the breadth of the River Seine, without wetting, and dragging along his cloak with his teeth, as did Julius Cæsar; then with the help of one hand he entered forcibly into a boat, from whence he cast himself again headlong into the water, sounded the depths, hollowed the rocks, and plunged into the pits and gulfs. Then turned he the boat about, governed it, led it swiftly or slowly with the stream and against the stream, stopped it in his course, guided it with one hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great oar, hoisted the sail, hied up along the mast by the shrouds, ran upon the edge of the decks, set the compass in order, tackled the bowlines, and steered the helm. Coming out of the water, he ran furiously up against a hill, and with the same alacrity and swiftness ran down again. He climbed up trees like a cat, leaped from the one to the other like a squirrel. He did pull down the great boughs and branches, like another Milo; then with two sharp well-steeled daggers, and two tried bodkins, would he run up by the wall to the very top of a house like a rat; then suddenly come down from the top to the bottom, with such an even composition of members, that by the fall he would catch no harm.

He did cast the dart, throw the bar, put the stone, practise the javelin, the boar spear or partisan, and the halbert. He broke the strongest bows in drawing, bended against his breast the greatest cross-bows of steel, took his aim by the eye with the hand-gun, and shot well, traversed and planted the cannon, shot at but-marks, at the paggay from below upwards, or to a height from above downwards, or to a descent; then before him, sidewise, and behind him, like the Parthians. They tied a cable-rope to the top of a high tower, by one end whereof hanging near the ground he wrought himself with his hands to the very top; then upon the same tract came down so sturdily and firm that you could not on a plain meadow have run with more assurance. They set up a great pole fixed upon two trees. There would he hang by his hands, and with them alone, his feet touching at nothing, would go back and fore along the aforesaid

rope with so great swiftness, that hardly could one overtake him with running; and then, to exercise his breast and lungs, he would shout like all the devils in hell. I heard him once call Eudemon from St. Victor's gate to Montmartre. Stentor never had such a voice at the siege of Troy. Then for the strengthening of his nerves or sinews, they made him two great sows of lead,<sup>8</sup> each of them weighing eight thousand and seven hundred quintals, which they called *Alteres*.<sup>9</sup> Those he took up from the ground, in each hand one, then lifted them up over his head, and held them so without stirring three quarters of an hour or more, which was an inimitable force. He fought at barriers with the stoutest and most vigorous champions; and when it came to the cope, he stood so sturdily on his feet, that he abandoned himself unto the strongest, in case they could remove him from his place, as Milo was wont to do of old. In whose imitation likewise he held a pomegranate in his hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him. The time being thus bestowed, and himself rubbed, cleansed, wiped, and refreshed with other clothes, he returned fair and softly; and passing through certain meadows, or other grassy places, beheld the trees and plants, comparing them with what is written of them in the books of the ancients, such as Theophrast, Dioscorides, Marinus,<sup>10</sup> Pliny, Nicander, Macer, and Galen, and carried home to the house great handfuls of them, whereof a young page called Rizotomos had charge; together with little mattocks, pickaxes, grubbing hooks, cabbies, pruning knives, and other instruments requisite for herborising. Being come to their lodging, whilst supper was making ready, they repeated certain passages of that which had been read, and then sat down at table. Here remark, that his

<sup>8</sup> *Sows of Lead.*] So we English call them. The French call them *salmons*, not *sows* of lead, because of their resembling that fish, both in shape and size. The reader will forgive the digression I am going to make. In Derbyshire there is a living worth 5 or £600 a-year in tithe pigs. It is Wirksworth. (*Pigs of lead.*)

<sup>9</sup> *Alteres.*] A poise of iron, stone, but chiefly lead, which tumblers, and dancers on ropes, hold in their hands for a counterpoise, also a piece of lead, &c. to lift up with both hands for exercise. In Latin, or rather Greek, Halter, *cris*, ἀλτήρ, ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀλλεσθαί, a saliendo. Martial. Epigr. 49, l. 11.

“Quid pereunt stulto fortes haltere lacerti?”

<sup>10</sup> *Marinus.*] Galen speaks often of him. See more in Duchat.



dinner was sober and thrifty, for he did then eat only to prevent the gnawings of his stomach, but his supper was copious and large ; for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nourish him ; which indeed is the true diet prescribed by the art of good and sound physic, although a rabble of loggerheaded physicians, muzzled in the brabbling shop of sophisters,<sup>11</sup> counsel the contrary. During that repast was continued the lesson read at dinner as long as they thought good : the rest was spent in good discourse, learned and profitable. After that they had given thanks, he set himself to sing vocally, and play upon harmonious instruments, or otherwise passed his time at some pretty sports, made with cards and dice, or in practising the feats of legerdemain, with cups and balls. There they staid some nights in frolicking thus, and making themselves merry till it was time to go to bed ; and on other nights they would go make visits unto learned men, or to such as had been travellers in strange and remote countries. When it was full night before they retired themselves, they went unto the most open place of the house to see the face of the sky, and there beheld the comets, if any were, as likewise the figures, situations, aspects, oppositions and conjunctions of both the fixed stars and planets.

Then with his master did he briefly recapitulate, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, that which he had read, seen, learned, done and understood in the whole course of that day.

Then prayed they unto God the Creator, in falling down before him, and strengthening their faith towards him, and glorifying him for his boundless bounty ; and, giving thanks unto him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to his divine clemency for the future. Which being done, they went to bed, and betook themselves to their repose and rest.

<sup>11</sup> *Sophisters.*] By these Sophisters, or Arabians, as Dolet's edition has it, Rabelais means Avicenna and his followers ; and by those of the good and sound opinion, Galen and his disciples. It is certain, the Goths first brought in the custom of set dinners and suppers, that is, of eating two full meals a day ; whereas the ancients used to make a light dinner, but at supper they would eat their fill.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

*How Gargantua spent his time in rainy weather.*

IF it happened that the weather were any thing cloudy, foul, and rainy, all the forenoon was employed, as before specified, according to custom, with this difference only, that they had a good clear fire lighted, to correct the distempers of the air. But after dinner, instead of their wonted exertions, they did abide within, and, by way of Apotherapie,<sup>1</sup> did recreate themselves in bottling up of hay, in cleaving and sawing of wood, and in threshing sheaves of corn at the barn. Then they studied the art of painting or carving; or brought into use the antique play of tables,<sup>2</sup> as Leonicus hath written of it, and as our good friend Laecaris playeth at it. In playing they examined the passages of ancient authors, wherein the said play is mentioned, or any metaphor drawn from it. They went likewise to see the drawing

<sup>1</sup> *Apothérapie* ] The new editions have it *Apothérapie*, with a *c*, which is no word at all. The Dutch Editor says *ἀποθεραπεία* means, the issue and end of exercise. I like Robertson's definition better, "cura post remedia vehementiora, vel curatio post exercitationem exhibita." Anglice, a healer after hard drinking, as one may say in mirth, from *ἀπό* et *θεραπεία*.

<sup>2</sup> *Tables*. Read instead of Tables, Talus, or Tali. Talus is a bone to play with like a die. Q. Whether Anle or Huckle? Ludus Talarus, in Latin. All the editions, except this of Duchat, have it Tables, but it should be Tales, i. e. Tali, as above, and as in l. 4, c. 7. Leonicus, who is mentioned by Rabelais, in the same breath, wrote a Treatise by way of Dialogue, de Ludo Talario, intituled Sannutus (not Samnutus, as in Gryphius's Edition, both in title and text. Sannutus is the Latin termination of Sanuto, which signifies long-tusked, full-tusked, as an old full-grown boar. This Leonicus, whose Christian name was Nicholas, was a native of Venice, and a learned professor at Padua, where he died not seventy-five years old, nor in 1533, as Bucholcer writes in his Chronicle of that year, but two years younger, or if you will less old, that is, An. 1531, in the month of March. Bembo, or, the Bembo, to speak like the Italians, l. 8, of the second part of his Italian Letters, in one to Vettor Soranzo, of the 28th of March, 1531; "Il nostro buon Messer Leonico l'altro di fini la sua vita." Our old friend Leonicus finished his career of life the other day. But to wind up this article; the game of the Tali (*τῶν ἀσπραγῶν*) is certainly of great antiquity, especially if it be true that the Lydians used it, even before the Trojan war; nor did it cease to be in vogue in Italy, under the name of Parcelles, till about 1484; since which the wars of that country have occasioned the people to turn their thoughts to more serious things.

of metals, or the casting of great ordnance : how the lapidaries did work, as also the goldsmiths and cutters of precious stones. Nor did they omit to visit the alchymists, money-coiners, upholsterers, weavers, velvet-workers, watchmakers, looking-glass-framers, printers, organists, and other such kind of artificers, and, every where giving them somewhat to drink, did learn and consider the industry and invention of the trades. They went also to hear the public lectures, the solemn commencements, the repetitions, the acclamations, the pleadings of the gentle lawyers, and sermons of Evangelical preachers. He went through the halls and places appointed for fencing, and there played against the masters themselves at all weapons, and showed them by experience, that he knew as much in it as, yea more than, they. And, instead of herborising, they visited the shops of druggists, herbalists, and apothecaries, and diligently considered the fruits, roots, leaves, gums, seeds, the grease and ointments of some foreign parts,<sup>3</sup> as also how they did adulterate them.<sup>4</sup> He went to see jugglers, tumblers, mountebanks and quacksalvers, and considered their cunning, their shifts, their summer-saults and smooth tongues especially of those of Chauny in Picardy, who are naturally great praters, and brave givers of fibs, in matter of green apes.

At their return they did eat more soberly at supper than at other times, and meats more dessicative and extenuating ; to the end that the intemperate moisture of the air, communicated to the body by a necessary confinity, might by this means be corrected, and that they might not receive any prejudice for want of their ordinary bodily exercise. Thus

<sup>3</sup> *Grease and ointments of some foreign parts.*] *Axunges pægrines.* *Axunge* signifies grease, properly of swine, says Cotgrave, also ointment made thereof. Duchat says, the softest and most humid fat, or grease of beasts. Boyer says, *Axonge*, man's grease, prepared with herbs, and good against cold humours. The authors of Camb. Dict. " *Axungia* ab unguendo plaustrum axe, ad faciliorem circumactum rotarum." Grease or unguent, for an axle-tree, whence its name *axungia*, swine's grease ; also the fat, froth, or cream of any other thing.

<sup>4</sup> *Adulterate them* ] It is indeed *adulterer* in French ; but here it means to compound, make up, mingle together, as you will find *adultero*, in the Camb. Dict. sometimes to signify. Duchat confirms me in this opinion : " *adulterer, la maniere dont on faisoit des remedes composez de toutes ces Drogues.*" In this sense it is an apothecary's business to adulterate, and not any objection to him for doing so.

was Gargantua governed, and kept on in this course of education, from day to day profiting, as you may understand such a young man of his age<sup>5</sup> may, of a pregnant judgment, with good discipline well continued. Which, although at the beginning it seemed difficult, became a little after so sweet, so easy, and so delightful, that it seemed rather the recreation of a king than the study of a scholar. Nevertheless Ponocrates, to divert him from this vehement intension of the spirits, thought fit, once in a month, upon some fair and clear day to go out of the city betimes in the morning, either towards Gentilly, or Boulogne, or to Montrouge, or Charanton-bridge, or to Vanves, or St. Clou, and there spend all the day long in making the greatest cheer that could be devised, sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crabs. But although that day was past without books or lecture, yet was it not spent without profit; for in the said meadows they usually repeated certain pleasant verses of Virgil's agriculture, of Hesiod, and of Politian's husbandry; would set a broach some witty Latin epigrams, then immediately turned them into roundelays and songs for dancing in the French language. In their feasting, they would sometimes separate the water from the wine that was therewith mixed, as Cato teacheth, *De re rustica*, and Pliny with an ivy cup<sup>6</sup> would wash the wine in a basin full of water, then take it out again with a funnel as pure as ever. They made the water go from one glass to another, and contrived a thousand little automatory engines,<sup>7</sup> that is to say, moving of themselves.

<sup>5</sup> *Of his age.*] It appears before, in chap. 14. that Gargantua, in 1420, had spent in study fifty-three years, ten months, and two weeks. He was at least five years old when Master Thubal gave him his first lesson; but let us reckon no more than fifty-eight years. He is made to read, since 1420, the *Supplementum Chronicorum*, which came out sixty-five years after, viz. in 1485. Add these sixty-five to the other fifty-eight, and you will find that this young man Gargantua was at least a hundred and twenty-three years old, even before he put himself under the discipline of Ponocrates. But this is, because Gargantua's adolescence ought to be in proportion to the duration of his life: for his life was of a very great length, since l. 2, c. 2, he was 524 years old when he begot Pantagruel.

<sup>6</sup> *With an ivy cup.*] Pliny, l. 16, c. 35. after Cato, c. de re rust.

<sup>7</sup> *Automatory engines.*] The reader may upon this satisfy himself

## CHAPTER XXV.

*How there was a great strife and debate raised betwixt the cake-bakers of Lerné, and those of Gargantua's country, whereupon were waged great wars.*

AT that time, which was the season of vintage, in the beginning of harvest,<sup>1</sup> when the country shepherds were set to keep the vines, and hinder the starlings from eating up the grapes, as some cake-bakers of Lerné<sup>2</sup> happened to pass along in the broad highway, driving into the city ten or twelve horses loaded with cakes, the said shepherds courteously entreated them to give them some for their money, as the price then ruled in the market. For here it is to be remarked, that it is a celestial food to eat for breakfast, hot fresh cakes with grapes, especially the frail clusters, the great red grapes, the muscadine, the verjuice grape, and the luskard, for those that are costive in their belly; because it will make them gush out, and squirt the length of a hunter's staff, like the very tap of a barrel; and oftentimes, thinking to let a squib, they did all-to-besquatter and conskited themselves, whereupon they are commonly called the vintage thinkers.<sup>3</sup> The bunsellers or

further, by having recourse to Leonicus, l. 1, c. 7. of his "de varia Historia."

<sup>1</sup> *Harvest.*] Autumn, Rabelais says.

<sup>2</sup> *Lerné.*] Lerné or Lernay, as Bernier spells it, is a parish in Poitou, where they make a kind of Galette (wreathed cake, says Cotgrave, a broad thin cake, says Boyer, with whom I concur.) Be that as it will, it was a large sort of brown cake, or a bun, hastily baked on a hot hearth (Focus in Latin, from whence I suppose the people of Perigord, Languedoc, &c. call it Fouace) with hot embers, laid on it, and burning coals over it. Busbequius relates, that in travelling from Vienna to Constantinople, throughout Bulgaria, he met with hardly ~~any~~ other bread than a sort of fouace, which was not so much as leavened. "Post hæc," says he, "pluribus diebus fecimus iter per amœnas et non infru-giferas Bulgarorum convallas; quo ferè tempore panem, uti cœmus sub-cinercio; fugacias vocant. Eum puellæ mulieresque vendunt: neque enim sunt in eâ regione pistorum. Illæ, ubi hospites advenisse sentiunt, unde lucelli quid sperent, calidis cineribus subijciunt, atque ita ferventes etiamnum à loco panes parvo pretio venales circumferunt." (Let. 1. of his Embassy into Turkey.) In France, these are the people that make and sell the fouace cake, and whom Rabelais calls fouâciers: cake-bakers or cake-venders of Lerné.

<sup>3</sup> *Vintage thinkers.*] An Englishman will be apt to stare at this word, and imagine it should be vintage drinkers: But no, it is rightly translated; *Cudeurs de ventlang*, is Rabelais' words; and since, as

cake-makers, were in nothing inclinable to their request ; but, (which was worse,) did injure them most outrageously, calling them prattling gabblers, licorous gluttons, freckled bitters, mangy rascals, shite-a-bed scoundrels, drunken roysters, sly knaves, drowsy loiterers, slapsauce fellows, slabberdegullion druggels, lubbards louts, cozepeing foxes, ruffian rogues, paultry customers, sychophant-valets, drawlatch hoydons, flouting milksops, jeering companions, staring clowns, forlorn snakes, ninny lobcocks, scurvy sucaksbics, fondling fops, base loons, saucy coxcombs, idle lusk, scoffing braggards, noddie meacocks, blockish grutnols, doddi-poljolt-heads, jobbernol goosecaps, foolish loggerheads, flutch calf-lollies, grouthead gnat-snappers, lob-dotterels, gaping changelings, codshead loobies, woodcock slangams, minnie-hammer fly-catchers, noddiepeak simpletons, turdy-gut, shitten shepherds, and other such like defamatory epithets ; saying further that it was not for them to eat of these dainty cakes, but might very well content themselves with the coarse unraunged bread,<sup>4</sup> or to eat of the great brown household loaf. To the French proverb says, a filthy tale seldom wants filthy auditors, “à cul de foirard toujours abonde merde,” I will even explain these words. There is you must know an ancient home-spun French saying, “je cuidois seulement peter, et je me suis embrene.” I thought (mind that word, for it explains thinkers.) I thought to have only tarted and have all beshit myself. This piece of loose wit is grounded on the laxative quality of the white grape, called for that very reason foirard (squitterer) : of which when a man, and the same with a woman, I suppose, has eaten too freely, and thinks to ease him (or her) self by farting, they are very apt to do something more. Thence came the saying above, I thought only to have let a fart, and have all beshit myself. Thus when Rabelais, ch. 9. of his Pantagruelian Prognostication, says, that in Autumn the cuidez will be in season, he means that in time of vintage, people will often have occasion to say *je cuidois*, &c. I thought, &c. I have been the fuller in explaining this, because when the reader comes to the ninth chapter of the Pantagruelian Prognostication, he may know what Rabelais means by “tel cuidera vessir, qui baudement fiantera,” which M. Motteux very elegantly translates, many a one (in Autumn) will think only to burst at the broad-side (or rather broad-end) by the way of fizzle-cum-funk, and will foully give their breeches a clyster with a fecal decoction. Rabelais is not so polite here, though no body knew better than he how to be so upon a proper occasion. He says, many a one will let a brewer's fizzle, i. e. grains and all.

<sup>4</sup> Coarse unraunged bread, &c.] *Gros pain ballé, et de tourte.* Ballé is the chaff or coat that holds the grains of wheat or other corn. So pain ballé is chaff bread. This bread, coarse with a witness, which in Poitou is given only to country servants, consists of several sorts of corn,

which provoking words, one amongst them, called Forgier, an honest fellow of his person, and a notable springal, made answer very calmly thus. How long is it since you have got horns, that you are become so proud? Indeed formerly you were wont to give us some freely, and will you not now let us have any for our money? This is not the part of good neighbours, neither do we serve you thus, when you come hither to buy our good corn, whereof you make your cakes and buns. Besides that, we would have given you to the bargain some of our grapes, but, by his wounds, you may chance to repent it, and possibly have need of us at another time, when we shall use you after the like manner, and therefore remember it. Then Marquet, a prime man in the confraternity of the cake-bakers, said unto him, Yea, sir, thou art pretty well crest-risen this morning, thou didst eat yesternight too much mullet and bolymong.<sup>5</sup> Come hither, sirrah, come hither, I will give thee some cakes. Whereupon Forgier dreading no harm, in all simplicity went towards him, and drew a sixpence out of his leather satchel, thinking that Marquet would have sold him some of his cakes. But in-

as oats, barley, and the great and small plâtre, (a sort of rye, if I do not mistake M. le Duchat's *petit blé*,) the ear of which is very long, and the grain placed two and two in a husk, which is flat and very hard. Now, as no great care is taken at the mill, to separate this husk nor even the chaff (*ballé* above mentioned) from the meal, this makes the chaff bread (*pain ballé*) so despicable. As for the other word Rabelais uses, viz., *tourte*, Cotgrave, from whom Sir T. U. takes it, says, it is a loaf of household (or brown) bread, called so in Lionnois and Dauphiné. But M. le Duchat being more particular, I shall translate what he says of this same *tourte*. It is bread made of rye, peculiar to the peasants of certain provinces, chiefly to the poor inhabitants of the mountains of the country of Foretz, the Lyonnois, Savoy, Auvergne, and *le Bourbonnois*. This bread, which is made into loaves, almost as big as a Parmesan cheese, and much what of the same form, will keep several months; nay, it is said, that *tourte* is more savoury for being stale, and that age gives it a yellow colour, like that of wax, if due care be taken to pile these huge loaves one upon another as soon as they come out of the oven, and some very heavy weight be set upon them. Upon the whole, this sort of bread is very undigestive, and agrees with none but ploughmen, porters, quarry-men, masons, bricklayers, and black-smiths. See Jerom Mercurialis, Var. Lect. l. 2, c. 5. Bruyerin de re Cibaria, l. 1, c. 9.

<sup>5</sup> *Bolymong.*] Mingled corn. This is not in the original; it says only millet, which if you feed a cock with over night, he will be the stouter and bolder for it the next day. "

stead of cakes, he gave him with his whip such a rude lash overthwart the legs, the marks of the whipcord knots were apparent in them, then would have fled away; but Forgier cried out as loud as he could, O murder, murder, help, help, help! and in the mean time threw a great cudgel after him, which he carried under his arm, wherewith he hit him in the coronal joint of his head, upon the crotaphic artery of the right side thereof, so forcibly, that Marquet fell down from his mare, more like a dead than a living man. Meanwhile the farmers and country swains that were watching their walnuts near to that place, came running with their great poles and long staves, and laid such load on these cake-bakers, as if they had been to thrash upon green rye. The other shepherds and shepherdesses, hearing the lamentable shout of Forgier, came with their slings and slackies<sup>6</sup> following them, and throwing great stones at them, as thick as if it had been hail. At last they overtook them, and took from them about four or five dozen of their cakes. Nevertheless they paid for them the ordinary price, and gave them over and above one hundred eggs,<sup>7</sup> and three baskets full of mulberries.<sup>8</sup> Then did the cake-bakers help to get up to his mare, Marquet, who was most shrewdly wounded, and forthwith returned to Lerné, changing the resolution they had to go to Pareille, threatening very sharp and boisterously the cowherds, shepherds, and farmers, of Seville and Sinays. This done, the shepherds and shepherdesses made merry with these cakes and fine grapes, and sported themselves together at the sound of the pretty small pipe, scoffing and laughing at those vain glorious cake-bakers, who had that day met with a mischief for want of crossing themselves with a good hand in the morning. Nor did they forget to apply to Forgier's leg some fair great red medicinal

<sup>6</sup> *Slackies*.] I know not what *slacky* means; I suppose it may be a Scotch word for something like a sling; for that is what Rabelais means by the word *brassier*.—*Cotgrave*.

<sup>7</sup> *One hundred eggs*.] Rabelais does not say eggs, but shelled nuts, for that's the meaning of *quercas*, *Cotgrave* says, and *M. le Duchat* too. *Un cent de noix*, &c. says *Duchat*, a hundred walnuts, which *Grangousier's* tenants had just been shelling for themselves.

<sup>8</sup> *Mulberries*.] *Frances auburs* means, according to *M. le Duchat*, a sort of white grapes, the pulp whereof is very firm. The word comes from *albus*, white.



grapes,<sup>9</sup> and so handsomely dressed it and bound it up, that he was quickly cured.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*How the inhabitants of Lerné, by the commandment of Picrochole, their King, assaulted the shepherds of Gargantua unexpectedly and on a sudden.*<sup>10</sup>

THE cake-bakers, being returned to Lerné, went presently, before they did either eat or drink, to the capitol,<sup>1</sup> and there before their King, called Picrochole,<sup>2</sup> the third of that name,<sup>3</sup> made their complaint, showing their panniers broken, their caps all crumbled, their coats torn, their cakes taken away, but, above all, Marquet most enormously wounded, saying, that all that mischief was done by the shepherds and herdsmen of Grangousier, near the broad highway beyond Seville. Picrochole incontinent grew angry and furious; and, without asking any further what, how, why or wherefore, commanded the ban and arriere ban to be sounded throughout all his country, that all his vassals of what condition soever should, upon pain of the halter,<sup>4</sup> come in the best arms they could, unto the great place before the castle, at

<sup>9</sup> *Great red medicinal grapes.*] *Gros raisins chenins*; a kind of great red grape, fitter for medicines than for meat.—*Cotgrave*.

<sup>1</sup> *Capitol.*] *Capitoly* in French. In some provinces of France they call the session-house and court of judicature, the capitol, and at Thou-louse the echevins (magistrates not unlike the English sheriffs,) are called capitouls. It is in this sense, we are to understand the country gibberidge capitoly, since it is said the cake-bakers went thither to carry their complaints, and supplicate their king for justice, who, according to ancient custom, dispensed it to his subjects personally and instantly.

<sup>2</sup> *Picrochole.*] Bitter bile, Greek; i. e. A choleric man.

<sup>3</sup> *The third of that name.*] M. le Duchat takes this to mean, that he was still more choleric than his two predecessors of the same name. To call one Simpleton the third, Codshead the third, is the same as to call him a complete simpleton, a finished fool, a codshead in the superlative degree. In this sense it is, that ch. 27, l. 5, our author, speaking of King Benius, founder of the order of Semiquaver Friars, says he was the third of the name of Benius, as much as to say he was a greater Tony (Benest in French) than his predecessors, who had impoverished themselves to enrich other orders which they had likewise founded. See ch. 6 and 27, Rabelais, l. 5.

<sup>4</sup> *Halter.*] *Sur peine de la hart*; Hart properly means a green withy, with which in old time malefactors were hanged, and still are, says Cotgrave, in some barbarous countries.

the hour of noon,<sup>5</sup> and the better to strengthen his design, he caused the drum to be beat about the town. Himself, whilst his dinner was making ready, went to see his artillery mounted upon the carriage, to display his colours, and set up the great royal standard, and loaded wains with store of ammunition both for the field and the belly, arms and victuals. At dinner he despatched his commissions, and by his express edict my Lord Shagrag<sup>6</sup> was appointed to command the vanguard, wherein were numbered sixteen thousand and fourteen harquebussiers or firelocks, together with thirty thousand and eleven volunteer adventurers. The great Torquedillon, master of the horse, had the charge of the ordnance, wherein were reckoned nine hundred and fourteen brazen pieces, in cannons, double cannons, basilisks, serpentines, culverins, bombards or murtherers, falcons, bases or passe-volans, spiroles and other sorts of great guns. The rear guard was committed to the Duke of Scrapegood. In the main battle was the King, and the princes of his kingdom. Thus being hastily furnished, before they would set forward, they sent three hundred light horsemen under the conduct of Captain Swillwind, to discover the country, clear the avenues, and see whether there was any ambush laid for them. But, after they had made dilligent search, they found all the land round about in peace and quiet, without any meeting or convention at all; which Picrochole understanding commanded that every one should march speedily under his colours. Then immediately in all disorder, without keeping either rank or file, they took the fields one amongst another, wasting, spoiling, destroying and making havoc of all wherever they went, not sparing poor nor rich, privileged nor unprivileged places, church nor laity, drove away oxen and cows, bulls, calves, heifers, wethers, ewes, lambs, goats, kids, hens, capons, chickens, geese, ganders, goslings, hogs, swine, pigs and such like; beating down the walnuts, plucking the grapes, tearing the hedges, shaking the fruit-trees, and committing such incomparable abuses, that the like abomination was never heard of. Nevertheless, they met

<sup>5</sup> *At the hour of noon.*] Rabelais could not have pitched upon a properer hour for this choleric prince to do a hot-headed thing, than at high noon.

<sup>6</sup> *Shagrag.*] *Trepelu.* Pulosissimus, in Latin.

with none to resist them, for every one submitted to their mercy, beseeching them, that they might be dealt with courteously, in regard that they had always carried themselves as became good and loving neighbours; and that they had never been guilty of any wrong or outrage done unto them, to be thus suddenly surprised, troubled and disquieted, and that if they would not desist, God would punish them very shortly. To which expostulations and remonstrances no other answer was made, but that they would teach them to eat cakes.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

*How a monk of Seville saved the close of the abbey from being ransacked by the enemy.*

So much they did, and so far they went pillaging and stealing, that at last they came to Seville, where they robbed both men and women, and took all they could catch: nothing was either too hot or too heavy for them. Although the plague was there in the most part of all their houses, they nevertheless entered everywhere, then plundered and carried away all that was within, and yet for all this not one of them took any hurt, which is a most wonderful case. For the curates, vicars, preachers, physicians, surgeons and apothecaries, who went to visit, to dress, to cure, to heal, to preach unto, and admonish those that were sick, were all dead with the infection; and these devilish robbers and murderers caught never any harm at all. Whence comes this to pass, my masters? I beseech you think upon it. The town being thus pillaged, they went unto the abbey with a horrible noise and tumult, but they found it shut and made fast against them. Whereupon the body of the army marched forward towards a pass or ford called the Gué de Véde, except seven companies of foot, and two hundred lancers, who, staying there, broke down the walls of the close, to waste, spoil and make havoc of all the vines, and vintage within that place. The monks (poor devils) knew not in that extremity to which of all their sancts they should vow themselves. Nevertheless, at all adventures they rang the bells *ad capitulum capitulantes*.<sup>1</sup> There it was decreed, that they should make

<sup>1</sup> *Ad capitulum capitulantes.*] All such as had a vote in the chapter.

a fair procession, stuffed with good lectures, prayers, and litanies *contra hostium insidias*, and jolly responses *pro pace*.<sup>2</sup>

There was then in the abbey a claustral monk, called Friar John<sup>3</sup> of the funnels and gobbets, in French, *des Entommeures* young, gallant, frisk, lusty, nimbly, quick, active, bold, adventurous, resolute, tall, lean, wide-mouthed, long-nosed, a fair despatcher of morning prayers, unbridler of masses, and runner over vigils; and, to conclude summarily in a word, a right monk, if ever there was any, since the monking world monk'd a monkery: for the rest, a clerk even to the teeth<sup>4</sup> in matter of breviary. This monk, hearing the noise that the enemy made within the inclosure of the vineyard, went out to see what they were doing; and perceiving that they were cutting and gathering the grapes, whercon was grounded the foundation of all their next year's wine, returned unto the quire of the church where the other monks were, all amazed and astonished like so many bell-melters. Whom when he heard sing, *im, im, pe, ne, ne, ne, ne, nene, tum, ne num, num, ini, i mi, co, o, no, o, o, neno, ne, no, no, no, rum, nenum, num*: It is well shit, well sung, said he. By the virtue of God, why do not you sing, Panniers farewell, vintage is done? The devil snatch me, if they be not already within the middle of our close, and cut so well both vines and grapes that, by God's body, there will not be found for these four years to come so much as a gleaning in it. By the belly of Sanct James, what shall we poor devils drink the while?

This is done by ringing a certain little bell. Neither the novices nor converts are at all concerned to meet at this call.

<sup>2</sup> *Responses, &c.*] Prayers of the gradual. Part of the mass invented by Pope Celestine, A. 430.

<sup>3</sup> *John, &c.*] Here M. le Duchat observes, that M. Menage has made a discovery, that this is the character of one Bernard, a monk of Sermaise, and that Rabelais meant him by Friar John de l'Entommeures (for so Rabelais writ it, and means Friar John of the chopping-knives, as I have elsewhere said, not of the funnels.) See Duchat at large.

<sup>4</sup> *Clerk even to the teeth.*] A proverbial expression, used in speaking of a debauched priest or monk, who has, as it were, devoured his mass-book; well-read in his porridge-pot; an excellent clerk in a cook's shop.

<sup>5</sup> *Ini, &c.*] Read it thus, for so Rabelais writ it, *Im, im, pe, e, e, e, tum, um, in, i, ni, i, mi, co, o, o, o, o, o, rum, um*. These syllables belong to an anthem, or some response, and they form the words *impetum inimicorum*, of which they represent the plain song.

Lord God ? da mihi potum. Then said the prior of the convent ;—What should this drunken fellow do here, let him be carried to prison for troubling the divine service. Nay, said the monk, the wine service, let us behave ourselves so, that it be not troubled ; for you yourself, my lord prior, love to drink of the best, and so doth every honest man. Never yet did a man of worth dislike good wine, it is a monastical apophthegm. But these responses that you chant here by G—, are not in season. Wherefore is it, that our devotions were instituted to be short in the time of harvest and vintage, and long in the advent and all the winter ? The late friar, Macé Pelosse, of good memory, a true zealous man, (or else I give myself to the devil,) of our religion, told me, and I remember it well, how the reason was, that in this season we might press and make the wine, and in winter whiff it up. Hark you, my masters, you that love the wine, Cop's body, follow me ; for Sanct Anthony burn me as freely as a faggot, if they get leave to taste one drop of the liquor, that will not now come and fight for relief of the vine. Hog's belly, the goods of the church ! Ha, no, no. What the devil, Sanct Thomas of England was well content to die for them ; if I died in the same cause, should not I be a sanct likewise ? Yes. Yet shall not I die there for all this, for it is I that must do it to others and send them a packing.

As he spake this, he threw off his great monk's habit, and laid hold upon the staff of the cross, which was made of the heart of a sorb-apple-tree, it being of the length of a lance, round, of a full gripe, and a little powdered with lilies called flower de luce,<sup>7</sup> the workmanship whereof was almost all defaced and worn out. Thus went he out in a fair long-skirted jacket, putting his frock scarfwise athwart his breast, and in this equipage, with his staff, shaft, or truncheon of the cross,

<sup>6</sup> *What the devil, &c.*] Read, *Oons*, St. Thomas of England would gladly have laid down his life for them. He means Thomas à Becket.

<sup>7</sup> *Flower-de-luces almost all defaced.*] Many will have the moral sense of the words, and of this action of Friar John to be, that the Kings of France having thought fit to give, in their kingdom, a very great authority to ecclesiastics, these latter have often made use of it to oppress their enemies, without taking any, or very little notice of the power and sovereignty of their benefactors. But might there not be some other mystery in what Rabelais adds, that Friar John's staff was of the sorb-apple-tree, the hardest of all-woods ?

laid on so lustily, brisk, and fiercely upon his enemies, who without any order, or ensign, or trumpet, or drum, were busied in gathering the grapes of the vinyard. For the cornets, guidons, and ensign-bearers had laid down their standards, banners, and colours by the wallsides: the drummers had knocked out the heads of their drums on one end, to fill them with grapes: the trampeters were loaded with great bundles of bunches, and huge knots of clusters: in sum, every one of them was out of array, and all in disorder. He hurried, therefore, upon them so rudely, without crying gare or beware, that he overthrew them like hogs, tumbled them over like swine, striking athwart and alongst, and by one means or other laid so about him, after the old fashion of fencing, that to some he beat out their brains, to others he crushed their arms, battered their legs, and bothwacked their sides till their ribs cracked with it. To others again he unjointed the spondyles or knuckles of the neck, disfigured their chaps, gashed their faces, made their cheeks hang flapping on their chin, and so swunged and belammed them, that they fell down before him like hay before a mower. To some others he spoiled the frame of their kidneys, marred their backs, broke their thigh-bones, pushed in their noses, poached out their eyes, cleft their mandibules, tore their jaws, dash'd in their teeth into their throat, shook asunder their omoplates or shoulder blades, sphacelated their shins, mortified their shanks, inflamed their ankles, heaved off of the hinges their ischies, their sciatica or hip-gout,<sup>8</sup> dislocated the joints of their knees, squattered into pieces the boughts or pestles of their thighs, and so thumped, mawled and belaboured them everywhere, that never was corn so thick and threefold thrashed upon by ploughmen's flails, as were the pitifully disjointed members of their mangled bodies, under the merciless baton of the cross. If any offered to hide himself amongst the thickest of the vines, he laid him squat as a flounder, bruised the ridge of his back, and dashed his

<sup>8</sup> *Heaved off the hinges their ischies, their sciatica or hip-gout.*] It is *desgoudoit les ischies*, heaved off the hinges, the huckle-bones; for I take ischies to be ischia, the plural of ischium, the huckle-bone, the hip. Sir T. U. finding in Cotgrave that Rabelais's word ischie means the sciatica or hip-gout, sets it down so without considering the absurdity of such a construction, or the erroneousness of Cotgrave in that respect. *Ischias* is indeed the hip-gout, but not *ischium*.

reins like a dog. If any thought by flight to escape, he made his head to fly in pieces by the lambdoidal commissure, which is a seam in the hinder part of the skull. If any one did scramble up into a tree, thinking there to be safe, he rent up his perinee, and impaled him in at the fundament. If any of his old acquaintance happened to cry out, ha, Friar John, my friend, Friar John, quarter, quarter, I yield myself to you, to you I render myself! So thou shalt, said he, and must, whether thou wouldst or no, and withal render and yield up thy soul to all the devils in hell, then suddenly gave them dronos, that is, so many knocks, thumps, raps, dints, thwacks and bangs, as sufficed to warn Pluto of their coming, and despatch them a going. If any was so rash and full of temerity as to resist him to his face, then was it he did show the strength of his muscles, for without more ado he did transpierce him, by running him in at the breast, through the mediastine and the heart. Others, again, he so quashed and bebumped, that, with a sourd bounce under the hollow of their short ribs, he overturned their stomachs so that they died immediately. To some, with a smart souse on the epigaster, he would make their midriff swag, then, redoubling the blow, gave them such a home-push on the navel, that he made their puddings to gush out. To others through their ballocks he pierced their bum-gut, and left not bowel, tripe, nor entral in their body, that had not felt the impetuosity, fierceness, and fury of his violence. Believe, that it was the most horrible spectacle that ever one saw. Some cried unto Sanct Barbe, others to St. George. O the holy Lady Ny-touch, said one, the good Sanctess. O our Lady of Succours, said another, help, help! Others cried, Our Lady of Cunaut,<sup>9</sup> of Loretto, of Good Tidings,<sup>10</sup> on the other side of the water St. Mary Over.<sup>11</sup> Some vowed a pilgrimage to St. James, and others to the holy handkerchief at Chambery, which three months after that burnt so well in the fire, that they could not get one thread of it saved. Others sent up their vows to St. Cadouin,<sup>12</sup> others to St. John d'Angly, and to St.

<sup>9</sup> *Cunaut*.] A fat priory in Anjou.

<sup>10</sup> *Good tidings*.] A royal abbey near Orleans.

<sup>11</sup> *On the other side of the water St. Mary-over*.] Read, by our Lady Lenou, of Riviere. The first whereof is a parish of Touraine, between Chinon and Richelieu. The other not far from it.

<sup>12</sup> *Others sent up their vows to St. Cadouin*.] See all these explained at large in M. le Duchat's notes.

Eutropius of Xaintes. Others again invoked St. Mesmes of Chinon, St. Martin of Candès, St. Clouaud of Sinays, the holy relics of Laurezay, with a thousand other jolly little sancts and santrels. Some died without speaking, others spoke without dying; some died in speaking, others spoke in dying. Others shouted as loud as they could. Confession, confession, confiteor, miserere, in manus! So great was the cry of the wounded, that the Prior of the Abbey with all his monks came forth, who, when they saw these poor wretches so slain amongst the vines, and wounded to death, confessed some of them. But whilst the priests were busied in confessing them, the little monkies ran all to the place where Friar John was, and asked him, wherein he would be pleased to require their assistance? To which he answered, that they should cut the throats of those he had thrown down upon the ground. They presently, leaving their outer habits and cowls upon the rails, began to throttle and make an end of those whom he had already crushed. Can you tell with what instruments they did it? With fair gullies,<sup>13</sup> which are little hauleh-backed demi-knives, the iron tool whereof is two inches long, and the wooden handle one inch thick, and three inches in length, wherewith the little boys in our country cut ripe walnuts in two, while they are yet in the shell, and pick out the kernel, and they found them very fit for the expediting of wezand-slitting exploits. In the mean time Friar John, with his formidable baton of the cross, got to the breach which the enemies had made, and there stood to snatch up those that endeavoured to escape. Some of the monkies carried the standards, banners, ensigns, guidons, and colours into their cells and chambers, to make garters of them. But when those that had been shriven would have gone out at the gap of the said breach, the sturdy monk quashed and felled them down with blows, saying, These men have had confession and are penitent souls, they have got their absolution and gained the pardons: they go into paradise as straight as a sickle, or as the way is to Faye,<sup>14</sup> (like Crooked-lane at Eastcheap.) Thus by his prowess and valour

<sup>13</sup> *Gullies.*] *Gouets*, a little cut-purse knife. See more in Duchat.

<sup>14</sup> *The way to Faye.*] *Faye-la-vineuse*, a little village situated on so steep an eminence, that there is no getting at it but by winding round the mountain.



were discomfited all those of the army that entered into the close of the abbey unto the number of thirteen thousand six hundred twenty and two, besides the women and little children, which is always to be understood. Never did Maugis the Hermit bear himself more valiantly with his bourdon or pilgrim's staff against the Saracens, of whom is written in the Acts of the four sons of Haymon, than did this monk against his enemies with the staff of the cross.<sup>15</sup>

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*How Picrochole stormed and took by assault the Rock Clermond, and of Grangousier's unwillingness and aversion from the undertaking of war.*

WHILST the monk did thus skirmish, as we have said, against those which were entered within the close, Picrochole in great haste passed the ford of Véde,—a very especial pass,—with all his soldiery, and set upon the rock Clermond, where there was made him no resistance at all : and, because it was already night, he resolved to quarter himself and his army in that town, and to refresh himself of his pugnative choler.<sup>1</sup> In the morning he stormed and took the bulwarks and castle, which afterwards he fortified with rampiers, and furnished with all ammunition requisite, intending to make his retreat there, if he should happen to be otherwise worsted ; for it was a strong place, both by art and nature, in regard of the stance and situation of it. But let us leave them there, and return to our good Gargantua, who is at Paris very assiduous and earnest at the study of good letters, and athletical exercitations, and to the good old man Grangousier his father, who after supper warmeth his ballocks by a good, clear, great fire, and, waiting upon the broiling of some chesnuts, is very serious in drawing scratches on the hearth, with a stick burnt at the one end, wherewith they did stir

<sup>15</sup> *Maugis the Hermit.*] Cousin to the four sons of Aymon. In this ludicrous account of the exploits of Friar John, Rabelais designed to ridicule the grave and circumstantial narrations given in the writings of the Trouvères, of the prodigious slaughter of giants and misbelieving Paynims, achieved by the Knights and Paladins of Arthur and Charlemagne, in their innumerable adventures, and effected by an astonishing anatomical variety of wounds, all of which are faithfully detailed in these romances, so popular during the middle ages.]

<sup>1</sup> *Pugnative choler.*] It should be *pungtive*, as being not only so in the best editions of Rabelais, but a word often used by the physicians of the lower ages in the sense of “*pungendi vim habens.*”

up the fire, telling to his wife and the rest of the family pleasant old stories and tales of former times.

Whilst he was thus employed, one of the shepherds which did keep the vines, named Pillot, came towards him, and to the full related the enormous abuses which were committed, and the excessive spoil that was made by Picrochole, King of Lerne, upon his lands and territories, and how he had pillaged, wasted, and ransacked all the country, except the inclosure at Seville, which Friar John des Entoumeures, to his great honour, had preserved; and that at the same present time the said king was in the rock Clermond, and there, with great industry and circumspection, was strengthening himself and his whole army. Halas, halas, alas, said Grangousier, what is this, good people? Do I dream, or is it true that they tell me? Picrochole, my ancient friend of old time, of my own kindred and alliance, comes he to invade me? What moves him? What provokes him? What sets him on? What drives him to it? Who hath given him this counsel? Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, my God, my Saviour, help me, inspire me, and advise me what I shall do! I protest, I swear before thee, so be thou favourable to me, if ever I did him or his subjects any damage or displeasure, or committed any the least robbery in his country; but, on the contrary, I have succoured and supplied him with men, money, friendship, and counsel, upon any occasion, wherein I could be steadable for the improvement of his good. That he hath therefore at this nick of time so outraged and wronged me, it cannot be but by the malevolent and wicked spirit. Good God thou knowest my courage, for nothing can be hidden from thee. If perhaps he be grown mad, and that thou hast sent him hither to me for the better recovery and re-establishment of his brain, grant me power and wisdom to bring him to the yoke of thy holy will by good discipline. Ho, ho, ho, ho, my good people, my friends, and my faithful servants, must I hinder you from helping me? Alas, my old age required henceforward nothing else but rest, and all the days of my life I have laboured for nothing so much as peace;<sup>2</sup> but now I must, I see it well, load with arms my

<sup>2</sup> *And all the days of my life I have laboured for nothing so much as peace.*] A true picture of the good King Louis XII., of whom Mezeray says, that he had so great an aversion to war, lest his subjects

poor, weary and feeble shoulders, and take in my trembling hand the lance and horseman's mace, to succour and protect my honest subjects. Reason will have it so; for by their labour am I entertained, and with their sweat am I nourished, I, my children and my family. This notwithstanding, I will not undertake war, until I have first tried all the ways and means of peace: that I resolve upon.

Then assembled he his counsel, and proposed the matter as it was indeed. Whereupon it was concluded, that they should send some discreet man unto Picrochole, to know wherefore he had thus suddenly broken the peace, and invaded those lands unto which he had no right nor title. Furthermore, that they should send for Gargantua, and those under his command, for the preservation of the country, and defence thereof now at need. All this pleased Grangousier very well, and he commanded that so it should be done. Presently therefore he sent Basque his lackey, to fetch Gargantua with all diligence, and wrote to him as followeth.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*The tenor of the letter which Grangousier wrote to his son Gargantua.*

THE fervency of thy studies did require, that I should not in a long time recall thee from that philosophical rest thou now enjoyest, if the confidence reposed in our friends and ancient confederates had not at this present disappointed the assurance of my old age. But seeing such is my fatal destiny, that I should be now disquieted by those in whom I trusted most, I am forced to call thee back to help the people and goods, which by the right of nature belong unto thee.—For even as arms are weak abroad, if there be not counsel at home, so is that study vain, and counsel unprofitable, which in a due and convenient time is not by virtue executed and put in effect. My deliberation is not to provoke, but to appease—not to assault, but to defend—not to conquer, but to preserve my faithful subjects and hereditary dominions, into which Picrochole is entered in a hostile manner without any ground or cause, and from day to day pursueth his furious enterprise with that height of insolence that is intolerable to should suffer by it, that he rather chose to lose his duchy of Milan, than seek to recover it by a war; which he could not carry on without loading his subjects with new taxes.

free-born spirits. I have endeavoured to moderate his tyrannical choler, offering him all that which I thought might give him satisfaction; and oftentimes have I sent lovingly unto him, to understand wherein, by whom, and how he found himself to be wronged. But of him could I obtain no other answer, but a mere defiance, and that in my lands he did pretend only to the right of a civil correspondency and good behaviour,<sup>1</sup> whereby I knew that the eternal God hath left him to the dispose of his own free will and sensual appetite,—which cannot choose but be wicked, if by divine grace it be not continually guided,—and to contain him within his duty, and to bring him to know himself, hath sent him hither to me by a grievous token. Therefore, my beloved son, as soon as thou canst, upon sight of these letters, repair hither with all diligence, to succour not me so much, which nevertheless by natural piety thou oughtest to do, as thine own people, which by reason thou mayest save and preserve. The exploit shall be done with as little effusion of blood as may be. And, if possible, by means far more expedient, such as military policy, devices and stratagems of war, we shall save all the souls, and send them home as merry as crickets unto their own houses. My dearest son, the peace of Jesus Christ our Redeemer be with thee. Salute from me Ponocrates, Gymnastes, and Eudemone. The twentieth of September.

Thy Father Grangousier.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### *How Ulrich Gallet was sent unto Picrochole.*

THE letters being dictated, signed, and sealed, Grangousier ordained that Ulrich Gallet,<sup>1</sup> Master of the Requests,

<sup>1</sup> *And that in my lands he did pretend only to the right of a civil correspondency and good behaviour.*] Instead of all which, read, And that my lands lay fit for him; for that is the meaning of the word bienseante. Old Louis XIV. used that very word in one of his declarations of war against the Dutch, That Flanders, &c. stood convenient for him, and assigned no other reason for attacking them.

<sup>1</sup> *Ulrich Gallet.*] Menage, under the word Gallet, says, it is not long since there was at Chinon a family of that name. Gallet, the gamester, who built at Paris the Hotel de Sulli, was of this family, and Ulrich, or Hurly Gallet, master of requests to Grangousier, was so too, as we are informed by Menage, who had it from Gallet, the gamester's own mouth.

a very wise and discreet man, of whose prudence and sound judgment he had made trial in several difficult and debateful matters, [should] go unto Picrochole, to show what had been decreed amongst them. At the same hour departed the good man Gallet, and, having passed the ford, asked at the miller that dwelt there, in what condition Picrochole was: who answered him, that his soldiers had left neither cock nor hen, that they were retired<sup>2</sup> and shut up into the rock Clermond, and that he would not advise him to go any further for fear of the scouts, because they were enormously furious. Which he easily believed, and therefore lodged that night with the miller.

The next morning he went with a trumpeter to the gate of the castle, and required of the guards he might be admitted to speak with the king of somewhat that concerned him. These words being told unto the king, he would by no means consent that they should open the gate; but, getting upon the top of the bulwark, said unto the ambassador, What is the news, what have you to say? Then the ambassador began to speak as followeth.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### *The speech made by Gallet to Picrochole.*

THERE cannot arise amongst men a juster cause of grief, than when they receive hurt and damage, where they may justly expect for favour and good will; and not without cause though without reason, have many, after they had fallen into such a calamitous accident, esteemed this indignity less supportable than the loss of their own lives, in such sort, that, if they have not been able by force of arms, nor any other means, by reach of wit or subtilty, to correct it, they have fallen into desperation, and utterly deprived themselves of this light. It is therefore no wonder if King Grangousier, my master, be full of high displeasure, and much disquieted in mind upon thy outrageous and hostile coming: but truly it would be a marvel, if he were not sensible of, and moved with the incomparable abuses and injuries perpetrated by thee and thine upon those of his country, towards whom there hath been no example of inhumanity omitted. Which in itself is to him

<sup>2</sup> *Retired, &c.*] Read, They had taken up their quarters in La Roche-Clermauld. (It is a parish within the territory of Chinon.)

so grievous, for the cordial affection, wherewith he hath always cherished his subjects, that more it cannot be to any mortal man ; yet in this, above human apprehension, is it to him the more grievous, that these wrongs and sad offences hath been committed by thee and thine, who, time out of mind, from all antiquity, thou and thy predecessors, have been in a continual league and amity with him, and all his ancestors ; which, even until this time, you have, as sacred, together inviolably preserved, kept, and entertained, so well that not he and his only, but the very barbarous nations of the Poictevins, Bretons, Manceaux, and those that dwell beyond the isles of the Canaries, and that of Isabella, have thought it as easy to pull down the firmament, and to set up the depths above the clouds, as to make a breach in your alliance ; and have been so afraid of it in their enterprises, that they have never dared to provoke, incense, or indamage the one for fear of the other. Nay, which is more, this sacred league hath so filled the world, that there are few nations at this day inhabiting throughout all the continent and isles of the ocean, who have not ambitiously aspired to be received into it, upon your own covenants and conditions, holding your joint confederacy in as high esteem as their own territories and dominions, in such sort, that from the memory of man, there hath not been either prince or league so wild and proud, that durst have offered to invade, I say not your countries, but not so much as those of your confederates. And if, by rash and heady counsel, they have attempted any new design against them, as soon as they heard the name and title of your alliance, they have suddenly desisted from their enterprises. What rage and madness, therefore, doth now incite thee, all old alliance infringed, all amity trod under foot, and all right violated, thus in a hostile manner to invade his country, without having been by him or his in any thing prejudiced, wronged or provoked. Where is faith ? Where is law ? Where is reason ? Where is humanity ? Where is the fear of God ? Dost thou think that these atrocious abuses are hidden from the Eternal Spirit, and the supreme God, who is the just rewarder of all our undertakings ? If thou so think, thou deceivest thyself ; for all things shall come to pass, as in his incomprehensible judgment he hath appointed. Is it thy fatal destiny, or influences of the

stars, that would put an end to thy so long enjoyed ease and rest? For that all things have their end and period, so as that, when they are come to the superlative point of their greatest height, they are in a trice tumbled down again, as not being able to abide long in that state. This is the conclusion and end of those who cannot by reason and temperance moderate their fortunes and prosperities. But if it be predestinated that thy happiness and ease must now come to an end, must it needs be by wronging my king; him by whom thou wert established? If thy house must come to ruin, should it therefore in its fall crush the heels of him that set it up? The matter is so unreasonable, and so dissonant from common sense, that hardly can it be conceived by human understanding, and [it will remain] altogether incredible unto strangers till by the certain and undoubted effects thereof it be made apparent, that nothing is either sacred or holy to those, who having emancipated themselves from God and reason, do merely follow the perverse affections of their own depraved nature. If any wrong had been done by us to thy subjects and dominions—if we had favoured thy ill-willers—if we had not assisted thee in thy need—if thy name and reputation had been wounded by us—or, to speak more truly, if the calumniating spirit, tempting to induce thee to evil, had, by false illusions and deceitful fantasies, put into thy conceit the impression of a thought, that we had done unto thee any thing unworthy of our ancient correspondence and friendship, thou oughtest first to have inquired out the truth, and afterwards by a seasonable warning to admonish us thereof; and we should have so satisfied thee, according to thine own heart's desire, that thou shouldest have had occasion to be contented. But, O eternal God, what is thy enterprise? Wouldst thou, like a perfidious tyrant, thus spoil and lay waste my master's kingdom? Hast thou found him so silly and blockish, that he would not, or so destitute of men and money, of counsel and skill in military discipline, that he cannot withstand thy unjust invasion? March hence presently, and to-morrow, some time of the day, retreat into thine own country, without doing any kind of violence or disorderly act by the way; and pay with all a thousand besans of gold.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And pay withal a thousand besans of gold.*] Ulrich Gallet maintains his master's dignity, by imposing this sum on Picrochole; at

(which, in English money, amounted to five thousand pounds) for reparation of the damages thou hast done in his country. Half thou shalt pay to-morrow, and the other half at the ides of May next coming, leaving with us in the meantime,\* for hostages, the Dukes of Turnbank, Lowbuttock and Small-trash, together with the Prince of Itches, (Scrubbado) and Viscount of Snatchbit.<sup>2</sup>

## CHAPTER XXXII.

*How Grangousier, to buy peace, caused the cakes to be restored.*

WITH that the good man Gallet held his peace, but Picrochole to all his discourse answered nothing but, "Come and fetch them; come and fetch them; they have ballocks fair and soft; they will knead and provide some cakes for you." Then returned he to Grangousier, whom he found upon his knees, bare-headed, crouching in a little corner of his cabinet, and humbly praying unto God, that he would vouchsafe to assuage the choler of Picrochole, and bring him to the rule of reason without proceeding by force. When the good man came back, he asked him, Ha, my friend, my friend, what news do you bring me? There is neither hope nor remedy, said Gallet: the man is quite out of his wits, and forsaken of God. Yea, but, said Grangousier, my friend, what cause doth he pretend for his outrages? He did not show me any cause at all, said Gallet, only that in a great anger he spoke some words of cakes. I cannot tell, if they

the same time as he offers him peace. The bezant was an ancient piece of money, coined at Constantinople (Byzantium.) Cotgrave says it was of gold. [See further in him.] M. le Duchat goes on. Baldricus, Bishop of Dol, l. i, of his history of Jerusalem, "Direxerunt itaque legationem Constantinopolim quæ vocabulo antiquiori Byzantium dicta fuit, unde et adhuc monetam civitatis illius Byzanteos vocamus." On which it may not be amiss to observe, that, under the second race of the Kings of France, the coins of the Levant were current and common throughout the kingdom, nay, and so continued to be long after, but the bezant often varied in weight and value.

<sup>2</sup> *Prince of Scrubbado and Viscount Snatchbit.*] Names fitted to the uneasy troublesome humour of those two men, whom Ulrich Gallet insists upon having for hostages, that he might put them out of a condition to influence their master to disturb the repose of his neighbours.

<sup>1</sup> *They have, &c.*] "Ils ont belle couille et moulle." A Poitevin expression for, You will see whether they are cullions (cowards in one sense) or no.



have done any wrong to his cake-bakers. I will know, said Grangousier, the matter thoroughly, before I resolve any more upon what is to be done. Then sent he to learn concerning that business, and found by true information, that his men had taken violently some cakes from Picrochole's people, and that Marquet's head was broken with a slucky or short cudgel: that, nevertheless, all was well paid, and that the said Marquet had first hurt Forgier with a stroke of his whip athwart the legs. And it seemed good to his whole counsel, that he should defend himself with all his might. Notwithstanding all this, said Grangousier, seeing the question is but about a few cakes, I will labour to content him; for I am very unwilling to wage war against him. He inquired then what quantity of cakes they had taken-away, and understanding, that it was but some four or five dozen, he commanded five cart-loads of them to be baked that same night; and that there should be one full of cakes made with fine butter, fine yolks of eggs, fine saffron, and fine spice, to be bestowed upon Marquet unto whom likewise he directed to be given seven hundred thousand and three Philips,<sup>2</sup> (that is, at three shillings the piece, one hundred and five thousand pounds, nine shillings of English money,) for reparation of his losses and hinderances, and for satisfaction of the chirurgion that had dressed his wound; and furthermore settled upon him and his for ever in frechold, the apple orchard called La Pomardiere. For the conveyance and passing of all which was sent Gallet, who by the way as they went, made them gather near the willow-trees, great store of boughs, canes, and reeds, wherewith all the carriers were enjoined to garnish and deck their carts, and each of them to carry one in his hand, as himself likewise did, thereby to give all men to understand, that they demanded but peace, and that they came to buy it.

Being come to the gate, they required to speak with Picrochole from Grangousier. Picrochole would not so much

<sup>2</sup> *Philips.*] A coin, so called from King Philip, of the house of Valois.

<sup>3</sup> *Apple Orchard, &c., La Mestairie, &c.*] The farm de la Pomardiere. The apple farm, if you will. Duchat thinks it was somewhere in Normandy, (a great apple country,) but that Rabelais had in his head some pun about Pomardiere and pomatum, and that Grangousier gave him the Pomardiere to reimburse Marquet the charges he had been at for pomatum and such like ointments to heal his broken pate.

as let them in, nor go to speak with them, but sent them word that he was busy, and that they should deliver their mind to Captain Touquedillon, who was then planting a piece of ordnance upon the wall. Then said the good man unto him, My Lord, to ease you of all this labour, and to take away all excuses why you may not return unto our former alliance, we do here presently restore unto you the cakes upon which the quarrel arose. Five dozen did our people take away : they were well paid for : we love peace so well that we restore unto you five cart-loads, of which this cart shall be for Marquet, who doth most complain. Besides, to content him entirely, here are seven hundred thousand and three Philips, which I deliver to him, and, for the losses he may pretend to have sustained, I resign for ever the farm of the Pomardiere, to be possessed in fee-simple by him and his, for ever, without the payment of any duty, or acknowledgment of homage, fealty, fine, or service whatsoever, and here is the tenor of the deed. And, for God's sake, let us live henceforward in peace, and withdraw yourselves merrily into your own country from within this place, unto which you have no right at all, as yourselves must needs confess, and let us be good friends as before. Touquedillon related all this to Picrochole, and more and more exasperated his courage, saying to him ; These clowns are afraid to some purpose. By G—, Grangousier conskites himself for fear, the poor drinker. He is not skilled in warfare, nor hath he any stomach for it. He knows better how to empty the flagons,—that is his art. I am of opinion, that it is fit we send back<sup>4</sup> the carts and the money, and for the rest, that very speedily we fortify ourselves here, then prosecute our fortune. But what ! Do they think to have to do with a ninny-whoop, to feed you thus with cakes ? You may see what it is. The good usage, and great familiarity which you have had with them heretofore, hath made you contemptible in their eyes. Ungenton purget pungentom rustius unget.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *We send back.*] No, it should be retain, and not send back the carts and money ; *retenons* not *retournons*. And, indeed, it appears presently, they kept the carts and money.

<sup>5</sup> *Ungenton, &c.*] Rabelais's words are only Oignez vilain, il vous poindra. Poignez vilain, il vous oindra.

In plain English,—

A base, unthankful, clownish brood  
Return bad offices for good ;

Ca, ça, ça, said Picrochole, by St. James you have given a true character of them. One thing I will advise you, said Touquedillon. We are here but badly victualled, and furnished with mouth-harness very slenderly. If Grangousier should come to besiege us I would go presently, and pluck out of all your soldiers' heads and mine own all the teeth, except three to each of us, and with them alone we should make an end of our provision but too soon. We shall have, said Picrochole, but too much sustenance and feeding stuff. Came we hither to eat or to fight? To fight, indeed, said Touquedillon; yet from the paunch comes the dance, and where famine rules, force is exiled. Leave off your prating, said Picrochole, and forthwith seize upon what they have brought. Then took they money and cakes, oxen and carts, and sent them away without speaking one word, only that they would come no more so near, for a reason that they would give them the morrow after. Thus without doing any thing returned they to Grangousier, and related the whole matter unto him, subjoining that there was no hope left to draw them to peace, but by sharp and fierce wars.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

*How some statesmen of Picrochole, by hair-brained counsel, put him in extreme danger.*

THE carts being unloaded, and the money and cakes secured, there came before Picrochole the Duke of Small-trash, the Earl of Swash-buckler, and Captain Durtaille, who said unto him, Sir,<sup>1</sup> this day we make you the happiest, the most warlike and chivalrous prince that ever was, since the death of Alexander of Macedonia. Be covered, be covered, said Picrochole. Grammercie, said they, we do but our duty. The manner is thus. You shall leave some captain here to have the charge of this garrison, with a party competent for keeping of the place, which, besides its natural strength, is

But use them ill, they're the reverse,

And would be glad to kiss your a—e.

As for the Ungenton purget purgentum rustius unget, Sir T. U. spells it wrong on purpose, to ridicule the speaker. The true reading should be—

Ungentem pungit, pungentum rusticus ungit.

<sup>1</sup> Sir.] Rabelais has it Cyre, because he derives it from Κύριος, Dominus. Sire comes from Senior.

made stronger by the rampiers and fortresses of your devising. Your army you are to divide into two parts, as you know very well how to do. One part thereof shall fall upon Grangousier and his forces. By it shall he be easily at the very first shock routed, and then shall you get money by heaps, for the clown hath store of ready coin. Clown we call him, because a noble and generous prince hath never a penny,<sup>2</sup> and that to hoard up treasure is but a clownish trick. The other part of the army in the mean time shall draw towards Onys, Xaintonge, Angoumois and Gascony. Then march to Perigourt, Medos, and Elanes,<sup>3</sup> taking wherever you come, without resistance, towns, castles, and forts: afterwards to Bayonne, St. John de Luz, to Fuentarabia, where you shall seize upon all the ships, and coasting along Galicia and Portugal, shall pillage all the maritime places, even unto Lisbon, where you shall be supplied with all necessaries befitting a conqueror. By copsodie, Spain will yield, for they are but a race of loobies. Then are you to pass by the Straits of Gibraltar, where you shall erect two pillars more stately than those of Hercules, to the perpetual memory of your name, and the narrow entrance there shall be called the Picrocholine sea.

Having passed the Picrocholine sea, behold, Barbarossa yields himself your slave. I will, said Picrocholine, give him fair quarter and spare his life. Yea, said they, so that he be content to be christened.<sup>4</sup> And you shall conquer the king-

<sup>2</sup> *A noble and generous prince hath never a penny.*—There is an old French proverb.

Un noble prince, un gentil roy,

N'a jamais ne pile, ne croix.

A gallant monarch never rich is,

Nor cross, nor pile, has in his breeches.

Yet there is a remedy for this, though there is none against death nor taxes. The French say, "Que je sois officier, au moins d'un moulin." Let me be an officer though it be but of a mill. Make the king an officer (a placeman) and he will soon grow rich; quoth an old preacher in our Edward VI's time.

Before I dismiss this article, I would know why, in a piece of money, the opposite side to the cross is called the pile side. Cotgrave says the under-iron of the stamp, wherein money is stamped, is called pile. If so, I am satisfied; if not, I must go further a-field.

<sup>3</sup> *Medos and Elanes.*] Read Medoc and les Landes. See further in Duchat.

<sup>4</sup> *So that he be content to be christened.*] In imitation of the worthies

doms of Tunis, of Hippo,<sup>5</sup> Argier, Bomine,<sup>6</sup> Corone,<sup>7</sup> yea all Barbary. Furthermore, you shall take into your hands Majorca, Minorca, Sardinia, Corsica, with the other islands of the Ligustic and Balearian seas. Going along on the left hand, you shall rule all Gallia Narbonensis, Provence, the Allobrogians, Geneva, Florence, Lucca, and then God b' w'ye Rome. [Our poor Monsieur the pope dies now for fear.] By my faith, said Picrochole, I will not then kiss his pantofle.

Italy being thus taken, behold Naples, Calabria, Apulia, and Sicily all ransacked, and Malta too. I wish the pleasant Knights heretofore of Rhodes would but come to resist you, that we might see their urine. I would, said Picrochole, very willingly go to Loretto. No, no, said they, that shall be at our return. From thence we will sail eastwards, and take Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, and the Cyclade Islands, and set upon the Morea. It is ours, by St. Trenian.<sup>8</sup> The Lord preserve Jerusalem; for the great Soldan is not comparable to you in power. I will then, said he, cause Solomon's Temple to be built. No, said they, not yet, have a little patience, stay a while, be never too sudden in your enterprises. Can you tell what Octavian Augustus said? *Festina lentè*. It is requisite that you first have the Lesser Asia, Caria, Lycia, Pamphylia, Cilicia, Lydia, Phrygia, Mysia, Bithynia, Carazia, Satalia, Samagaria, Castamena, Luga, Savasta, even unto Euphrates.<sup>9</sup> Shall we see, said Picro-

and champions of old time, who are represented in the romances as never giving quarter to a Saracen, before he promised to be baptised.

<sup>5</sup> *Hippo.*] The Hippo-Diarrythus of the ancients, now Biscra.

<sup>6</sup> *Bomine.*] Read Bona; it is the Hippo-Regius of the ancients, (whence Silius "delectus Regibus Hippon") here St. Austin was born: a strong city under the government of Algiers. This and the preceding are both on the sea-coast. Both the Hippos are here called kingdoms, because Strabo, l. 17, speaking of them, says *ἡμψω βουσιλεια*.

<sup>7</sup> *Corone.*] It is the ancient Cyrene; its modern name is Corene. Rabelais has preferred Corone, a name of the same signification, and moreover peculiar to our old romances.

<sup>8</sup> *St. Trenian.*] He is called by Bede, Ninias; by the succeeding writers, Ninianus, from whence corruptly Trignan and Treman. He was the first preacher of Christianity in Scotland, where he was Bishop of Whithorn, in Latin, Candida Casa, which many call by the saint's name. He died there 16 Sept. 432.

<sup>9</sup> *Bithynia, &c.*] On this M. le Duchat says that Rabelais, to render Picrochole's ministers more ridiculous, designedly makes them speak

chole, Babylon and Mount Sinai? There is no need, said they, at this time. Have we not hurried up and down, travelled and toiled enough, in having transfreted and past over the Hircanian sea, marched along the two Armenias, and the three Arabias? Ay, by my faith, said he, we have played the fools, and are undone. Ha, poor souls! What's the matter, said they? What shall we have, said he, to drink in these deserts? For Julian Augustus with his whole army died there for thirst, as they say. We have already, said they, given order for that. In the Syriac sea you have nine thousand and fourteen great ships laden with the best wines in the world. They arrived at port Joppa. There they found two and twenty thousand camels, and sixteen hundred elephants, which you shall have taken at one hunting about Sigelmes, when you entered into Lybia; and, besides this, you had all the Mecca caravan. Did not they furnish you sufficiently with wine? Yes, but, said he, we did not drink it fresh. By the virtue, said they, not of a fish, a valiant man, a conqueror, who pretends and aspires to the monarchy of the world, cannot always have his case. God be thanked, that you and your men are come safe and sound unto the banks of the River Tigris. But, said he, what doth that part of our army in the meantime, which overthrows that unworthy swill-pot Grangousier? They are not idle, said they. We shall meet with them by and by. They shall have won you Brittany, Normandy, Flanders, Hainault, Brabant, Artois, Holland, Zealand; they have passed the Rhine over the bellies of the Switzers and Lanskenets, and a party of these hath subdued Luxemburg, Lorrain, Champagne, and Savoy, even to Lyons, in which place they have met with your forces returning from the naval conquests of the Mediterranean sea; and have rallied again in Bohemia, after they had plundered and sacked Suevia, Wirtemberg, Bavaria, Austria, Moravia, and Styria. Then they set fiercely to-like ignoramuses in geography, who take the different names of one and the same place for so many different places. For if Charazia is Lydia, named just before, it is a tautology; if it is Alexandria Troadis, otherwise Troas and Troja, it is another tautology, Asia Minor being mentioned before. Satalia is another tautology, it being in Pamphylia. Savasta, on the frontier of Cilicia, in the archbishopric of Tarsus. It is the ancient Sebastia.

gether upon Lubeck, Norway, Swedeland, Rie,<sup>10</sup> Denmark,<sup>11</sup> Gitland,<sup>12</sup> Greenland, the Sterlins,<sup>13</sup> even unto the Frozen Sea. This done, they conquered the isles of Orkney, and subdued Scotland, England and Ireland. From thence sailing through the sandy sea, and by the Sarmates, they have vanquished and overcome Prussia, Poland, Lithuania, Russia, Wallachia, Transylvania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Turquicland, and are now at Constantinople. Come, said Picrochole, let us go join with them quickly, for I will be Emperor of Trebezonde also. Shall we not kill all these dogs, Turks and Mahometans? What a devil should we do else, said they? And you shall give their goods and lands to such as shall have served you honestly. Reason, said he, will have it so, that is but just. I give unto you Caramania, Suria, and all Palestine. Ha, sir, said they, it is out of your goodness; grammercie, we thank you. God grant you may always prosper. There was there present at that time an old gentleman well experienced in the wars, a stern soldier, and who had been in many great hazards, named Ecephron, who, hearing this discourse, said, I do greatly doubt that all this enterprise will be like the tale or interlude of the pitcher full of milk, wherewith a shoemaker made himself rich in conceit: but, when the pitcher was broken, he had not whereupon to dine. What do you pretend by these large conquests? What shall be the end of so many labours and crosses? Thus it shall be, said Picrochole, that when we are returned, we shall sit down, rest, and be merry. But, said Ecephron, if by chance you should never come back, for the voyage is long and dangerous, were it not better for us to take our rest now, than unnecessarily to expose ourselves to so many dangers? O, said Swashbuckler, by G—, here is a good dotard, come, go hide ourselves in the corner of a chimney, and there let us spend the whole time of our life amongst ladies, in threading of pearls, or spinning, like Sardapalus. He, that nothing ventures, hath neither horse nor mule, says Solomon. He, who adventureth too much, said Ecephron, loseth both horse and mule, as answered Malchon. Enough,

<sup>10</sup> *Rie.*] Rich, in Rabelais. It means either Riga in Livonia, or the Isle of Rugen,

<sup>11</sup> *Denmark.*] Dacia, in Rabelais. It means Denmark.

<sup>12</sup> *Gitland.*] Gothia, in Rabelais.

<sup>13</sup> *Sterlins.*] Estrelins, in Rabelais.

said Picrochôle, go forward. I fear nothing but that these devilish legions of Grangousier, whilst we are in Mesopotamia, will come on our backs, and charge up our rear. What course shall we then take? What shall be our remedy? A very good one, said Durtaille; a pretty little commission, which you must send unto the Muscovites, shall bring you into the field in an instant four hundred and fifty thousand choice men of war. O that you would but make me your Lieutenant-General, I should for the lightest faults of any inflict great punishments. I fret, I charge, I strike, I take, I kill, I slay, I play the devil. On, on, said Picrochôle, make haste, my lads, and let him that loves me follow me.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

*How Gargantua left the city of Paris, to succour his country, and how Gymnast encountered with the enemy.*

IN this same very hour Gargantua, who was gone out of Paris, as soon as he had read his father's letters, coming upon his great mare, had already passed the Nunnery-bridge,<sup>1</sup> himself, Ponocrates, Gymnast, and Eudemone, who all three, the better to enable them to go along with him, took post-horses. The rest of his train came after him by even journeys at a slower pace, bringing with them all his books and philosophical instruments. As soon as he had alighted at Parillé, he was informed by a farmer of Gougnet, how Picrochôle had fortified himself within the rock Clermond,<sup>2</sup> and had sent Captain Tripet<sup>3</sup> with a great army to set upon the wood of Vede and Vaugaudry, and that they had already plundered the whole country, not leaving cock nor hen, even as far as to the wine-press of Billard. These strange and almost incredible news of the enormous abuses, thus committed over all the land, so affrighted Gargantua, that he knew not what to say nor do. But Ponocrates counselled to go unto the Lord of Vauguyon,<sup>4</sup> who at all times had been their friend and confederate, and that by him they

<sup>1</sup> *Nunnery Bridge.*] Read Nun's-bridge; so they call the large stone bridges about Chinon. They are half a league long, stand upon irregular arches, and have abundance of crosses on them.

<sup>2</sup> *Within the rock Clermond.*] Read, at la Roche Clermaud.

<sup>3</sup> *Captain Tripet.*] Captain Paunch. Captain Tripe-all.

<sup>4</sup> *Lord of Vauguyon.*] See M le Duchat's conjecture who this might be.



should be better advised in their business. Which they did incontinently, and found him very willing and fully resolved to assist them, and therefore was of opinion, that they should send some one of his company, to scout along and discover the country, to learn in what condition and posture the enemy was, that they might take counsel, and proceed according to the present occasion. Gymnast offered himself to go. Whereupon it was concluded, that for his safety, and the better expedition, he should have with him some one that knew the ways, avenues, turnings, windings, and rivers thereabout. Then away went he and Prelingot, the equerry or gentleman of Vauguyon's horse, who scouted and espied as narrowly as they could upon all quarters without any fear. In the meantime Gargantua took a little refreshment, ate somewhat himself, the like did those who were with him, and caused to give to his mare a picotine of oats, that is, threescore and fourteen quarters and three bushels. Gymnast and his comrade rode so long, that at last they met with the enemy's forces, all scattered and out of order, plundering, stealing, robbing, and pillaging all they could lay their hands on. And, as far off as they could perceive him, they ran thronging upon the back of one another in all haste towards him, to unload him of his money, and untruss his portmanteaus. Then cried he out unto them, my masters. I am a poor devil, I desire you to spare me. I have yet one crown<sup>5</sup> left. Come, we must drink it, for it is aurum potabile, and this horse here shall be sold to pay my welcome. Afterwards take me for one of your own, for never yet was there any man that knew better how to take, lard, roast and dress, yea, by G—, to tear asunder and devour a hen, than I that am here: and for my Proficiat I drink to all good fellows. With that he unscrewed his borracho, (which was a great Dutch leathern bottle,) and without putting in his nose drank very honestly. The marroufle rogues looked upon him, opening their throats a foot wide, and putting out their tongues like greyhounds, in hopes to drink after him: but Captain Tripet, in the very nick of that their expectation, came running to him to see who it was. To him Gymnast offered his bottle, saying, Hold, captain, drink boldly and spare not; I have been thy taster, it is wine of

<sup>5</sup> *Crown.*] In those days when they spoke of crowns, they meant crowns of gold.

La Faye Monjau.<sup>6</sup> What! said Tripet, this fellow gybes and flouts us? Who art thou? said Tripet, I am, said Gymnast, a poor devil (*pauvre diable*). Ha, said Tripet, seeing thou art a poor devil, it is reason that thou shouldst be permitted to go whithersoever thou wilt, for all poor devils pass every where without toll or tax. But it is not the custom of poor devils to be so well mounted; therefore, Sir Devil, come down, and let me have your horse, and if he do not carry me well, you, Master Devil, must do it:<sup>7</sup> for I love a life<sup>8</sup> that such a devil as you should carry me away.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

*How Gymnast very soupy and cunningly killed Captain Tripet. and others of Pickrochole's Men.*

WHEN they heard these words, some amongst them began to be afraid, and ble<sup>9</sup> themselves with both hands, thinking indeed that he had been a devil disguised, insomuch that one of them, named Good John, captain of the trained bands of the country bumpkins, took his psalter out of his codpiece, and cried out aloud, Hagios ho Theos.<sup>1</sup> If thou

<sup>6</sup> *La Fay Monjau.*] Read *La Faye Monjau*; it is a parish in the jurisdiction of Niort. It produces excellent good wine, called by Ch. Stephens, in his *Prædium Rusticum*, *Vina Faymongiana*; but this very thing proves he was ignorant of the origin of the names of these wines, since the priory of the place is called *Faya-mona-chalis*. Baudrand has it *Monjau*, and so it ought to be.

<sup>7</sup> *You, master devil, must do it.*] “*Is, qualis sit equus, me vehet, aut ego illum,*” says proverbially in *Vives*, a young fellow who was jeered about the weakness of his horse.

<sup>8</sup> *I love a life.*] I suppose Sir T. U. means, I love as my life. It is the same in both editions of the English, and so are all the other unintelligibles already taken notice of.

<sup>1</sup> *Hagios ho Theos.*] The first words of the Trisagion of the Greeks, “*Ἄγιος ὁ Θεός, ἄγιος ἰσχυρός, ἄγιος, ἀθάνατος, ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς*,” “Oh Holy God, O Mighty Holy One, Immortal Holy One, have mercy on us!” These words are sung both in Greek and Latin in the Roman Church at mass on Good Friday. Now as such words which are least understood are thought to have most efficacy, this of *hagios*, especially thrice repeated, has made people believe it to have great virtue in invocations. Marot in his Epistle to the Ladies of Chateaudun;

“*Fait neuf grands tours, entre les dents barbote*

*Tout à part luy d’Agiot une bote.”*

After nine turns, betwixt his teeth he mutters  
*Hagios*, which to himself alone he utters.

be of God, speak, if thou be of the other spirit, avoid hence, and get thee going. Yet he went not away : which words being heard by all the soldiers that were there, divers of them being a little inwardly terrified, departed from the place. All this did Gymnast very well remark and consider, and therefore making as if he would have alighted from off his horse, as he was poising himself on the mounting side, he most nimbly, with his short sword by his thigh, shifting his foot in the stirrup, performed the stirrup-leather feat, whereby, after the inclining of his body downwards, he forthwith launched himself aloft in the air, and placed both his feet together on the saddle, standing upright with his back turned towards the horse's head. Now, said he, my case goes backward. Then suddenly, in the same very posture wherein he was, he fetched a gambol upon one foot, and, turning to the left hand, failed not to carry his body perfectly round, just into its former stance, without missing one jot. Ha, said Tripet, I will not do that at this time, and not without cause. Well, said Gymnast, I have failed, I will undo this leap. Then, with a marvellous strength and agility, turning towards the right hand, he fetched another frisking gambol, as before, which done, he set his right hand thumb upon the hind bow of the saddle, raised himself up, and sprung in the air ; poising and upholding his whole body upon the muscle and nerve of the said thumb, and so turned and whirled himself about three times. At the fourth, reversing his body, and overturning it upside down, and foreside back, without touching any thing, he brought himself betwixt the horse's two ears, springing with all his body into the air, upon the thumb of his left hand, and in that posture, turning like a windmill, did most actively do that trick which is called the miller's pass. After this, clapping his right hand flat upon the middle of the saddle, he gave himself such a jerking swing, that he thereby seated himself upon the crupper, after the manner of gentlewomen sitting on horseback. This done, he easily past his right leg over the saddle, and placed himself like one that rides in croup. But, said he, it were better for me to get into the saddle ; then putting the thumbs of both hands upon the

Thence too comes this way of speaking, *que d'Agios !* What ceremonies ! So likewise the endless head-ornaments of women are called *agios*

crupper before him, and thereupon leaning himself, as upon the only supporters of his body, he incontinently turned heels over head in the air, and straight found himself betwixt the bows of the saddle in a good settlement. Then with a summer-sault springing into the air again, he fell to stand with both his feet close together upon the saddle, and there made above a hundred frisks, turns, and demi-pom-mads, with his arms held out across, and in so doing cried out aloud, I rage, I rage, devils, I am stark mad; devils, I am mad; hold me, devils, hold me, hold, devils, hold, hold!

Whilst he was thus vaulting, the rogues in great astonishment said to one another, By cocks death he is a goblin or a devil thus disguised.—*Ab hoste maligno libera nos, Domine*.—and ran away in a full flight, as if they had been routed, looking now and then behind them, like a dog that carrieth away a goose-wing in his mouth. Then Gymnast, spying his advantage, alighted from his horse, drew his sword, and laid on great blows upon the thickest, and highest-crested among them, and overthrew them in great heaps, hurt, wounded, and bruised, being resisted by nobody, they thinking he had been a starved devil, as well in regard of his wonderful feats in vaulting, which they had seen, as for the talk Tripet had with him, calling him poor devil. Only Tripet would have traitorously cleft his head with his horseman's sword, or lansquenet fauchion; but he was well armed, and felt nothing of the blow, but the weight of the stroke. Whereupon turning suddenly about, he gave Tripet a home-thrust, and upon the back of that, whilst he was about to ward his head from a slash, he ran him in at the breast with a hit, which at once cut his stomach, the fifth gut called the colon, and the half of his liver, wherewith he fell to the ground, and in falling gushed forth above four pottles of pottage, and his soul mingled with the pottage.

This done, Gymnast withdrew himself, very wisely considering that a case of great adventure and hazard should not be pursued unto its utmost period, and that it becomes all cavaliers modestly to use their good fortune, without troubling or stretching it too far. Wherefore, getting to horse, he gave him the spur, taking the right way unto Vauguyon, and Prelingot with him.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

*How Gargantua demolished the Castle at the Ford of Vede, and how they passed the Ford.*

As soon as he came, he related the estate and condition wherein they had found the enemy, and the stratagem which he alone had used against all their multitude, affirming that they were but rascally rogues, plunderers, thieves, and robbers, ignorant of all military discipline, and that they might boldly set forward unto the field; it being an easy matter to fell and strike them down like beasts. Then Gargantua mounted his great mare, accompanied as we have said before, and finding in his way a high and great tree, which commonly was called by the name of St. Martin's tree, because heretofore St. Martin planted a pilgrim's staff there, which in tract of time grew to that height and greatness, said, This is that which I lacked: this tree shall serve me both for a staff and lance. With that he pulled it up easily, plucked off the boughs, and trimmed it at his pleasure. In the meantime his mare pissed to ease her belly, but it was in such abundance, that it did overflow the country seven leagues, and all the piss of that urinal flood ran glib away towards the ford of Vede, wherewith the water was so swollen, that all the forces the enemy had there were with great horror drowned, except some who had taken the way on the left hand towards the hills. Gargantua, being come to the place of the wood of Vede, was informed by Eudemon, that there was some remainder of the enemy within the castle, which to know, Gargantua cried out as loud as he was able, Are you there, or are you not there? If you be there, be there no more; and if you are not there, I have no more to say. But a ruffian gunner, whose charge was to attend the portcullis over the gate, let fly a cannon-ball at him, and hit him with that shot most furiously on the right temple of his head, yet did him no more hurt, than if he had but cast a prune or kernel of a wine-grape at him. What is this, said Gargantua; do you throw at us grape-kernels here? The vintage shall cost you dear; thinking indeed that the bullet had been the kernel of a grape, or raisin-kernel.

Those who were within the castle, being till then busy at the pillage, when they heard this noise, ran to the towers

and fortresses, from whence they shot at him above nine thousand and five-and-twenty falcon-shot and harquebusades, aiming all at his head, and so thick did they shoot at him, that he cried out, Ponocrates, my friend, these flies here are like to put out mine eyes; give me a branch of those willow-trees to drive them away, thinking that the bullets and stones<sup>1</sup> shot out of the great ordnance had been but dun-flies. Ponocrates looked and saw that there were no other flies, but great shot which they had shot from the castle. Then was it that he rushed with his great tree against the castle, and with mighty blows overthrew both towers and fortresses, and laid all level with the ground, by which means all that were within were slain and broken in pieces. Going from thence, they came to the bridge at the mill, where they found all the ford covered with dead bodies so thick that they had choked up the mill, and stopped the current of its water; and these were those that were destroyed in the urinal deluge of the mare. There they were at a stand, consulting how they might pass without hindrance by these dead carcasses. But Gymnast said, if the devils have passed there, I will pass well enough. The devils have passed there, said Eudemon, to carry away the damned souls. By St. Rhenian!<sup>2</sup> said Ponocrates, then by necessary consequence he shall pass there. Yes, yes, said Gymnastes, or I shall stick in the way. Then, setting spurs to his horse, he passed through freely, his horse not fearing, nor being any thing affrighted at the sight of the dead bodies; for he had accustomed him, according to the doctrine of Ælian, not to fear armour, nor the carcasses of dead men; and that not by killing men as Diomedes did

<sup>1</sup> *Bullets and stones.*] *Plumbées et pierres d'artilleries : plombées* leaden balls or pellets; *glans plumbata*, says Nicot. In old time, *plumbée* was a club studded with lead to make it give the heavier blow. The stones of the great ordnance, or artillery stones, to which iron shot succeeded, were huge stones, rounded, with which certain heavy cannon were charged, and these cannon were called *pedereroes* (from *pietre* or rather *pedra*, a stone.) The French were the first that left off the use of these *pedereroes*, and stone bullets; and when in the reign of Charles VIII. they carried the war into Italy, it was amazing to see the havoc made by their numerous and well-served train of artillery of large brass ordnance, drawn by stout horses.

<sup>2</sup> *St. Rhenian.*] Read *St. Treignan*. An account of this Scotch saint see a little before.

the Thracians, or as Ulysses did in throwing the corpses of his enemies at his horse's feet, as Homer saith, but by putting a Jack a-lent amongst his hay, and making him go over it ordinarily, when he gave him his oats. The other three followed him very close, except Eudemon only, whose horse's foreright or far forefoot sank up to the knee in the paunch of a great fat chuff, who lay there upon his back drowned, and could not get it out. There was he pestered, until Gargantua, with the end of his staff, thrust down the rest of the villain's tripe into the water, whilst the horse pulled out his foot; and, which is a wonderful thing in hippiatric, the said horse was thoroughly cured of a ring-bone which he had in that foot, by this touch of the burst guts of that great looby.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII. .

*How Gargantua, in combing his Head, made the great Cannon Balls fall out of his Hair.*

BEING come out of the river of Vede, they came very shortly after to Grangousier's castle, who waited for them with great longing. At their coming they were entertained with many congies, and cherished with embraces. Never was seen a more joyful company, for Supplementum Supplementi Chronicorum saith, that Gargamelle died there with joy; for my part, truly, I cannot tell, neither do I care very much for her, nor for any body else. The truth was, that Gargantua, in shifting his clothes, and combing his head with a comb, which was nine hundred feet long of the Jewish cane measure, and whereof the teeth were great tusks of elephants, whole and entire, he made fall at every rake about seven balls of bullets, at a dozen the ball, that stuck in his hair, at the razing of the castle of the wood of Vede. Which his father Grangousier seeing, thought they had been lice, and said unto him, What, my dear son, hast thou brought us this far some short-winged hawks of the college of Montague? I did not mean that thou shouldest reside there. Then answered Ponocrates, my sovereign lord, think not that I have placed him in that lousy college,<sup>1</sup> which they

<sup>1</sup> *Lousy college.*] Erasmus fell sick there by being lodged in an unwholesome room, where they gave him nothing to eat but rotten eggs; see his colloquy, entitled '*Le Repas du poisson.*'

call Montague; I had rather have put him amongst the grave-diggers of Sanct Innocent, so enormous is the cruelty and villany that I have known there: for the galley-slaves are far better used amongst the Moors and Tartars, the murderers in the criminal dungeons, yea, the very dogs in your house, than are the poor wretched students in the aforesaid college. And if I were King of Paris, the devil take me if I would not set it on fire, and burn both principal and regents, for suffering this inhumanity to be exercised before their eyes. Then, taking up one of these bullets, he said, These are cannon-shot, which your son Gargantua hath lately received by the treachery of your enemies, as he was passing before the wood of Vede.

But they have been so rewarded, that they are all destroyed in the ruin of the castle, as were the Philistines by the policy of Samson, and those whom the tower of Silohim<sup>2</sup> slew, as it is written in the thirteenth of Luke. My opinion is, that we pursue them whilst the luck is on our side: for occasion hath all her hair on her forehead; when she is past, you may not recall her,—she hath no tuft wherewith you can lay hold on her, for she is bald in the hinder part of her head, and never returneth again. Truly, said Grangousier, it shall not be at this time; for I will make you a feast this night, and bid you welcome.

This said, they made ready supper, and, of extraordinary, besides his daily fare, were roasted sixteen oxen, three heifers, two and thirty calves, three score and three fat kids, four score and fifteen wethers, three hundred farrow pigs souced in sweet wine or musk, eleven score partridges, seven hundred snipes and woodcocks, four hundred Loudun and Cornwall<sup>3</sup> capons, six thousand pullets, and as many pigeons, six hundred crammed hens, fourteen hundred leverets, or young hares and rabbits, three hundred and three buzzards, and one thousand and seven hundred cockerels. For venison, they could not so suddenly come by it, only eleven wild boars, which the Abbot of Turpenay<sup>4</sup> sent, and

<sup>2</sup> *Silohim.*] Read Siloam.

<sup>3</sup> *Cornwall.*] Not Cornwall in England, but Cornouaille in France.

<sup>4</sup> *Turpenay.*] The Abbey of Tourpenay, (*Turpinacum*) and the Manor of Grammont are adjoining to the Forest of Chimon. So it was no hard matter for the Abbot of Turpenay and the Lord of Grammont to procure venison.



eighteen fallow deer, which the Lord of Gramount bestowed; together with seven score pheasants, which were sent by the Lord of Essars; and some dozens of queests, cushats, ring-doves, and woodculvers; river fowl, teals, and awteals, bitterns, courtes, plovers, francolins, briganders, tyrasons, young lapwings, tame ducks, shovelers, woodlanders, herons, moor hens, criels, storks, canepetiers, oronges, flamans, which are phænicopters, or crimson-winged sea-fowls, terrigoles, turkeys, arbens, coots, solan-geese, curlews, termagants, and water-wagtails, with a great deal of cream, curds, and fresh cheese, and store of soup, pottages, and brewis with great variety. Without doubt there was meat enough, and it was handsomely dressed by Snapsauce, Hotchpot, and Brayverjuice, Grangtusicr's cooks. Jenkin Trudg-apace and Clean-glass were very careful to fill them drink.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### *How Gargantua did eat up six Pilgrims in a sallad.*

THE story quireth, that we relate that which happened unto six pilgrims, who came from Sebastian<sup>1</sup> near to Nantes: and who for shelter that night, being afraid of the enemy, had hid themselves in the garden upon the chickling peas, among the cabbages and lettuces. Gargantua finding himself somewhat dry, asked whether they could get any lettuce to make him a sallad; and hearing that there were the greatest and fairest in the country, for they were as great as plum-trees, or as walnut-trees, he would go thither himself, and brought thence in his hand what he thought good, and withal carried away the six pilgrims, who were in so great fear, that they did not dare to speak nor cough. Washing them, therefore, first at the fountain, the pilgrims said one to another softly, What shall we do? We are almost drowned here amongst these lettucc, shall we speak? But if we speak he will kill us for spics. And, as they were thus deliberating what to do, Gargantua put them with the lettuce into a platter of the house, as large as the huge tun<sup>2</sup> of the White

<sup>1</sup> Read St. Sebastian.

<sup>2</sup> *The huge tun of the Cisterians*] Robert Cenault, who, in his Treatise "de verâ mensurarum ponderumque ratione" (edition 1547), speaks of the pretended tun of the Cisterians, says, that it was still in being, in his time, and as entire as ever, though according to the tra-

Friars of the Cistercian order ; which done, with oil, vinegar, and salt, he ate them up, to refresh himself a little before supper, and had already swallowed up five of the pilgrims, the sixth being in the platter, totally hid under a lettuce, except his bourbon or staff that appeared, and nothing else. In the edition of the place, it was St. Bernard had caused it to be made. It held, he says, near 300 hogsheads, and this other ship of the Argonauts abundantly out-measured the tun of Erpach, between Heidelberg and Francfort, which Althamar, a German author, represents in the following verses rather as a vast sea than a vessel for wine.

“ Quid vetat Erpachium vas annumerare vetustis  
Miraculis ? Quo non vastius orbis habet ;  
Dixeris hoc rectè Pelagus vinique paludem .  
Nectare quæ Bacchi nocte dieque fluit.  
Fac Bernharde, voces, quot habet Sistertia fratres :  
Hisque tui omnigenos ordinis adde viros.  
Annua præbit cunctis hæc pocula trulla,  
Nondum dimidio deficiente mero.  
Securè Erpaciij Fratres sorbete, Lagenâ.  
Hac salvâ, est vobis nulla timenda situs.”

The world's eighth wonder Erpach boasts : a tun  
Of such dimensions that the rolling sun  
It's like ne'er saw ; a sea of wine it show !  
And night and day with Bacchus' nectar flows.  
'All, Bernard, the Cisterthians all around  
Among them, let *thy* order too be found !  
Thus vessel shall their annual stores supply,  
Nor danger run of ever being dry.  
Swill Erpach's monks ! make Bacchanalian cheer !  
This Bacbuc\* safe, no thirst you need not fear.

\* The reader will see that what I translate, by the word *BACBUC*, is in the original *lagenâ*, which if he will look for in the Cambridge Dictionary, he will find to be in Hebrew. *bacbac*, or rather *baqbuq*. As for the word *sistertia*, it means *cistercia*, though it happens to be misspelt by M. le Duchat. *Domus* must be understood there. *Voces* must be a verb, not a noun, for that would be false quantity, as well as nonsense. The learned and candid will pardon me for all this ; the less learned will thank me. \* I shall conclude with M. le Duchat's observation. *Rabelais*, and all those who since or before him have spoke of this pretended tun of the Cisterthians, are under a mistake ; they should have said *Cervaux* not *Cisteaux*, where they show a very large tun, which is said to contain as many hogsheads as there are days in the year, as *Furetiere* asserts under the word *tonne* ; but I am assured by those who have seen it, that it would not hold half so many. Neither is it any truer that St. Bernard caused it to be built. As for that of Erpach, called the great tun of Heidelberg, whatever Althamar has said of it, I have it from very good hands, and from some persons who have taken the dimensions of it, that it will not hold full fourscore hogsheads, Paris measure.

Which Grangousier seeing, said to Gargantua, I think that is the horn of a shell snail, do not eat it. Why not, said Gargantua, they are good all this month : which he no sooner said, but, drawing up the staff, and therewith taking up the pilgrim, he ate him very well, then drank a terrible draught of excellent white-wine. The pilgrims, thus devoured, made shift to save themselves as well as they could, by drawing their bodies out of the reach of the grinders of his teeth, but could not escape from thinking they had been put in the lowest dungeon of a prison. And when Gargantua whiffed the great draught, they thought to have drowned in his mouth, and the flood of wine had almost carried them away into the gulf of his stomach. Nevertheless, skipping with their bourbons, as St. Michael's<sup>3</sup> palmers use to do, they sheltered themselves from the danger of that inundation under the banks of his teeth. But one of them by chance, groping or sounding the country with his staff, to try whether they were in safety or no, struck hard against the cleft of a hollow tooth, and hit the mandibulary sinew or nerve of the jaw, which put Gargantua to very great pain, so that he began to cry for the rage that he felt. To ease himself therefore of his smarting ache, he called for his tooth-picker, and rubbing towards a young walnut-tree, where they lay skulking, un-<sup>4</sup>nestled you my gentlemen pilgrims.

For he caught one by the legs, another by 'the scrip, another by the pocket, another by the scarf, another by the band of the breeches, and the poor fellow that had hurt him with the bourdon, him he hooked to him by the cod-piece, which snatch nevertheless did him a great deal of good, for it pierced unto him a pocky botch he had in the groin, which grievously tormented him ever since they were past Ancenis. The pilgrims thus dislodged, ran away athwart the plain<sup>4</sup> a pretty fast pace, and the pain ceased, even just at the time when by Eudemon he was called to supper, for all was ready. I will go then, said he, and piss away my misfortune ;<sup>5</sup> which

<sup>3</sup> St. Michael's palmers.] *Miquelots* in French. These miquelots are little boys that go in pilgrimage to St Michael on the sea, almost over against England, and who take that occasion to beg. Thence comes a saying in France, "None but great beggars go to St. James in Galicia, and little ones to St. Michael."

<sup>4</sup> *Plam.*] Read, Plantation of vines and other trees. *Plante* in the original, not *plaine*. See *Plantate* in Du Cange.

<sup>5</sup> *Piss away my misfortune.*] *Pisser mon malheur* : strictly this is

he did do in such a copious measure, that, the urine taking away the feet from the pilgrims, they were carried along with the stream unto the bank of a tuft of trees. Upon which, as soon as they had taken footing, and that for their self-preservation they had run a little out of the road, they on a sudden fell all six, except Fourniller, into a trap that had been made to take wolves by a train,<sup>6</sup> out of which, nevertheless, they escaped by the industry of the said Fourniller, who broke all the snares and ropes. Being gone from thence, they lay all the rest of that night in a lodge near unto Coudray, where they were comforted in their miserie by the gracious words of one of their company, called Sweet-to-go, who showed them, that this adventure had been foretold by the Prophet David, in the Psalms.—*Quum exsurgerent homines in nos, fortè vivos deglutissent nos; when we were eaten in the saliad, with salt, oil, and vinegar. Quum irasceretur furor eorum in nos, forsitan aqua absorbuisset nos; when he drank the great draught. Torrentem pertransivit anima nostra; when the stream of his water carried us to the thicket. Forsitan pertransisset anima nostra aquam intolerabilem; that is, the water of his urine, the flood whereof, cutting our way, took our feet from us. Benedictus Dominus, qui non dedit nos in captionem dentibus eorum. Anima nostra sicut passer, erepta est de laqueo venantium; when we fell into the trap. Laqueus contritus est, by Fourniller. et nos liberati sumus. Adjutorium nostrum, &c.*

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

*How the monk was feasted by Gargantua, and of the jovial discourse they had at supper.*

WHEN Gargantua was set down at table, after all of them had somewhat stayed their stomachs by a snatch or two of the first bits eaten heartily, Grangousier began to relate the source and cause of the war, raised between him and Picrochole; and came to tell, how Friar John of the Funnels had

said of those who have got a clap, or have lost at gaming; when they go to make water, people laugh, and say, "He is gone to piss away his misfortune."

<sup>6</sup> *Train.*] They trail a dead horse, or other carrion along the ground to a place where it is almost impossible for the wolves not to fall into a trap laid for them.

triumphed at the defence of the close of the abbey, and extolled him for his valour above Camillus, Scipio, Pompey, Cæsar, and Themistocles. Then Gargantua desired that he might be presently sent for, to the end that with him they might consult of what was to be done. Whereupon, by a joint consent, his steward went for him, and brought him along merrily, with his staff of the cross, upon Grangousier's mule. When he was come, a thousand huggings, a thousand embracements, a thousand good days were given. Ha, Friar John, my friend, Friar John, my brave cousin, Friar John from the devil! Let me clip thee, my heart, about the neck; to me an armsful. I must gripe thee, my ballock, till thy back crack with it. Come, my cod, let me coll thee till I kill thee. And Friar John, the gladdest man in the world, never was man made welcomer, never was any more courteously and graciously received than Friar John. Come, come, said Gargantua, a stool here close by me at this end. I am content, said the monk, seeing you will have it so. Some water, page; fill, my boy, fill, it is to refresh my liver. Give me some, child, to gargle my throat withal. Deposita cappà, said Gymnast, let us pull off this frock. Ho, by G—, Gentlemen, said the monk, there is a chapter in Statutis Ordinis, which opposeth my laying of it down.\* Pish! said Gymnast, a fig for your chapter! This frock breaks both your shoulders, put it off. My friend, said the monk, let me alone with it; for, by G—, I'll drink the better that it is on. It makes all my body jocund. If I should lay it aside, the waggish pages would cut to themselves garters out of it as I was once served at Coulaines. And, which is worse, I shall lose my appetite. But if in this habit I sit down at table, I will drink, by G—, both to thee and to thy horse, and so, courage, frolic, God save the company! I have already supped, yet will I eat never a whit the less for that: for I have a paved stomach, as hollow as a butt of malvasie, or St. Benedictus' boot<sup>1</sup> and always open like a lawyer's pouch.

<sup>1</sup> *St. Benet's boots.*] Lower, in l. 4, c. 16. By St. Benet's sacred boot. This is wrongly translated in both places. It should be by St. Benet's holy butt (of wine), not boot. *Par la sacre botte de St. Benoist.* Botte sometimes means a boot, but here a butt; as it does, and is translated in l. 4, c. 43. This butt of St. Benet is still to be seen at the Benedictines, of Bologna on the sea, right over against England, and is a vessel or tun not much less than that of Clervaux. See Menage, at

Of all fishes, but the tench,<sup>2</sup> take the wing of a partridge, or the thigh of a nun. Doth not he die like a good fellow that dies with a stiff catso?<sup>3</sup> Our prior loves exceedingly the white of a capon. In that, said Gymnast, he doth not resemble the foxes: for of the capons, hens, and pullets, which they carry away, they never eat the white. Why, said the monk? Because, said Gymnast, they have no cooks to dress them; and, if they be not competently made ready, they remain red and not white; the redness of meats being a token that they have not got enough of the fire, whether by boiling, roasting, or otherwise, except shrimps, lobsters, crab, and cray-fishes, which are cardinalised with boiling. By God's feast-gazers, said the monk, the porter of our abbey, then, hath not his head well boiled, for his eyes are as red as a mazar made of an alder-tree. The thigh of this leveret is good for those that have the gout. To the purpose of the trowel,—what is the reason, that the thighs of a gentlewoman are always fresh and cool? This problem, said Gargantua, is neither in Aristotle, in Alexander Aphrodiseus, nor in Plut-

the word *bouteille*, *Βούτις*, *Cupa*. See likewise, in Duchat, three or four curious distinctions about the word *botte*, when made of wood, glass, or leather, to put wine in, not the legs as Sir T. U. imagined.

<sup>2</sup> *Of all fishes but the tench, &c.*] Take the back and leave the paunch. *De tous poissons, forsque la tenche, prenez le dos, laissez la panche.* This is really the proverb which H. Stephens affirms to be a proverb of Picardy (Precell. du lang. Fr. &c., p. 139.) and which is here, by Friar John, accommodated to the design of playing the wag.

<sup>3</sup> *Doth he not die like a good fellow that dies with a stiff Catso?*] *N'est ce folotement mourir quand on meurt le cache roudde?* The adverb *folotement* is very energetic here. It equivocates both to the word *folot*, i. e. good fellow, and to a lantern fixed at the end of a long pole, which, when the light is spent, or otherwise put out, the staff still continues in statu quo, rigid as it was before. It is easy to apply the comparison to such as die in the condition Friar John speaks of. It is held, by way of a merry tradition, that erection after death happens to such as have enjoyed a nun, which has given occasion to this verse, “*Qui monachâ potitur, virgâ tendente moritur*,” reported first by Joannes Vincentius Metulnus, &c. See farther in M. le Duchat himself, who says, *folot* may likewise allude to the Greek *Φαλλός*, which see in Cham. Dict. synonymous to the Italian *cazza*, or as they pronounce it themselves *catso*, and means what our merry translator calls sometimes the carnal trap-stick, (though the ladies call it their sugar-stick.) Rabelais's *Cache* above, comes from *cazzo*, and so does *Cazzoni*, the famous singer's name, though it means a larger sort of catso, an eleven-inch sugar-stick, &c. &c. &c. In the second Scaligerana, *cats* is interpreted *braguette*, a cod-piece, taking the continens for the contentum.

arch. There are three causes, said the monk, by which that place is naturally refreshed. Primo, because the water runs all along it. Secundo, because it is a shady place, obscure and dark, upon which the sun never shines. And thirdly, because it is continually flabbelled, blown upon and aired by the northwinds of the hole arstic, the fan of the smock, and flipflap of the codpiece. And lusty, my lads. Some bousing liquor, Page ! So ! crack, crack, crack, <sup>1</sup> O how good is God, that gives us of this excellent juice ! I call him to witness, if I had been in the time of Jesus Christ, I would have kept him from being taken by the Jews in the garden of Olivet. And the devil fail me, If I should have failed to cut off the hams of these gentlemen Apostles, who ran away so basely after they had well supped, and left their good master in the lurch. I hate that man worse than poison that offers to run away, when he should fight and lay stoutly about him. Oh that I were but King of France for fourscore or a hundred years ! By G—, I should whip-like curtail-dogs these runaways of Pavia. A plague take them, why did they not choose rather to die there, than to leave their good prince in that pinch and necessity ? Is it not better and more honourable to perish in fighting valiantly than to live in disgrace by a cowardly running away ? We are like to eat no great store of goslings this year, therefore, friend, reach me some of that roasted pig there.

Diavolo, is there no more must ? No more sweet wine ? Germinavit radix Jesse. Je renie ma vie, j'enrage de soif ; I renounce my life, I rage for thirst. This wine is none of the worst. What wine drink you at Paris ? I give myself to the devil, if I did not once keep open house at Paris for all comers six months together. Do you know Friar Claud of the High Kilderkins ? Oh the good fellow that he is ! But I do not know what fly hath stung him of late, he is become so hard a student. For my part, I study not at all. In our abbey we never study for fear of the mumps, <sup>5</sup> which disease

<sup>1</sup> Crack, &c.] Friar John expresses how quick he swallowed that glass of wine.

<sup>5</sup> Mumps.] *Auripèaulr*, an Angevin word ; as indeed Rabelais brings in all the various words of the several provinces of France, which makes his work the more humorous and diverting. It means the pain in the ears, orillons, as it is called at Paris. It is an imposthumous swelling in the parotides, which are the two arteries on the right and

in horses is called the mourning in the chine. Our late abbot was wont to say, that it is a monstrous thing<sup>6</sup> to see a learned monk. By G—, Master, my friend. *Magis magnos clericos non sunt magis magnos sapientes.* You never saw so many hares as there are this year. I could not any where come by a goss-hawk, nor tassel of falcon. My Lord Belloniere promised me a lanner, but he wrote to me not long ago, that he was become pursy. The partridges will so multiply henceforth, that they will go near to eat up our ears. I take no delight in the stalking-horse; for I catch such cold, that I am like to founder myself at that sport. If I do not run, toil, travel, and trot about, I am not well at ease. True it is, that in leaping over the hedges and bushes, my frock<sup>7</sup> leaves always some of its wool behind it. I have recovered a dainty greyhound; I give him to the devil, if he suffer a hare to escape him. A groom was leading him to my Lord Huntlittle, and I robbed him of him. Did I ill? No, Friar John, said Gymnast, no, by all the devils that are, no! So, said the monk, do I attest<sup>8</sup> these same devils so long as they last, or rather, virtue G—, what could that gouty limpard have done with so fine a dog? By the body of G—, he is better pleased, when one presents him with a good yoke of oxen. How now, said Ponocrates, you swear, Friar John; it is only said the monk, but to grace and adorn my speech.<sup>9</sup> They are colours of a Ciceronian rhetoric.

left side of the throat going upwards above the ears. Intense studying, Friar John insinuates, would so strain and affect these arteries as to cause the ear-ache.

<sup>6</sup> *Monstrous thing, &c.*] Guy Patin affirms in one of his letters, that formerly it was a proverb. *Indoctus ut monachus*, ignorant or unlearned as a monk: and in our time there has appeared a famous abbot maintaining in print, that it were to be wished the same could be said now-a-days.

<sup>7</sup> *My frock, &c.*] It is true that this way of living, for one of my cloth, oftentimes brings upon me very mortifying rebukes from my superiors.

<sup>8</sup> *So—do I attest, &c.*] So may it happen to such sort of people as long as they live.

<sup>9</sup> *Adorn my speech.*] Menage has marked at this passage in his *Rabelais*, that Longinus, in his *Discourse of the Sublime*, sect. 14, actually says that swearing, now and then, on a proper occasion, does *grandem efficere orationem*.



## CHAPTER XI.

*Why monks are the outcasts of the world ; and wherefore some have bigger noses than others.*

By the faith of a Christian, said Eudemon, I do wonderfully dote, and enter in a great ecstasy, when I consider the honesty and good fellowship of this monk ; for he makes us here all merry. How is it, then, that they exclude the monks from all good companies, calling them feast-troublers, marriers of mirth, and disturbers of all civil conversation, as the bees drive away the drones from their hives ? Ignavum fucos pecus, said Maro, à præsepibus arcent. Hereunto, answered Gargantua, there is nothing so true, as that the frock and cowl draw to them the opprobries, injuries, and maledictions of the world, just as the wind called Cecias<sup>1</sup> attracts the clouds. The peremptory reason is, because they eat the ordure and excrements of the world, that is to say the sins of the people, and, like dung-chewers, and excrementitious eaters, they are cast into the privies and secessive places, that is, the convents and abbeys, separated from political conversation, as the jakes and retreats of a house are. But if you conceive, how an ape in a family is always mocked, and provokingly incensed, you shall easily apprehend how monks are shunned of all men, both young and old. The ape<sup>2</sup> keeps not the house as a dog doth ; he draws not in the plough as the ox ; he yields neither milk nor wool as the sheep ; he carrieth no burthen as a horse doth. That which he doth, is only to conskite, spoil, and defile all, which is the cause wherefore he hath of men mocks, frumperies and bastonadoes.

After the same manner a monk ; I mean those lither, idle, lazy monks, doth not labour<sup>3</sup> and work, as do the peasant

<sup>1</sup> *Cecias.*] This is taken from Aristotle. "Est etiam ventus nomine Cecias, quem Aristoteles ita flare dicit, ut nubes non procul propellat, sed ut ad sese vocet : " says Aulus Gellius, l. 2, c. 22.

<sup>2</sup> *The ape, &c.*] Taken from Plutarch.

<sup>3</sup> *Doth not labour, &c.*] This reason of people's hating and despising the monks so much, is expressed in the following quatrain :

"De plus d'un million de bouches  
Nous pouvons fournir aujourd'hui,  
Qui ne servent, comme les mouches,  
Qu'à manger le travail d'autrui."

and artificer; doth not ward and defend the country, as doth the man-of-war; cureth not the sick and diseased, as the physician doth; doth neither preach nor teach, as do the Evangelical doctors and school-masters; doth not import commodities and things necessary for the commonwealth, as the merchant doth. Therefore is it, that by and of all men they are hooted at, hated, and abhorred. Yea, but said Grangousier, they pray to God for us. Nothing less, answered Gargantua. True it is, that with a tingle tangle jangling of bells they trouble and disquiet all their neighbours about them. Right, said the monk; a mass, a matin, a vesper well rung is half said.<sup>1</sup> They mumble out great store of legends and psalms, by them not at all understood: they say many pater-nosters, interlarded with Ave-Maries, without thinking upon, or apprehending the meaning of what it is they say, which truly I call mocking of God, and not prayers.<sup>2</sup> But so help them God, as they pray for us, and not for being afraid to lose their victuals, their manchets, and good fat pottage. All true Christians, of all estates and conditions, in all places, and at all times, send up their prayers to God, and the Mediator prayeth and intercedeth for them, and God is gracious to them. Now such a one is our good Friar John, therefore every man desireth to have him in his company. He is no bigot or hypocrite, he is not torn and divided betwixt reality and appearance, no wretch of a rugged and peevish disposition, but honest, jovial, resolute, and a good fellow. He travels, he labours, he defends the oppressed, comforts

*In English.*

Of mouths above a million, we  
Can furnish you each hour,  
Who, as the drone defrauds the bee,  
Do other's gains devour.

It is true the Jesuits are made to speak those words in the satire of the Ratspelez (A. 1678), but the quatrain answers to "*nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati*," a verse which is applicable to all monks, and all religions, though particularly fitted to the *tordeliers*. See the *Jesuits Passe-par-tout* in 1607.

<sup>1</sup> *A mass well rung is half said.*] In the same sense we say, A beard well lathered is half shaved.

<sup>2</sup> *Mocking of God and not prayers.*] Perhaps Rabelais, who understood High Dutch, had the German proverb in view "*Gotts gespat, und nicht gotts gebet*," which however, sounds better in that tongue, because of the allusion from *gespat*, mocking, to *gebet*, praying.

the afflicted, helps the needy, and keeps the close of the abbey. Nay, said the monk, I do a great deal more than that; for, whilst we are despatching our matins and anniversaries in the quire, I make withal some cross-bow strings, polish glass-bottles and bolts; I twist lines and weave purse nets,<sup>6</sup> wherein to catch coney. I am never idle. But now, hither come, some drink, some drink here! Bring the fruit. These chesnuts are of the wood of Estrox,<sup>7</sup> and with good new wine are able to make you a fine cracker and composer of bum-sonnets.<sup>8</sup> You are not as yet, it seems, well-moistened in this house with the sweet wine and must. By G—, I drink to all men freely, and at all fords like a proctor, or promoter's horse.<sup>9</sup> Friar John, said Gymnast, take away the snot that hangs at your nose. Ha, ha, said the monk, am not I in danger of drowning, seeing I am in water even to the nose? No, no, Quare? Quia, though some water come out from thence, there never goes in any;<sup>10</sup> for it is

<sup>6</sup> *Weave purse nets, &c.*] “Facito aliquid operis: ut semper te diabolus inveniat occupatum—vel fiscellam texe juncos: vel canistrum lentis plecte viminibus—Apum fabrica alvearia—Texantur et luna capiendis piscibus,” says St. Jerome to the monk Rusticus, in the canon nunquam, &c. The abuse of this canon was got to such a pitch at the time of the Concordat, that the monks and abbots, when their repasts, &c. were over, hardly minded anything else but these trifles, and whistling to canary birds and linnets. (See Brantome Illus. Men.) Friar John, a downright rake, used to busy himself in these matters, during the time of divine service, and when he was at church at his prayers.

<sup>7</sup> *Estrox.*] A certain tract in Lower Poitou, abounding with all manner of good fruit.

<sup>8</sup> *Bum sonnets.*] Farts, pats.

<sup>9</sup> *Proctor's horse.*] I must refer the reader to M. le Duchat, being pressed to get done.

<sup>10</sup> *Never goes in any.*] He never drinks any water. Friar John's thought answers to the “vino suffocatus aquam in nullam corporis partem admittit,” in Bebelius's facetious Tales, l. 3. It has been made into a song in a French play, where a tun-bellied toper is made to say thus:

“Le jus de la treille  
Dans une bouteille  
Court trop de danger, &c.”  
*Anglicè.*

The juice of the grape  
May make its escape,  
If you in a bottle do lodge it:  
But it's safe let me tell ye,  
When slow'd in my belly;  
Nought but water comes out of that budget.

well antidoted with pot-proof armour, and sirrup of the vine-leaf.

O my friend, he that hath winter-boots made of such leather may boldly fish for oysters, for they will never take water. What is the cause, said Gargantua, that Friar John hath such a fair nose?<sup>11</sup> Because, said Grangousier, that God would have it so,<sup>12</sup> who frameth us in such form, and for such end, as is most agreeable with his divine will, even as a potter fashioneth his vessels. Because, said Ponocrates, he came with the first to the fair of noses, and therefore made choice of the fairest and the greatest. Pish, said the monk, that is not the reason of it, but, according to the true monastical philosophy, it is because my nurse had soft teats,<sup>13</sup> by virtue whereof, whilst she gave me suck, my nose did sink in as in so much butter. The hard breasts of nurses make children short-nosed. But hey, gay, *Ad formam nasi cognoscitur ad te levavi.*<sup>14</sup> I never eat any confections, page, whilst I am at the bibbery. Item, bring me rather some toasts.

## CHAPTER XLI.

*How the monk made Gargantua sleep, and of his hours and breviaries.*

SUPPER being ended, they consulted of the business in hand, and concluded that about midnight they should fall unawares upon the enemy, to know what manner of watch and ward they kept, and that in the mean while they should take a little rest, the better to refresh themselves. But

<sup>11</sup> *Such a fair nose.*] Rabelais bringing in this question towards the end of the repast, has a view to an ancient way of speaking of those who, being quite unemployed, or out of discourse, look at people's noses as they pass by, to see whose snout is handsomest.

<sup>12</sup> *Because that God would have it so.*] An answer like that of Xanthus to his gardener in *Æsop's* life.

<sup>13</sup> *Soft teats.*] Bouchet in his 24th *Serée* (which I take to mean his Evenings' Conferences, for I never saw the book) says that Friar John's answer is not altogether a joke, for that famous surgeon, Ambrose Paræus, has maintained, that the hardness of a nurse's breast may make a child have a flat nose.

<sup>14</sup> *Ad te levavi.*] Bruscamille has repeated it in his prologue on large noses. And from thence a pleasant she sinner, being deceived, cried out, "nasc, me decepisti:" nose, thou hast deceived me. (She would never judge a cock by his comb any more.)

Gargantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he turned himself. Whereupon the monk said to him, I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers. Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep. The conceit pleased Gargantua very well, and, beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as they came to the words, *Beati quorum*, they fell asleep both the one and the other. But the monk, for his being formerly accustomed to the hour of claustral matins,<sup>1</sup> failed not to awake a little before midnight, and being up himself, awaked all the rest, in singing aloud, and with a full clear voice, the song,

Awake, O Reinian, Ho, awake !

Awake, O Reinian, Ho !

Get up, you no more sleep must take.

Get up, for we must go.

When they were all roused and up, he said, My Masters, it is a usual saying, that we begin matins with coughing, and supper with drinking. Let us now, in doing clean contrarily, begin our matins with drinking, and at night before supper we shall cough as hard as we can. What, said Gargantua, to drink so soon after sleep? This is not to live according to the diet and prescript rule of the physicians, for you ought first to scour and cleanse your stomach of all its superfluities and excrements. O well physicked, said the monk ; a hundred devils leap into my body, if there be not more old drunkards than old physicians ! I have made this paction and covenant with my appetite, that it always lieth down, and goes to bed with myself, for to that I every day give very good order, then the next morning it also riseth with me, and gets up when I am awake. Mind you your charges, gentlemen, or tend your cures<sup>2</sup> as much as

<sup>1</sup> *To the hour of claustral matins.* ] It is an observation of Sir Edwin Sandys, that if the Pope should take a fancy to arm all the monks of his empire, and make them turn soldiers, there would be no resisting such men, who have been so long accustomed to obey orders, to live upon a little, to rise early, and to sleep upon hard stones or bare boards. (I translate M. le Duchat's words, not having Sir Edwin's book by me )

<sup>2</sup> *Tend your cures, &c.* ] Gargantua had said to Friar John, that he ought first to scour (*ecurer*) his stomach, &c. The friar therefore answers in terms borrowed from falconry, wherein the word cures means the hawk's excrements.

you will. I will get me to my drawer, in terms of falconry, my tiring. What drawer or tiring do you mean, said Gargantua? My breviary, said the monk, for just as the falconers, before they feed their hawks, do make them draw at a hen's leg, to purge their brains of phlegm, and sharpen them to a good appetite, so, by taking this merry little breviary in the morning, I scour all my lungs, and am presently ready to drink.

After what manner, said Gargantua, do you say these fair hours and prayers of yours? After the manner of Whipfield,<sup>3</sup> said the monk, by three psalms, and three lessons,<sup>4</sup> or nothing at all, he that will. I never tie myself to hours, prayers, and sacraments: for they are made for the man, and not the man for them. Therefore is it, that I make my prayers in fashion of stirrup-leathers; I shorten or lengthen them when I think good. *Brevis oratio penetrat cœlos et longa potatio evacuat scyphos.* Where is that written? By my faith, saith Ponocrates, I cannot tell, my pillicock, but thou art more worth than gold. Therein, said the monk, I am like you: but, *venite, apotemus.*<sup>5</sup> Then made they ready store of carbonadoes, or rashers on the coals, and good fat soups, or brewis with sippets; and the monk drank what he pleased. Some kept him company, and the rest did forbear, for their stomachs were not as yet opened.

<sup>3</sup> *After the manner of Whipfield.]* Read, *secundum usum Fecan.* Fecan is an abbey of regular canons, and was allowed the privilege of the Haute-Justice (see Cotgrave) by Richard III. Duke of Normandy, who likewise obtained from the Pope (John XVII.) that the said religious should be exempt from the Archbishop of Rouen's jurisdiction, and might take cognizance of all cases relating to their own men even in spirituals. (See Du Chesne.) What had turned into a proverb the recital of the prayers (*heures*) of Fecan, was an extreme relaxation of the rule, and remissness of discipline among the religious of that abbey, who extended their privileges even to a total, or at least partial omission of their prayers.

<sup>4</sup> *Three Psalms and three lessons.]* Cavalier like. So the Draper in Patelin.

“Il est avocat potatif,

A trois leçons et à trois psaumes.”

<sup>5</sup> This way of speaking is borrowed from the breviary (mass or service books) where the office is fixed to more or fewer Psalms and lessons, according as the day is more or less solemn.

<sup>6</sup> *I'enûte, apotemus.]* The monk alludes to the *venite adoremus* of his breviary.

Afterwards every man began to arm and befit himself for the field. And they armed the monk against his will; for he desired no other armour for back and breast, but his frock, nor any other weapon in his hand, but the staff of the cross. Yet at their pleasure was he completely armed cap-a-pie, and mounted upon one of the best horses in the kingdom,<sup>6</sup> with a good slashing shable by his side, together with Gargantua, Ponocrates, Gymnast, Eudemon, and five and twenty more of the most resolute and adventurous of Grangousier's house, all armed at proof with their lances in their hands, mounted like St. George, and every one of them having a harquebusier behind him.

## CHAPTER XII.

*How the monk encouraged his fellow-champions, and how he hunged upon a tree.*

THUS went out those valiant champions on their adventure, in full resolution to know what enterprise they should undertake, and what to take heed of, and look well to, in the day of the great and horrible battle. And the monk encouraged them, saying, My children, do not fear nor doubt, I will conduct you safely. God and Sanct Benedict be with us! If I had strength answerable to my courage, by's death, I would plume them for you like ducks.<sup>1</sup> I fear nothing but the great ordnance; yet I know of a charm by way of prayer, which the sub-sexton of our abbey taught me, that will preserve a man from the violence of guns, and all manner of fire-weapons and engines; but it will do me no good, because I do not believe it. Nevertheless, I hope my staff of the cross shall this day play devilish pranks amongst them. By G—, whoever of our party shall offer

<sup>6</sup> *Upon one of the best horses in the kingdom.*] *Sus uny be coursier du Roiaume.* M. le Duchat will have it that Rabelais here means a Neapolitan horse, and that he speaks after the way of the Italians, who, by the bare word kingdom, commonly understand, and would have others also understand the kingdom of Naples. Like our Irishmen, who when they mean such a one is their countryman, instead of saying he is Irish, or of Ireland, they say he is of the kingdom. Is such a one of the kingdom? I have often heard them say so myself to one another.

<sup>1</sup> *Like ducks.*] The contrary way against the grain, as they pluck ducks.

to play the duck,<sup>2</sup> and shrink when blows are a dealing, I give myself to the devil, if I do not make a monk of him in my stead, and hamper him within my frock, which is a sovereign cure against cowardice. Did you never hear of my Lord Meurles's<sup>3</sup> greyhound, which was not worth a straw in the fields? He put a frock about his neck: by the body of G—, there was neither hare nor fox that could escape him, and, which is more, he lined all the bitches in the country, though before that he was feeble-reined, and *de frigidis et maleficiatis*.<sup>4</sup>

The monk uttering these words in choler, as he passed under a walnut-tree, in his way towards the causey, he broached the vizor of his helmet on the stump of a great branch of the said tree. Nevertheless, he set his spurs so fiercely to the horse, who was full of metal, and quick on the spur, that he bounded forwards, and the monk, going about to ungrapple his vizor, let go his hold of the bridle, and so hanged by his hand upon the bough, whilst his horse stole away from under him. By this means was the monk left, hanging on the walnut-tree, and crying for help, murder, murder, swearing also that he was betrayed. Eudemone perceived him first, and calling Gargantua said, Sir, come and see Absalom hanging. Gargantua being come, considered the countenance of the monk, and in what posture he hanged; wherefore he said to Eudemone, You were mistaken in comparing him to Absalom; for Absalom hung by his hair, but this shaveling monk hangeth by the ears. Help me, said the monk, in the devil's name, is this a time for you to prate? You seem to me to be like the decretalist preachers,<sup>5</sup> who say, that whosoever shall see his neighbour

<sup>2</sup> *Play the duck.*] i.e. dip down the head, as ducks dive in the water, when they are in fear. \*

<sup>3</sup> *Meurles*] An ancient and honourable family at Montpellier, where they still enjoy eminent posts both civil and military.

<sup>4</sup> *Ex frigidis, &c.*] *Frigid et maleficiat* is properly said of a man that is impotent, either by nature or by some witchery, such as tying the cord-piece point, which see explained elsewhere.

<sup>5</sup> *You seem to me to be like the decretalist preachers*] This answers to that of St. Austin, in reference to one who, rather than strive to shake off his sins, is puzzling his brains about how it should possibly be, that original sin could descend from his parents to him. The Jocoseria of Melander, tom. 1. n. 520. "Quomodo aut qua ratione fiat, ut peccatum et mors ab Adamo in omnes homines dimanet atque derivetur, difficile



in the danger of death, ought, upon pain of trisulk<sup>6</sup> excommunication, rather choose to admonish him to make his confession to a priest, and put his conscience in the state of peace, than otherwise to help and relieve him.

And therefore when I shall see them fallen into a river, and ready to be drowned, I shall make them a fair long sermon, de contemptu mundi, et fuga seculi; and when they are stark dead, shall then go to their aid and succour in fishing after them. Be quiet, said Gymnast, and stir not, my minion. I am now coming to unhang thee, and to set thee at freedom, for thou art a pretty little gentle monachus. Monachus in clauastro non valet ova duo; sed quando est extra bene valet triginta. I have seen above five hundred hanged,<sup>7</sup> but I never saw any have a better countenance in his dangling and pendilatory swagging. Truly, if I had so good a one, I would willingly hang thus all my lifetime. What, said the monk, have you almost done preaching? Help me, in the name of God, seeing you will not in the name of the other spirit,<sup>8</sup> or, by the habit which I wear, you shall repent it, tempore et loco prælibatis.<sup>9</sup>

Then Gymnast alighted from his horse, and, climbing up the walnut-tree, lifted up the monk with one hand by the gussets of his armour under the arm-pits, and with the other undid his vizor from the stump of the broken branch, which done, he let him fall to the ground and himself after. As soon as the monk was down, he put off all his armour,<sup>10</sup> and

cognitū est, neque ad salutem necessarium. Quamobrem Augustini sententiam salutarem esse puto, qui scribit, quemque nostrū potius debere studere, qua ratione ab hac labe et aoxa originali eximatur, quam ut velit curiosè inquirere quomodo in eam ceciderit. Et narrat quendam semel in puteum cecidisse, qui cum ejularēt et conquereretur, supervenienti cuidam et sollicitè inquirenti, quomodo illuc esset præcipitatus, respondit. Quomodo huc ceciderim, quærere desinas; illud vero quæso te sedulò cures ut me hinc extrahas D. Mart. 1. Cor. 15. p. 110.

<sup>6</sup> *Trisulk.*] Three-pointed, like Jupiter's thunder.

<sup>7</sup> *I have seen above five hundred hanged.*] Gymnast speaks here like the grand prevot of Paris, or of the army.

<sup>8</sup> *The other spirit.*] This is, the devil, in whose name he had at first cried out for help. This is the reverse of Virgil's "Flectere si nequeo superos, acheronta movebo."

<sup>9</sup> *Tempore et loco prælibatis.*] Rabelais's motto, says the author of the judgment upon Rabelais. We might have believed him, had he brought any proof of it.

<sup>10</sup> *He put off all his armour.*] Like David, when he went against Goliath.

threw away one piece after another about the field, and, taking to him again his staff of the cross, remounted up to his horse, which Eudemon had caught in his running away. Then went they on merrily, riding along on the high way.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

*How the scouts and fore-party of Picrochole were met with by Gargantua, and how the monk slew Captain Draw-forth, and then was taken prisoner by his enemies.*

PICROCHOLE, at the relation of those who had escaped out of the broil and defeat, wherein 'Tripet' was untipped,<sup>1</sup> grew very angry that the devils should have so run upon his men, and held all that night a counsel of war, at which Rashcalf and Touchefaucet<sup>2</sup> concluded his power to be such, that he was able to defeat all the devils of hell, if they should come to jostle with his forces. This Picrochole did not fully believe, though he doubted not much of it. Therefore sent he under the command and conduct of the Count Draw-forth,<sup>3</sup> for discovering of the country, the number of sixteen horsemen, all well mounted upon light horses, for skirmish, and thoroughly besprinkled with holy water;<sup>4</sup> and every

<sup>1</sup> *Tripet.*] *Lorsque Tripet fut estripé.* Captain Tripet, of whom before, in chap. 35, it is said, that Gymnast made him disembogue his soul amidst the soups and broths which came out of him through his guts.

<sup>2</sup> *Rashcalf and Touchefaucet.*] Hastiveau may be taken for Rashcalf well enough, I confess; but strictly it means a sort of grapes, so called, because it comes in haste, i. e. it is sooner ripe than other grapes, and as C. Stephens, in his *Prædium Rusticum* observes, denotes a rash man, who is too hasty either to give or take counsel. Touquedillon, I own, may likewise be made to mean Touchefaucet; but it is a word properly of Languedoc, where they call a Touquedillon a bully, *qui touche de loin*, who touches at a distance, but whose heart fails him when he comes to a close engagement. The artillery strikes de loin, at a distance, and therefore we see in chap. 26, Touquedillon was set over that of Picrochole.

<sup>3</sup> *Drawforth.*] *Tiravant.* A partizan, whose business was *tirer avant*, to advance before, to get intelligence, and discover the enemy and the country round about.

<sup>4</sup> *Thoroughly besprinkled with holy water.*] There is nothing in all this that is not applicable to the ancient Burgundian men-at-arms. The people of the two Burgundies were, and still are (those of the Upper Burgundy especially,) extremely superstitious, and the Bandleer of those men-at-arms, with the Burgundy cross on them, was very like that part of a priest's habiliment called a stole.

one for their field-mark or cognizance had the sign of a star<sup>5</sup> in his scarf, to serve at all adventures, in case they should happen to encounter with devils; that by the virtue, as well of that Gregorian water,<sup>6</sup> as of the stars which they wore, they might make them disappear and vanish.<sup>7</sup>

In this equipage they made an excursion upon the country, till they came near to the Vauguyon, which is the valley of Guyon, and to the Hospital, but could never find any body to speak unto; whereupon they returned a little back, and took occasion to pass above the aforesaid hospital, to try what intelligence they could come by in those parts. In which resolution riding on, and by chance in a pastoral lodge, or shepherd's cottage near to Coudray, hitting upon the six pilgrims, they carried them way-bound and manacled, as if they had been spies, for all the exclamations, adjurations, and requests that they could make. Being come down from thence towards Seville, they were heard by Gargantua, who said then unto those that were with him, Comrades and fellow soldiers, we have here met with an encounter, and they are ten times in number more than we. Shall we charge them or no? What a devil, said the monk, shall we do else? Do you esteem men by their number, rather than by their valour and prowess? With this he

<sup>5</sup> *A star.*] Read a stole not a star; *Une estole*, Rabelais says, not *une étoile*.—[*N.B.*—The passage is not correctly understood by either the translator or commentator.]

<sup>6</sup> *Gregorian water.*] Gregory I. was not the introducer of the holy water, but he was a strong recommender of it, insomuch that the very husbands who had conversed with their wives, or as the play says, had carnalitered with them, were not to enter the church till they had washed themselves with that water, 33, v. 4, c. Rabelais does not spell it Gregoriene, but Gringoriane, which is a corruption of Gregoriene, as Brinborion comes from Breviarium, corruptly, and indeed contemptuously used for the Romish psalter.

<sup>7</sup> *Disappear and vanish.*

“Les diables fuit et adversaires,  
Et chasse fantasmes contraires,”

<sup>8</sup> It drives away both carnal foes and devils,

And guards from sprights and all contrariant evils,

Says, in Peter Grosnet's collection, an ancient rhyme, speaking of the marvellous effects of holy water. Picrochole's people imagined they should, by virtue of this blessed water, put to flight every mother's son of the Gargantuists, whom they took for real devils from the time they beheld Gymnast's wonderful feats of activity, he having likewise told them he was a devil, though a poor one.

cried out, Charge, devils, charge! Which when the enemies heard, they thought certainly that they had been very devils, and therefore even then began all of them to run away as hard as they could drive, Draw-forth only excepted, who immediately settled his lance on its rest, and therewith hit the monk with all his force on the very middle of his breast. but, coming against his horrific frock, the point of the iron, being with the blow either broke off or blunted, it was in matter of execution, as if you had struck against an anvil with a little wax-candle.

Then did the monk, with his staff of the cross, give him such a sturdy thump and whirret betwixt his neck and shoulders, upon the acromion bone, that he made him lose both sense and motion, and fall down stone dead at his horse's feet; and, seeing the sign of the star which he wore scarfwise, he said unto Gargantua, These men are but priests, which is but the beginning of a monk; by St. John, I am a perfect monk, I will kill them to you like flies. Then ran he after them at a swift and full gallop, till he overtook the rear, and felled them down like tree-leaves,<sup>a</sup> striking athwart and along and every way. Gymnast presently asked Gargantua if they should pursue them? To whom Gargantua answered, By no means; for, according to right military discipline, you must never drive your enemy unto despair, for that such a strait doth multiply his force, and increase his courage, which was before broken and cast down; neither is there any better help, or outgate of relief for men that are amazed, out of heart, toiled, and spent, than to hope for no favour at all. How many victories have been taken out of the hands of the victors by the vanquished, when they would not rest satisfied with reason, but attempt to put all to the sword, and totally to destroy their enemies, without leaving so much as one to carry home news of the defeat of his fellows. Open, therefore, unto your enemies all the gates and ways, and make to them a bridge of silver rather

<sup>a</sup> *Like tree leaves.*] Read, like rye, *seille* in French, an old word for *ségle*, and both from the Latin *secale*. Sir T. U. mistook this *seille* for *feuille*. Rye, says M. le Duchat, is cut in the beginning of the harvest, and doubtless, as the Germans mow it, so there are, or at least were, in France, provinces where they mowed it likewise. This makes Rabelais say, that Friar John felled down, like rye, such of the enemy as came first to hand.

than fail, that you may be rid of them. Yea, but, said Gymnast, they have the monk. Have they the monk? said Gargantua. Upon mine honour then it will prove to their cost. But to prevent all dangers, let us not yet retreat, but halt here quietly, as in an ambush; for I think I do already understand the policy and judgment of our enemies. They are truly more directed by chance and mere fortune, than by good advice and counsel. In the mean while, whilst these made a stop under the walnut-trees, the monk pursued on the chase, charging all he overtook, and giving quarter to none, until he met with a trooper, who carried behind him one of the poor pilgrims, and there would have rifled him. The pilgrim, in hope of relief at the sight of the monk, cried out, Ha, my Lord Prior,<sup>9</sup> my good friend, my Lord Prior, save me, I beseech you, save me! Which words being heard by those that rode in the van, they instantly faced about, and seeing there was nobody but the monk that made this great havoc and slaughter among them, they loaded him with blows as thick as they use to do an ass with wood.<sup>10</sup> But of all this he felt nothing, especially when they struck upon his flock, his skin was so hard. Then they committed him to two of the marshal's men to keep, and, looking about, saw nobody coming against them, whereupon they thought that Gargantua and his party were fled. Then was it that they rode as hard as they could towards the walnut-trees to meet with them, and left the monk there all alone, with his two foresaid men to guard him. Gargantua heard the noise and neighing of the horses, and said to his men, Comrades, I hear the track and beating of the enemy's horse-feet, and withal perceive that some of them come in a troop and full body against us. Let us rally and close here, then set forward in order, and by this means we shall be able to receive their charge, to their loss and our honour.

<sup>9</sup> *My Lord Prior.*] As yet Friar John was no more than the Prior of Sermaise. See notes on chap. 27.

<sup>10</sup> *An ass with wood.*] Back and belly; for such is the loading of an ass carrying wood to market. He seems to be covered all over with it.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

*How the monk rid himself of his keepers, and how Picrochole's Forlorn Hope was defeated.*

THE monk, seeing them break off thus without order, conjectured that they were to set upon Gargantua and those that were with him, and was wonderfully grieved that he could not succour them. Then considered he the countenance of the two keepers in whose custody he was, who would have willingly run after the troops to get some booty and plunder, and were always looking towards the valley unto which they were going. Farther, he syllogized, saying, These men are but badly skilled in matters of war, for they have not required my parole, neither have they taken my sword from me. Suddenly hereupon he drew his brackmard or horseman's sword, wherewith he gave the keeper which held him on the right side, such a sound slash, that he cut clean through the jugular veins, and the sphagitid or transparent arteries of the neck, with the fore-part of the throat called the gargareon, even unto the two adenes, which are throat-kernels; and, redoubling the blow, he opened the spinal marrow betwixt the second and third vertebræ. There fell down that keeper stark dead to the ground. Then the monk, reigning his horse to the left, ran upon the other, who, seeing his fellow dead, and the monk to have the advantage of him, cried with a loud voice, Ha, my Lord Prior, quarter, I yield, my Lord Prior, quarter, quarter, my good friend, my Lord Prior. And the monk cried likewise, My Lord Posterior, my friend, my Lord Posterior, you shall have it upon your posteriorums. Ha, said the keeper, my Lord Prior, my minion, my gentle Lord Prior, I pray God make you an Abbot. By the habit, said the monk, which I wear, I will here make you a Cardinal. What! do you use to pay ransoms to religious men? You shall therefore have by and by a red hat of my giving.<sup>1</sup> And the fellow

<sup>1</sup> *A red hat of my giving.* ] That is, *I will cut off your head, and so give you a red hat.* Thus a "cardinal en greve," (the place of execution at Paris) is proverbially said of a criminal that is beheaded, and upon this wretched proverb turns the sting of James Spifame's epitaph. Menot, who preached at the beginning of the sixteenth century, once said, towards the close of a sermon of his, in the passion week, that though there were preachers who durst carry truth with them into the

cried, Ha, my Lord Prior, my Lord Prior, my Lord Abbot that shall be, my Lord Cardinal, my Lord all! Ha, ha, hes, no my Lord Prior, my good little Lord the Prior, I yield, render and deliver myself up to you. And I deliver thee, said the monk, to all the devils in hell. Then at one stroke he cut off his head, cutting his scalp upon the temple-bones. and lifting up in the upper part of the skull the two triangular bones called sincipital, or the two bones bregmatis, together with the sagittal commissure or dart-like seam which distinguisheth the right side of the head from the left, as also a great part of the coronal or fore-head bone, by which terrible blow likewise he cut the two meninges or films which enwrap the brain, and made a deep wound in the brain's two posterior ventricles, and the cranium or skull abode hanging upon his shoulders by the skin of the pericranium behind, in form of a doctor's bonnet, black without and red within. Thus fell he down also to the ground stark dead.

And presently the monk gave his horse the spur, and kept the way that the enemy held, who had met with Gargantua and his companions in the broad highway, and were so diminished of their number, for the enormous slaughter that Gargantua had made with his great tree amongst them, as also Gymnast, Ponocrates, Eudemon, and the rest, that they began to retreat disorderly and in great haste, as men altogether affrighted and troubled in both sense and understanding; and, as if they had seen the very proper species and form of death before their eyes; or rather, as when you see an ass with a brizze or gad-bee under his tail, or fly that stings him, run hither and thither without keeping any path or way, throwing down his load to the ground, breaking his bridle and reins, and taking no breath nor rest, and no man can tell what ails him, for they see not any thing touch him. So fled these people destitute of wit, without knowing any cause of flying, only pursued by a panic terror, which in their minds they had conceived. The monk, perceiving that their whole intent was to betake themselves to their heels, alighted from his horse, and got upon a big large rock, which was in the way, and with his great brackmard sword

pulpit, they were threatened to be made cardinals without going to Rome, &c., and the authors of the *Catholicon d'Espagne*, long after that preacher, made use of the same expression in two places of that satire.

laid such load upon those runaways, and with main strength fetching a compass with his arm without feigning or sparing, slew and overthrew so many, that his sword broke in two pieces. Then thought he within himself that he had slain and killed sufficiently, and that the rest should escape to carry news. Therefore, he took up a battle-axe of those that lay there dead, and got upon the rock again, passing his time to see the enemy thus flying, and to tumble himself amongst the dead bodies, only that he suffered none to carry pike, sword, lance, nor gun with him, and those who carried the pilgrims bound he made to alight, and gave their horses unto the said pilgrims, keeping them there with him under the hedge, and also Touchfaucet, who was then his prisoner.

## CHAPTER XLV.

*How the Monk carried along with him the Pilgrims, and of the good words that Grangousier gave them.*

THIS skirmish being ended, Gargantua retreated with his men, excepting the monk, and about the dawning of the day they came unto Grangousier, who in his bed was praying unto God for their safety and victory. And seeing them all safe and sound, he embraced them lovingly, and asked what was become of the monk? Gargantua answered him, that without doubt the enemies had the monk. Then have they mischief and ill luck, said Grangousier, which was very true. Therefore is it a common proverb to this day, to give a man the monk, or as in French, *lui bailler le moine*, when they would express the doing unto one a mischief. Then commanded he a good breakfast to be provided for their refreshment. When all was ready, they called Gargantua, but he was so aggrieved that the monk was not to be heard of, that he would neither eat nor drink. In the meanwhile, the monk comes, and from the gate of the outer court cries out aloud, Fresh wine, fresh wine, Gymnast my friend! Gymnast went out and saw that it was Friar John, who brought along with him six pilgrims and Touchfaucet prisoners; whereupon Gargantua likewise went forth to meet him, and all of them made him the best welcome that possibly they could, and brought him before Grangousier, who asked him of all his adventures. The monk told him all, both how he



was taken, how he rid himself of his keepers, of the slaughter he had made by the way, and how he had rescued the pilgrims, and brought along with him Captain Touchfaucet. Then did they altogether fall to banqueting most merrily. In the meantime Grangousier asked the pilgrims what countrymen they were, whence they came, and whither they went? Sweer-to-go in the name of the rest answered, My sovereign lord, I am of Saint Genou in Berry, this man is of Palau, this other is of Onzay, this of Argy, this of St. Nazarand, and this man of Villebrenin. We come from St. "Sebastian near Nantes,"<sup>1</sup> and are now returning, as we best may, by easy journeys. Yea, but said Grangousier, what went you to do at Saint Sebastian? We went, said Sweer-to-go, to offer up unto that Sanct our vows against the plague. Ah, poor men, said Grangousier, do you think that the plague comes from St. Sebastian? Yes, truly, answered Sweer-to-go, our preachers tell us so indeed. But is it so, said Grangousier, do the false prophets teach you such abuses?<sup>2</sup> Do they thus blaspheme the Sancts and holy men of God, as to make them like unto the devils, who do nothing but hurt unto mankind,—as Homer writeth, that the plague was sent into the camp of the Greeks by Apollo, and as the poets feign a great rabble of Vejoves and mischievous gods. So did a certain Cafard or dissembling religionary preach at Sinay, that Saint Antony sent the fire into men's legs, that St. Eutropius made men hydropic,<sup>3</sup> St. Gildas, fools, and that St. Genou made them goutish. But I punished him so exemplarily, though he called me heretic for it, that since

<sup>1</sup> *St. Sebastian near Nantes, &c.*] It is at Peligny, near Nantes, where the body of St. Sebastian is said to be kept; though the possession of it is likewise insisted upon by Rome, Soissons, and Narbonne.

<sup>2</sup> *Such abuses.*] Without offence to the well-meaning Grangousier, there's no such great hurt in it as he fancies. If some saints, when they are angered, send certain distempers, as is believed by the Romanists, they likewise cure them when they please. This is what H. Stephens frankly confesses, in chap. 38, of his *Apology for Herodotus*.

<sup>3</sup> *St. Eutropius made men hydropic, &c.*] See Agrippa, ch. 57, *De Vanitate Scientiarum*, and H. Stephens, chap. 38, of the *Apology for Herodotus*. "Ridendi sunt," says the former, "qui à nominis similitudine et vocum confusione, et per similia futilia inventa sanctis quidam morborum genera adscribunt, ut Germani caducum morbum Valentino, quia hoc nomen (fallen) cadere significat, et Galli Eutropio addicant Hydropicos, ob constabilem sonum."

that time no such hypocritical rogue durst set his foot within my territories. And truly I wonder that your king should suffer them in their sermons to publish such scandalous doctrine in his dominions ; for they deserve to be chastised with greater severity than those who, by magical art, or any other device, have brought the pestilence into a country. The pest killeth but the bodies, but such abominable impostors empoison our very souls. As he spake these words, in came the monk very resolute, and asked them, whence are you, you poor wretches ? Of Saint Genou, said they. And how, said the monk, does the Abbot Gulligut the good drinker, and the monks, what cheer make they ? By God, they'll have a fling at your wives, and breast them to some purpose, whilst you are upon your roaming rant and gadding pilgrimage.<sup>4</sup> Hin, hen, said Sweer-to-go, I am not afraid of mine, for he that shall see her by day will never break his neck to come to her in the night-time. Yea, marry, said the monk, now you have hit it. Let her be as ugly as ever was Proserpina, she will once, by the Lord God, be overturned, and get her skin-coat shaken, if there dwell any monks near to her ; for a good carpenter will make use of any kind of timber. Let me be peppered with the pox, if you find not all your wives with child at your return ; for the very shadow of the steeple of an abbey is fruitful. It is, said Gargantua, like the water of Nilus in Egypt, if you believe Strabo and Pliny, lib. 7, cap. 3. What virtue will there be, then, said the monk, in their bullets of concupiscence, their habits, and their bodies ?

<sup>4</sup> *Gadding Pilgrimage.*] Time was that these devout journeyings were in great vogue, but they never had so much success, as when the pilgrim undertook them with a view to have children. Toleno, in that epigram of Beza's, *Tollepæ cupidus Toleno prolis*, is a famous example of this. The good man was rich, but had no children, though he had been married some years. In full assurance that he should soon see himself a father, could he but make heaven his friend, he courageously undertakes at once a pilgrimage to Loretto, another to the Holy Sepulchre, and a third to Mount Sinai. It is easy to imagine how great a fatigue he underwent, during so long a peregrination. But how transported was he, when, upon his return home, after a three years' voyage, he found his family increased with three lovely boys, whom he had not the trouble of getting ? Certainly the piety of our ancestors was of great advantage in this respect ; and since it has insensibly grown cold, Mademoiselle Sevin had good reason to say in *Fenestæ*, l. 3, "The world was going to be no more, and mankind would soon be at an end, for want of pilgrimages."

Then said Grangousier, Go your ways poor men, in the name of God the Creator, to whom I pray to guide you perpetually, and henceforward be not so ready to undertake these idle and unprofitable journeys. Look to your families, labour every man in his vocation, instruct your children, and live as the good Apostle St. Paul directeth you : in doing whercof, God, his angels and sancts, will guard and protect you, and no evil or plague at any time shall befall you. Then Gargantua led them into the hall to take their refection ; but the pilgrims did nothing but sigh, and said to Gargantua, O how happy is that land which hath such a man for their lord ! We have been more edified and instructed by the talk which he had with us, than by all the sermons that ever were preached in our town. This is, said Gargantua, that which Plato saith, lib. 5, de Republ., That those commonwealths are happy, whose rulers philosophise, and whose philosophers rule. Then caused he their wallets to be filled with victuals, and their bottles with wine, and gave unto each of them a horse to ease them upon the way, together with some pence<sup>b</sup> to live by.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

*How Grangousier did very kindly entertain Touchfaucet his Prisoner.*

TOUCHFAUCET was presented unto Grangousier, and by him examined upon the enterprise and attempt of Picrochole, what it was he could pretend to, or aim at, by the rustling stir and tumultuary coil of this his sudden invasion. Whereunto he answered, that his end and purpose was to conquer all the country, if he could, for the injury done to his cake-bakers. It is too great an undertaking, said Grangousier ; and, as the proverb is, He that gripes too much, holds fast but little. The time is not now as formerly, to conquer the

<sup>b</sup> *Some pence.*] *Quelques Carolus* : some *Carolus's* : a *Carolus*, Cotgrave says, is a piece of white money, worth tenpence, Tour, i. e. Tournois, or a just English penny. *Carolus de Bezançon*, a silver coin, worth about ninepence sterling ; *Carolus de Flanders*, another, worth about three shillings sterling. I apprehend our author to mean the first, because M. le Duchat's note is, *Carolus*, a piece of money, worth ten deniers, stamped with a large K and a crown over it. King Charles VIII. was the first that caused this piece to be coined, and marked with the first letter of his name in Latin, viz. *Karolus*.

kingdoms of our neighbour princes, and to build up our own greatness upon the loss of our nearest Christian brother. This imitation of the ancient Herculeses, Alexanders, Hannibals, Scipios, Cæsars, and other such heroes, is quite contrary to the profession of the gospel of Christ, by which we are commanded to preserve, keep, rule, and govern every man his own country and lands, and not in a hostile manner to invade others; and that which heretofore the Barbarians and Saracens called prowess and valour, we now call robbing, thievery, and wickedness. It would have been more commendable in him to have contained himself within the bounds of his own territories, royally governing them, than to insult and domineer in mine, pillaging and plundering every where like a most unmerciful enemy; for, by ruling his own with discretion, he might have increased his greatness, but by robbing me, he cannot escape destruction. Go your ways in the name of God, prosecute good enterprises, show your king what is amiss, and never counsel him with regard unto your own particular profit, for the public loss will swallow up the private benefit. As for your ransom, I do freely remit it to you, and will that your arms and horse be restored to you; so should good neighbours do, and ancient friends, seeing this our difference is not properly war. As Plato, lib. 5, de Repub. would not have it called war but sedition, when the Greeks took up arms against one another, and that, therefore, when such combustions should arise amongst them, his advice was to behave themselves in the managing of them with all discretion and modesty. Although you call it war, it is but superficial, it entereth not into the closet and inmost cabinet of our hearts. For neither of us hath been wronged in his honour, nor is there any question betwixt us in the main, but only how to redress, by the by, some petty faults committed by our men,—I mean, both yours and ours, which, although you knew, you ought to let pass; for these quarrelsome persons deserve rather to be contemned than mentioned, especially seeing I offered them satisfaction according to the wrong. God shall be the just judge of our variances, whom I beseech, by death rather to take me out of this life, and to permit my goods to perish and be destroyed before mine eyes, than that by me or mine he should in any sort be wronged. These words

uttered, he called the monk, and before them all thus spoke unto him. Friar John, my good friend, is it you that took prisoner the Captain Touchfaucet here present? Sir, said the monk, seeing himself is here, and that he is of the years of discretion, I had rather you should know it by his confession than by any words of mine. Then said Touchfaucet, My sovereign lord, it is he indeed that took me, and I do therefore most freely yield myself his prisoner. Have you put him to any ransom? said Grangousier to the monk. No, said the monk, of that I take no care. How much would you have for having taken him? Nothing, nothing, said the monk, I am not swayed by that, nor do I regard it. Then Grangousier commanded that, in presence of Touchfaucet, should be delivered to the monk for taking him the sum of threescore and two thousand saluts,<sup>1</sup> (in English money, fifteen thousand and five hundred pounds,) which was done, whilst they made a collation or little banquet to the said Touchfaucet, of whom Grangousier asked, If he would stay with him, or if he loved rather to return to his king? Touchfaucet answered, that he was content to take whatever course he would advise him to. Then, said Grangousier, return unto your king, and God be with you.

Then he gave him an excellent sword of a Vienne blade,<sup>2</sup> with a golden scabbard wrought with vine branch-like flourishes, of fair goldsmith's work, and a collar or neck-

<sup>1</sup> *Saluts*.] Two things occur to my thoughts concerning this species of money, which I do not think Rabelais here has employed preferable to any other, without some reason. First, that Friar John, having saved Touchfaucet's life, and contented himself with only making him his prisoner, it was a very proper way of rewarding him with *saluts* (*salut* signifying safety, preservation, safeguard, &c.) Secondly, that as this coin was called *salut*, only because it had on one side the angelical salutation, represented with the word *Ave*, God save you, by which our French ancestors expressed *check*, at chess-play, and even *check-mate*: the *Ave* of the *saluts*, paid to Friar John, might always put him in mind of that gallant action of his, in giving *check* and *mate* to one of Picrochole's generals. As to their value, Cotgrave says, "*saluts* were an old French crown, worth about five shillings sterling."

<sup>2</sup> *Vienne blade*.] At Vienne, in the lower Dauphiné, are made excellent sword-blades, by means of certain *martinets* (water-mills for an iron forge, says Cotgrave,) these *martinets* (or hammers, as Bowyer calls them,) rise and fall alternately, and with the greatest regularity possible, by the motion of the wheels, which are turned by the stream of a little river called Gere.

chain of gold, weighing seven hundred and two thousand merks, (at eight ounces each,) garnished with precious stones of the finest sort, esteemed at a hundred and sixty thousand ducats, and ten thousand crowns more, as an honourable donative by way of present. After this talk Touchfaucet got to his horse, and Gargantua for his safety allowed him the guard of thirty men at arms, and six score archers<sup>3</sup> to attend him under the conduct of Gymnast, to bring him even unto the gate of the rock Clermond, if there were need. As soon as he was gone, the monk restored ur o Grangousier the three-score and two thousand saluts, which he had received, saying, Sir, it is not as yet the time for you to give such gifts,—stay till this war be at an end, for none can tell what accidents may occur, and war, begun without good provision of money before-hand for going through with it, is but as a breathing of strength, and blast that will quickly pass away. Coin is the sinews of war. Well then, said Grangousier, at the end I will content you by some honest recompense, as also all those who shall do me good service.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

*How Grangousier sent for his legions, and how Touchfaucet slew Rashcalf, and was afterwards executed by the command of Picrochole.*

ABOUT this same time those of Besse, of the Old Market, of St. James' Bourg, of the Draggage,<sup>1</sup> of Parillé, of the Rivers,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Thirty men-at-arms, and six-score archers.*] The French noblesse (gentry) being grown plunderers and freebooters in the wars of the preceding reigns, they were reduced into a body of regular troops of horse, under Charles VII., consisting of fifteen hundred lancemen and archers, the companies whereof, more or less strong, were distributed to the princes, and most experienced captains of the kingdom. Each man-at-arms had in his train four horses, two of which were for the service of himself to ride on, and the other two were, one of them a sumpter-horse, and the other for a servant called *couteillier*, either because he rode by his master's side, (*cote*,) or rather, I should think, because he was armed with a good cutlass. There were twice as many archers, obliged to have each two horses, one for himself, and the other for his baggage; but two archers had no more pay than one man-at-arms, that is, per day half-a-crown, value thirteen sous, six deniers; both the man-at-arms and archer were to be gentlemen. See farther on this subject, the Life of Louis XII. by Seyssel, last chap., and Fauchet, l. 2, c. 1, of his "Treatise of Warfare and Arms."

<sup>1</sup> *Draggage.*] Traimneau, a place so called.

<sup>2</sup> *Rivers.*] Rivière. Another place so called.

of the rocks of St. Pol,<sup>3</sup> of the Vaubreton, of Pautillé, of the Brehemont, of Clainbridge, of Cravant, of Grandmont, of the town at the Badgerholes,<sup>4</sup> of Huymes, of Segré, of Illus, of St. Lovant, of Panzoust, of the Coldraux, of Verron, of Coulaines, of Chose, of Varennes, of Bourgueil, of the Bouchard Island, of the Croullay, of Nursay, of Cande, of Montsoreau,<sup>5</sup> and other bordering places, sent ambassadors unto Grangousier, to tell him that they were advised of the great wrongs which Picrochole had done him, and in regard of their ancient confederacy, offered him what assistance they could afford, both in men, money, victuals, and ammunition, and other necessaries for war. The money, which by the joint agreement of them all was sent unto him, amounted to six score and fourteen millions two crowns and a half of pure gold. The forces wherewith they did assist him, did consist of fifteen thousand cuirassiers,<sup>6</sup> two and thirty thousand light horsemen, fourscore and nine thousand dragoons,<sup>7</sup> and a hundred and forty thousand volunteer adventurers. These had with them eleven thousand and two hundred cannons, double cannons, long pieces of artillery called basilisks, and smaller sized ones, known by the name of spirols, besides the mortar-pieces and granadoes. Of pioneers they had seven and forty thousand, all victualled and paid for six months and four days of advance. Which offer Gargantua did not altogether refuse, nor wholly accept of; but, giving them hearty thanks, said, that he would compose and order the war by such a device, that there should not be found great need to put so many honest men

<sup>3</sup> *Rocks of St. Pol.*] Parish in the diocese of Tours, in which there is a priory dependant on the abbey of St. Paul de Comeri, of the Order of St. Benet.

<sup>4</sup> *Badger-holes.*] *Des Bourdes.* I know not why the translator calls this place the badger-holes; nor why he omits the next in Rabelais' list, Villamere.

<sup>5</sup> *Cande, Montsoreau, &c.*] Cande is a borough of Touraine, and Montsoreau, another, very near Cande, where the Vienne enters the Loire. Parillé, or Parillat, is a village half a league from Chinon, just at the end of the Nun's bridge, (see Du Chesne's *Antiquities of the Towns, &c.*, chap. of those of Chinon.) The other places mentioned here by Rabelais, are of Anjou, Touraine, and the election of Chinon, for the most part. At Croulai, which is very near Chinon, there is a convent of Cordeliers.

<sup>6</sup> *Cuirassiers.*] Called men-at-arms in the original.

<sup>7</sup> *Dragoons.*] *Hurquebusiers.*

to trouble in the managing of it; and therefore was content at that time to give order only for bringing along the legions, which he maintained in his ordinary garrison towns of the Devinierie, of Chavigny, of Gravot, and of the Quinquenais, amounting to the number of two thousand cuirassiers, three score and six thousand foot soldiers, six and twenty thousand dragoons, attended by two hundred pieces of great ordnance, two and twenty thousand pioneers, and six thousand light horsemen, all drawn up in troops, so well befitted and accommodated with their commissaries, sutlers, farriers, harness-makers, and other such like necessary members in a military camp; so fully instructed in the art of warfare, so perfectly knowing and following their colours, so ready to hear and obey their captains, so nimble to run, so strong at their charging, so prudent in their adventures, and every day so well disciplined, that they seemed rather to be a concert of organ-pipes, or mutual concord of the wheels of a clock, than an infantry and cavalry, or army of soldiers.

Touchfaucet immediately after his return presented himself before Picrochole, and related unto him at large all that he had done and seen, and at last endeavoured to persuade him with strong and forcible arguments to capitulate and make an agreement with Grangousier, whom he found to be the honestest man in the world; saying further, that it was neither right nor reason thus to trouble his neighbours, of whom they never received any thing but good. And in regard of the main point, that they should never be able to go through stitch with that war, but to their great damage and mischief: for the forces of Picrochole were not so considerable, but that Grangousier could easily overthrow them.

He had not well done speaking, when Rashcalf said out aloud, Unhappy is that prince, which is by such men served, who are so easily corrupted, as I know Touchfaucet is. For I see his courage so changed, that he had willingly joined with our enemies to fight against us and betray us, if they would have received him; but, as virtue is of all, both friends and foes, praised and esteemed, so is wickedness soon known and suspected, and although it happen the enemies do make use thereof for their profit, yet have they always the wicked and the traitors in abomination.



Touchfaucet, being at these words very impatient, drew out his sword, and therewith ran Rashcalf through the body, a little under the nipple of his left side, whereof he died presently, and pulling back his sword out of his body, said boldly, So let him perish, that shall a faithful servant blame. Picrochole incontinently grew furious, and seeing Touchfaucet's new sword<sup>8</sup> and his scabbard so richly diapered with flourishes of most excellent workmanship, said, Did they give thee this weapon so feloniously therewith to kill before my face my so good friend Rashcalf? Then immediately commanded he his guard to hew him in pieces, which was instantly done, and that so cruelly, that the chamber was all dyed with blood. Afterwards he appointed the corpse of Rashcalf to be honourably buried, and that of Touchfaucet to be cast over the walls into the ditch.

The news of these excessive violences were quickly spread through all the army; whereupon many began to murmur against Picrochole, in so far that Pinchpenny<sup>9</sup> said to him, My sovereign lord, I know not what the issue of this enterprise will be. I see your men much dejected, and not well resolved in their minds, by considering that we are here very ill provided of victuals, and that our number is already much diminished by three or four sallies. Furthermore, great supplies and recruits come daily in to your enemies: but we so moulder away, that, if we be once besieged, I do not see how we can escape a total destruction, Tush, pish, said Picrochole, you are like the Melun eels, you cry before they come to you.<sup>10</sup> Let them come, let them come, if they dare.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

*How Gargantua set upon Picrochole within the rock Clermond, and utterly defeated the army of the said Picrochole.*

GARGANTUA had the charge of the whole army, and his

<sup>8</sup> *New sword, &c.*] The same which Grangousier had given him.

<sup>9</sup> *Pinchpenny.*] In the original, it is, Grippe-pineau, Gripe-grape, not gripe, or pinchpenny. The pineau, says Cotgrave, is a kind of white and longish grape, whereof is made the vin pineau, excellent strong wine. M. le Duchat says, This person was, in all probability, one that distinguished himself at the sacking of the Abbey-close at Seville.

<sup>10</sup> *Before they come to you.*] Read, before they begin to skin you. Davant qu'on vous escorche.

father Grangousier stayed in his castle, who, encouraging them with good words, promised great rewards unto those that should do any notable service. Having thus set forward, as soon as they had gained the pass at the ford of Vede, with boats and bridges speedily made, they passed over in a trice. Then considering the situation of the town, which was on a high and advantageous place, Gargantua thought fit to call his council and pass that night in deliberation upon what was to be done. But Gymnast said unto him, My sovereign lord, such is the nature and complexion of the French, that they are worth nothing but at the first push. Then they are more fierce than devils. But if they linger a little, and be wearied with delays, they will prove more faint and remiss than women. My opinion is, therefore, that now presently after your men have taken breath, and some small refection, you give order for a resolute assault, and that we storm them instantly. His advice was found very good, and for effectuating thereof he brought forth his army into the plain field, and placed the receives on the skirt or rising of a little hill. The monk took along with him six companies of foot, and two hundred horsemen well armed, and with great diligence crossed the marsh, and valiantly got upon the top of the green hillock even unto the highway which leads to Loudun. Whilst the assault was thus begun, Picrochole's men could not tell what was best, to issue out and receive the assailants, or keep within the town and not to stir. Himself in the meantime, without deliberation, sallied forth in a rage with the cavalry of his guard, who were forthwith received and royally entertained with great cannon-shot, that fell upon them like hail from the high grounds, on which the artillery was planted. For which purpose the Gargantuists betook themselves unto the valleys, to give the ordnance leave to play and range with the larger scope.

Those of the town defended themselves as well as they could, but their shot passed over without doing any hurt at all. Some of Picrochole's men, that had escaped our artillery, set most fiercely upon our soldiers, but prevailed little; for they were all let in betwixt the files, and there knocked down to the ground, which their fellow-soldiers seeing, they would have retreated, but the monk having

seized upon the pass, by which they were to return, they run away and fled in all the disorder and confusion that could be imagined.

Some would have pursued after them, and followed the chase, but the monk withheld them, apprehending that in their pursuit the pursuers might lose their ranks, and so give occasion to the besieged to sally out of the town upon them. Then staying there some space, and none coming against him, he sent the Duke Phrontist, to advise Gargantua to advance towards the hill upon the left hand, to hinder Picrochole's retreat at that gate; which Gargantua did with all expedition, and sent thither four brigades under the conduct of Sebast, which had no sooner reached the top of the hill, but they met Picrochole in the teeth, and those that were with him scattered.

Then charged they upon them stoutly, yet were they much endamaged by those that were upon the walls, who galled them with all manner of shot, both from the great ordnance, small guns, and bows. Which Gargantua perceiving, he went with a strong party to their relief, and with his artillery began to thunder so terribly upon that canton of the wall, and so long, that all the strength within the town, to maintain and fill up the breach, was drawn thither. The monk, seeing that quarter which he kept besieged void of men and competent guards, and in a manner altogether naked and abandoned, did most magnanimously on a sudden lead up his men towards the fort, and never left it till he had got up upon it, knowing, that such as come to the reserve in a conflict bring with them always more fear<sup>1</sup> and terror, than those that deal about them with their hands in the fight.

Nevertheless he gave no alarm till all his soldiers had got within the wall, except the two hundred horsemen, whom he left without to secure his entry. Then did he give a most horrible shout, so did all those who were with him, and immediately thereafter, without resistance, putting to the edge of the sword the guard that was at that gate, they opened it to the horsemen, with whom most furiously they altogether ran towards the east gate, where all the

<sup>1</sup> *More fear, &c.*] This is almost word for word taken from Thucydides, l. 5, c. 2.

burly burly was, and coming close upon them in the rear, overthrew all their forces.

The besieged, seeing that the Gargantuists had won the town upon them, and that they were like to be secure in no corner of it, submitted themselves unto the mercy of the monk, and asked for quarter, which the monk very nobly granted to them, yet made them lay down their arms; then, shutting them up within churches, gave order to seize upon all the staves of the crosses, and placed men at the doors to keep them from coming forth. Then, opening the east gate, he issued out to succour and assist Gargantua. But Picrochole, thinking it had been some relief coming to him from the town, adventured more forwardly than before, and was upon the giving of a most desperate home-charge, when Gargantua cried out, Ha, Friar John, my friend, Friar John, you are come in a good hour. Which unexpected accident so affrighted Picrochole and his men, that, giving all for lost, they betook themselves to their heels, and fled on all hands. Gargantua chased them till they came near to Vaugaudry, killing and slaying all the way, and then sounded the retreat.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

*How Picrochole in his flight fell into great misfortunes, and what Gargantua did after the Battle.*

PICROCHOLE, thus in despair, fled towards the Bouchard Island, and in the way to Riviere his horse stumbled and fell down, wherewith he on a sudden was so incensed, that he with his sword without more ado killed him in his choler; then, not finding any that would remount him, he was about to have taken an ass at the mill that was thereby; but the miller's men did so baste his bones, and so soundly bethwack him, that they made him both black and blue with strokes; then, stripping him of all his clothes, gave him a scurvy old canvas jacket wherewith to cover his nakedness. Thus went this poor choleric wretch, who passing the water at Port-Huauux, and relating his misadventurous disasters, was foretold by an old Lourpidon hag,<sup>1</sup> that his kingdom should

<sup>1</sup> *Lourpidon hag.*] Dirty nasty hag. See M. le Duchat for the etymology of this word.

be restored to him at the coming of the Cocklicranes.<sup>2</sup> What is become of him since we cannot certainly tell, yet was I told that he is now a porter at Lyons, as testy and pettish in humour as ever he was before, and would be always, with great lamentation, inquiring at all strangers of the coming of the Cocklicranes, expecting assuredly, according to the old woman's prophecy, that at their coming he shall be re-established in his kingdom. The first thing Gargantua did after his return into the town was to call the muster-roll of his men, which when he had done he found that there were very few either killed or wounded, only some few foot of Captain Tolmere's<sup>3</sup> company, and Ponocrates, who was shot with a musket-ball through the doublet.<sup>4</sup> Then he caused them all at and in their several posts and divisions to take a little refreshment, which was very plenteously provided for them in the best drink and victuals that could be had for money, and gave order to the treasurers and commissaries of the army, to pay for and defray that repast, and that there should be no outrage at all, nor abuse committed in the town, seeing it was his own. And furthermore com-

<sup>2</sup> *At the coming of the Cocklicranes.*] That is, never. Rabelais, l. 4, c. 32, if he stepped back, it was sea-cockle-shells. In the original it is in both places *cocquecigrues*. The shells of sea-hedgehogs are called *cocquecigrues*, and, according to this last passage, M. Menage thought that the proverbial expression, hinted at in the first, was occasioned by the sea-urchins, only turning themselves in their shells, without moving forward or backwards; and he quotes Rondelet for this: but he mistook Rondelet's words, l. 18, *De piscibus*. "Omnibus (echinis) crusta est tenuis undique spinis sive aculeis, armata quæ pro pedibus sunt. Ingredi est his in orbe volvi." This does not mean that the sea-hedgehogs, instead of walking, only turn in their shells, but that the prickly sharp points of their shells serve them for feet, and that they walk, or have a progressive motion by rolling. As for the word *cocquecigrues*, I am of opinion, that as the ancients had their sphinxes and chimeras, we have our *cocquecigrues*, or creatures made up of a cock, a cygnet, (young swan) and a crane (*grus*), to which sometimes is added the word sea, to make the thing more extraordinary, and at the same time more ridiculous.

<sup>3</sup> *Tolmere's.*] Τολμηρός, audacious, rash, one of Gargantua's captains.

<sup>4</sup> *Through the doublet.*] This does honour both to Gargantua and Ponocrates, it being reasonable to believe that the preceptor, who, it is plain, was a universalist, i. e. good at all sorts of game, as the saying is, did not thus expose himself without being prompted thereto by a most commendable zeal to follow every where his princely pupil, whom a noble ardour had hurried into the thickest of the fight.

manded, that immediately after the soldiers had done with eating and drinking for that time sufficiently, and to their own hearts' desire, a gathering should be beaten, for bringing them altogether, to be drawn upon the piazza before the castle, there to receive six months' pay completely. All which was done. After this, by his direction, were brought before him in the said place all those that remained of Picrocholle's party, unto whom, in the presence of the princes, nobles, and officers of his court and army, he spoke as followeth.

## CHAPTER L.

*Gargantua's speech to the vanquished.\**

OUR forefathers and ancestors of all times have been of this nature and disposition, that, upon the winning of a battle, they have chosen rather, for a sign and memorial of their triumphs and victories, to erect trophies and monuments in the hearts of the vanquished by clemency, than by architecture in the lands which they had conquered. For they did hold in greater estimation the lively remembrance of men, purchased by liberality, than the dumb inscription of arches, pillars, and pyramids, subject to the injury of storms and tempests, and to the envy of every one. You may very well remember of the courtesy, which by them was used towards the Bretons, in the battle of St. Aubin of Cormier,<sup>1</sup> and at the demolishing of Partenay. You have heard, and hearing admire, their gentle comportment towards those at the barriers<sup>2</sup> of Spaniola, who had plundered, wasted, and ransacked the maritime borders of Olone and Thalmondoïs. All this hemisphere of the world was filled with the praises and congratulations which yourselves and your fathers made, when Alpharbal King of Canarre,<sup>3</sup> not satisfied with his own

<sup>1</sup> *Battle, &c.*] Near Dol, in Bretagne, the 28th of July, 1484, between the Duc de Bretagne, and Charles VIII.

<sup>2</sup> *Spaniola.*] Read—Towards the barbarians (not barriers) of Spain.

<sup>3</sup> *Alpharbal, King of Canarre.*] In ch. 13, there has been notice taken of this war, and the defeat of the Cannarines: but as in several editions we read Ganarrians; and that in the prol. of l. 4. the author speaks of the Genoese as cheats (gannatori) and a people whose sole view in every thing is gain, I know not, but that under the name of Canarre, we are to understand the city of Genoa, there being, besides, a wondrous agreement between the lenity which Grangousier is here

fortunes, did most furiously invade the land of Onyx, and with cruel piracies molest all the Armorick<sup>4</sup> Islands, and confine regions of Britany. Yet was he in a set naval fight<sup>4</sup> justly taken and vanquished by my father, whom God preserve and protect. But what? Whereas other kings and emperors, yea those who entitle themselves catholics, would have dealt roughly with him, kept him a close prisoner, and put him to an extreme high ransom, he entreated him very courtcously,<sup>5</sup> lodged him kindly with himself in his own palace, and out of his incredible mildness and gentle disposition sent him back with a safe conduct, laden with gifts, laden with favours, laden with all offices of friendship. What fell out upon it? Being returned into his country, he called a parliament, where all the princes and states of his kingdom being assembled, he showed them the humanity which he had found in us, and therefore wished them to take such course by way of compensation therein, as that the whole world might be edified by the example, as well of their honest graciousness to us, as of our gracious honesty towards them. The result hereof was, that it was voted and decreed by an unanimous consent, that they should offer up entirely their lands, dominions, and kingdoms, to be disposed of by us according to our pleasure.

Alpharbal in his own person presently returned with nine thousand and thirty-eight great ships of burden, bringing with him the treasures, not only of his house and royal lineage, but almost of all the country besides. For he embarking himself to set sail with a west-north-east wind, every one in heaps did cast into the ship gold, silver, rings, jewels, spices, drugs, and aromatical perfumes, parrots, pelicans, monkeys, civet-cats, black-spotted weasels, porcupines, to have shown the Ganarrians, whom he had subdued, and the clemency which the good King Louis XII. manifested towards the Genoese in 1507, when he forced that people to return to their obedience under him.

<sup>4</sup> *In a set naval fight.*] Instead of naval fight read only a fight. The word navale in some editions is wrong printed for navrè, which signifies wounded, and should precede taken and vanquished.

<sup>5</sup> *He entreated him very courtcously, &c.*] Several things seem here to agree with Louis XII. who when he became King of France, disdained to revenge himself on his enemies, whose caballings had before occasioned his being clapped up in the strong tower of Bourges, after he had lost the battle of St Aubin du Cormier.

pinet, &c. He was accounted no good mother's son, that did not cast in all the rare and precious things he had.

Being safely arrived, he came to my said father, and would have kissed his feet. That action was found too submissively low, and therefore was not permitted, but in exchange he was most cordially embraced. He offered his presents; they were not received, because they were too excessive: he yielded himself voluntarily a servant and vassal, and was content his whole posterity should be liable to the same bondage; this was not accepted of, because it seemed not equitable: he surrendered, by virtue of the decree of his great parliamentary council, his whole countries and kingdoms to him, offering the deed and conveyance, signed, sealed, and ratified by those that were concerned in it; this was altogether refused, and the parchments cast into the fire. In end, this free good will and simple meaning of the Cannarines wrought such tenderness in my father's heart, that he could not abstain from shedding tears, and wept most profusely; then, by choice words very congruously adapted, strove in what he could to diminish the estimation of the good offices which he had done them, saying, that any courtesy he had conferred upon them was not worth a rush, and what favour soever he had showed them, he was bound to do it. But so much the more did Alpharbal augment the repute thereof. What was the issue? Whereas for his ransom in the greatest extremity of rigour, and most tyrannical dealing, could not have been exacted above twenty times a hundred thousand crowns, and his eldest sons detained as hostages, till that sum had been paid, they made themselves perpetual tributaries, and obliged to give us every year two millions of gold at four and twenty carats fine. The first year we received the whole sum of two millions; the second year of their own accord they paid freely to us three and twenty hundred thousand crowns; the third year, six and twenty hundred thousand; the fourth year, three millions, and do so increase it always out of their own good will, that we shall be constrained to forbid them to bring us any more. This is the nature of gratitude and true thankfulness. For time, which gnaws and diminisheth all things else, augments and increaseth benefits; because a noble action of liberality, done to a man of reason, doth



grow continually, by his generous thinking of it, and remembering it.

Being unwilling therefore any way to degenerate from the hereditary mildness and clemency of my parents, I do now forgive you, deliver you from all fines and imprisonments, fully release you, set you at liberty, and every way make you as frank and free as ever you were before. Moreover, at your going out of the gate, you shall have every one of you three months' pay<sup>6</sup> to bring you home into your houses and families, and shall have a safe convoy of six hundred cuirassiers and eight thousand foot under the conduct of Alexander, esquire of my body, that the clubmen of the country may not do you any injury. God be with you! I am sorry from my heart that Picrochole is not here; for I would have given him to understand, that this war was undertaken against my will, and without any hope to increase either my goods or renown. But seeing he is lost, and that no man can tell where, nor how he went away, it is my will that this kingdom remain entire to his son; who, because he is too young, he not being yet full five years old, shall be brought up and instructed by the ancient princes, and learned men of the kingdom. And because a realm, thus desolate, may easily come to ruin, if the covetousness and avarice of those, who by their places are obliged to administer justice in it, be not curbed and restrained, I ordain and will have it so, that Ponocrates be overseer and superintendent above all his governors, with whatever power and authority is requisite thereto, and that he be continually with the child, until he find him able and capable to rule and govern by himself.

Now I must tell you, that you are to understand how a too feeble and dissolute facility in pardoning evil-doers giveth them occasion to commit wickedness afterwards more readily, upon this pernicious confidence of receiving favour. I consider, that Moses, the meekest man that was in his time upon the earth, did severely punish the mutinous and seditious people of Israel. I consider likewise, that Julius Cæsar, who was so gracious an emperor, that Cicero said of him, that his fortune<sup>7</sup> had nothing more excellent than that he

<sup>6</sup> *Three months' pay.*] At 105 sous a month, which was the pay of the French infantry at that time. See Cenault de mensur, &c. Edition of 1547.

<sup>7</sup> *That his fortune, &c.*] “Nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus, quam

could, and his virtue nothing better, than that he would always save and pardon every man; he, notwithstanding all this, did in certain places most rigorously punish the authors of rebellion. After the example of these good men, it is my will and pleasure, that you deliver over unto me, before you depart hence, first, that fine fellow Marquet, who was the prime cause, origin, and ground-work of this war, by his vain presumption and overweening: secondly, his fellow cake-bakers, who were neglective in cheeking and reprehending his idle hair-brained humour in the instant time: and lastly, all the counsellors, captains, officers, and domestics of Picrochole, who have been incendiaries or fomenters of the war, by provoking, praising, or counselling him to come out of his limits thus to trouble us.

## CHAPTER II.

*How the victorious Gargantuists were recompensed after the battle.*

WHEN Gargantua had finished his speech, the seditious men whom he required were delivered up unto him, except Swashbuckler, Durtaille, and Smalltrash, who ran away six hours before the battle,—one of them as far as to Lainiel-neck at one course, another to the valley of Vire, and the third even unto Logroine, without looking back, or taking breath by the way,—and two of the cake-bakers who were slain in the fight. Gargantua did them no other hurt, but that he appointed them to pull at the presses of his printing-house, which he had newly set up. Then those who died there he caused to be honourably buried in Blacksoille-valley,<sup>1</sup> and Burn-hag-field,<sup>2</sup> and gave order that the wounded should be dressed and had care of in his great hospital or

ut possis nec natura tua melius, quàm ut velis conservare quàm plurimos," says Cicero to Cæsar in his Oration for Q. Ligarius.

<sup>1</sup> *Black-soille valley.*] *La valle des noirettes.* Noir does indeed signify black; but here *noirettes* means *nucetum*, a plantation of walnut or other nut-trees; and is the same as noisette. The common people of Tours, as well as those of Bourges, Orleans, Paris, and elsewhere, often pronounce R for S, and S for R. True it is, that it was more customary for them to do so formerly than now a-days. They were wont to say *Jesus Maria*, for *Jesus Maria*, and of consequence *noirettes* for *noisettes*.

<sup>2</sup> *Burn-hag field.*] *Camp de Brusle-vieille.*

nosocome. After this, considering the great prejudice done to the town and its inhabitants, he re-imbursed their charges, and repaired all the losses that by their confession upon oath could appear they had sustained; and, for their better defence and security in times coming against all sudden uproars and invasions, commanded a strong citadel to be built there with a competent garrison to maintain it. At his departure he did very graciously thank all the soldiers of the brigades that had been at this overthrow, and sent them back to their winter-quarters in their several stations, and garrisons; the decumane legion<sup>3</sup> only excepted, whom in the field on that day he saw do some great exploit, and their captains also, whom he brought along with himself unto Grangousier.

At the sight and coming of them, the good man was so joyful, that it is not possible fully to describe it. He made them a feast the most magnificent, plentiful, and delicious that ever was seen since the time of the King Ashuerus. At the taking up of the table he distributed amongst them his whole cupboard of plate, which weighed eight hundred thousand and fourteen besants of gold,\* in great antique vessels, huge pots, large basins, big tasses, cups, goblets, candlesticks, comfit-boxes, and other such plate, all of pure massy gold besides the precious stones, enamelling, and workmanship, which by all men's estimation was more worth than the matter of the gold. Then unto every one of them out of his coffers caused he to be given the sum of twelve hundred thousand crowns ready money. And, further, he gave to each of them for ever and in perpetuity, unless he should happen to decease without heirs, such castles and neighbouring lands of his as were most commodious for them. To Ponocrates he gave the rock Clermond; to Gymnast, the Coudray; to Eudemon, Monpensier; Rivau, to Tolmere; to Ithibolle, Montsaurcau; to Acamas, Cande; Varennes, to Chironacte; Gravot, to Sebaste; Quinquenais, to Alexander; Ligre, to Sophrone, and so of his other places.

<sup>3</sup> *The decumane legion.*] After the example of the tenth legion in Julius Cæsar's army. It is manifest from Cæsar's own account of the Gallic wars, l. 1, from Dion. n. 38, and Frontinus's *Stratag.* xi. that that legion always performed better than any other of the same army.

## CHAPTER LII.

*How Gargantua caused to be built for the monk the abbey of Theleme.*

THERE was left only the monk to provide for, whom Gargantua would have made Abbot of Seville, but he refused it. He would have given him the Abbey of Bourgueil, or of Sanct Florent, which was better, or both, if it pleased him; but the monk gave him a very peremptory answer, that he would never take upon him the charge nor government of monks. For how shall I be able, said he, to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself?<sup>1</sup> If you think I have done you, or may hereafter do you any acceptable service, give me leave to found an abbey after my own mind and fancy. The motion pleased Gargantua very well, who thereupon offered him all the country of Theleme by the River of Loire, till within two leagues of the great forest of Port-Huaut. The monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order contrary to all others. First then, said Gargantua, you must not build a wall about your convent, for all other abbeys are strongly walled and mured about. See, said the monk, and not without cause,<sup>2</sup> where there is mur before, and mur behind,

<sup>1</sup> *That have not full power and command of myself.*] Carried away by the evil customs of the times, Gargantua was going to commit two very considerable faults in offering two rich abbies to Friar John, who was not of an age nor of morals regular enough to be fit for, or deserve either of them, much less both. But to excuse his not accepting his prince's offer, the monk, who prefers his liberty to all advantages whatever, represents to him, that, not knowing how to govern himself, he was much less able to govern others, which answers to the sense of the law, "absurdum quippe est, ut alios regat, qui se ipsum regere nescit," quoted on this very subject by John, bishop of Chiomsée, suffragan of Saltzburg, in ch. 27, n. 7, of his *Onus Ecclesiæ*.

<sup>2</sup> *See, said the monk, and not without cause.*] Very true, said the monk, and not without cause, for (speaking of abbies being always well walled) where there is mur (a wall) before, and mur behind, there is store of murmur, (murmuring,) &c. Which last is as true as the first; the more shame for those that live in them, and are so well provided for, as they generally are. To return to M. le Duchat; he says, this drollery upon the word murmur (which in some editions, but those the worst, is spelt murmure, three syllables) this jest, I say, has been copied by no less a man than Peter Viret, page 435, of the dialogue entitled Second Part of the Metamorphosis, printed in 8vo. at Geneva, 1545.

there is store of murmur, envy, and mutual conspiracy. Moreover, seeing there are certain convents in the world,<sup>3</sup> whereof the custom is, if any women come in, I mean chaste and honest women, they immediately sweep the ground which they have trod upon; therefore was it ordained, that if any man or woman, entered into religious orders, should by chance come within this new abbey, all the rooms should be thoroughly washed and cleansed through which they had passed. And because in all other monasteries and nunneries all is compassed, limited, and regulated by hours, it was decreed that in this new structure there should be neither clock nor dial, but that according to the opportunities, and incident occasions, all their hours<sup>4</sup> should be disposed of; for, said Gargantua, the greatest loss of time that I know, is to count the hours.<sup>5</sup> What good comes of it? Nor can there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion.

Item, Because at that time they put no women into nunneries, but such as were either purblind, blinkards, lame, crooked, ill-favoured, mis-shapen, fools, senseless, spoiled, or corrupt;<sup>6</sup> nor encloistered any men, but those that were

<sup>3</sup> *Certain convents in the world.*] The Carthusians. Peter Viret, Of True and False Religion, l. 6, c. 6.

<sup>4</sup> *All their hours, &c.*] What's the meaning of this? It should be all their works, not all their hours; "Toutes les œuvres," not "toutes les heures."

<sup>5</sup> *To count the hours.*] Pantagruel lays down the same principle, l. 4, ch. 64, and proves it by several very pleasant arguments. I know a tradesman in London, a great economist, that curses the clocks, for making his apprentices lose so much time in counting the hours.

<sup>6</sup> *Purblind, blinkards, lame, crooked, &c.*] This was one of the abuses of those times, if we believe the author of the *Unus Ecclesiæ*, who thus delivers himself in ch. 22, art. 8. "Item, ut plurimum qui defectuosiores inter filios nobilium apparent, clericali statui adiunguntur, quas mundo inutiles, licet Deo execrabiles: Si quidem contra Dei præceptum ecclesiis et monasteriis offeruntur, aut claudi aut cæci, aut in aliqua parte deformes et debiles. Hinc contingit legem frangi, quæ prohibet ne cæcus, vel claudus, vel torto naso, vel fracto pede, seu manu, vel gibbus, vel lippus, vel albuginem habens in oculo, vel jugiter scabiosus, vel impetigosus (impetiginosus) vel herniosus, aut quispiam alius maculam habens, accedat offerre hostias Deo. Quales, sæpenumero, nobiles in monasteriis aliisve ecclesiis apparent."

either sickly, subject to defluxions, ill-bred<sup>7</sup> louts, simple sots, or peevish trouble-houses. But to the purpose, said the monk. A woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she? To make a nun of, said Gargantua. Yea, said the monk, to make shirts and smocks. Therefore was it ordained, that into this religious order should be admitted no women that were not fair, well-featured, and of a sweet disposition; nor men that were not comely, personable, and well conditioned.<sup>8</sup>

Item, Because in the convents of women, men come not but underhand, privily, and by stealth; it was therefore enacted, that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men, nor men in case there be not women.

Item, Because both men and women, that are received into religious orders after the expiring of their noviciat or probation year, were constrained and forced perpetually to stay there all the days of their life; it was therefore ordered, that all whatever, men or women, admitted within this abbey, should have full leave to depart with peace and contentment, whensoever it should seem good to them so to do.

Item, for that the religious men and women did ordinarily make three vows, to wit, those of chastity, poverty, and obedience; it was therefore constituted and appointed, that in this convent they might be honourably married, that they might be rich, and live at liberty. In regard of the legitimate time of the persons to be initiated, and years under and above which they were not capable of reception, the women were to be admitted from ten till fifteen, and the men from twelve till eighteen.

## CHAPTER LIII.

*How the abbey of the Thelemites was built and endowed.*

FOR the fabric and furniture of the abbey, Gargantua caused to be delivered out in ready money seven and twenty hundred thousand, eight hundred and one and thirty of those

<sup>7</sup> *Ill-bred.*] *Mal-nez*, which I take to mean ill-conditioned, of an ungente nature, or perverse disposition. See next note.

<sup>8</sup> *Well-conditioned.*] Or of a sweet disposition, *bien naturez*, i. e. as M. le Duchat observes, *bonè nati*, *d'un beau naturel*. The reverse of the *mal-nez*, mentioned in the last note.

golden rams of Berry,<sup>1</sup> which have a sheet stamped on the one side, and a flowered cross on the other; and for every year until the whole work were completed, he allotted threescore nine thousand crowns of the sun, and as many of the seven stars, to be charged all upon the receipt of the custom.<sup>2</sup> For the foundation and maintenance thereof for ever, he settled a perpetual fee-farm-rent of three and twenty hundred, threescore and nine thousand, five hundred and fourteen rose nobles, exempted from all homage, fealty, service, or burden whatsoever, and payable every year at the gate of the abbey; and of this, by letters patent passed a very good grant. The architecture was in a figure hexagonal, and in such a fashion, that in every one of the six corners there was

<sup>1</sup> *Golden rams, &c.*] Rabelais says "*moutons à la grande laine*," long-woolled sheep; a gold coin so called because of a lamb engraved on it, with these words round it, "*Agnus Dei qui tollis, &c.*" They afterwards coined *demi-moutons*, which, being no more than half the value of the other, were for that reason called "*moutons à la petite laine*," short-woolled sheep. To conclude, M. le Duchat observes, from Pliny, l. 8, c. 47, "*ovium summa genera duo, tectum et colonicum.*" The first sort were the long woolled sheep, in Latin, *tectæ oves*, because, to preserve the beauty of their fleece, care was taken to cover their skins. The others were called *oves colonicæ*, which were fed in pasture ground. The fleece of these latter was indeed shorter and less fine considerably, but then their flesh was incomparably nicer to eat, and by far the more nourishing meat.

<sup>2</sup> *Upon the receipt of the custom.*] Here Sir T. U. and, which is more surprising, M. Motteaux, mistakes the word *dive* to mean *douanne*; a river called Dive for a custom-house. Rabelais says, "*sus la recepte de la Dive*," i. e. upon the receipt of the Dive; which I confess I did not readily take for a river, till I looked into Moreri's Dictionary (for neither Duchat nor the Dutch scholiast take the least notice of the word *dive*.) That Dictionary, under the word *la dive*, gives an account of two rivers of that name, in Latin *Diva et Deva*; one in Normandy, the other, which I take to be that here meant, is in Poitou. Moreri gives a pretty curious account of it, and of the Huguenots being defeated in an engagement on the banks of it, in 1569, and other particulars too long to be taken notice of here. But after all, the English reader will ask, what Rabelais can mean by charging a rent upon the receipt of a Dive; in answer to which I may say, perhaps there are duties payable for goods passing to and fro on that river: but M. le Duchat resolves it into a joke, by saying, that it is a common thing in France, by way of banter, to assign a rent-charge upon the vapours or fogs of the rivers Seine, Loire, &c. Effects, add they, very liquid, but not over clear. (*Liquidé* in business, signifies an account settled. Now the reader sees t'is joke, or his understanding must be very foggy).

built a great round tower of threescore feet in diameter, and were all of a like form and bigness. Upon the north-side ran along the river of Loire, on the bank whereof was situated the tower called Arctic. Going towards the east, there was another called Calaer,—the next following Anatole,—the next Mesembrine,—the next Hesperia, and the last Criere. Every tower was distant from the other the space of three hundred and twelve paces. The whole edifice was every where six stories high, reckoning the cellars under ground for one. The second was arched after the fashion of a basket-handle, the rest were scaled with pure wainscot, flourished with Flanders fret-work, in the form of the foot of a lamp, and covered above with fine slates, with an indorsement of lead, carrying the antique figures of little puppets,<sup>3</sup> and animals of all sorts, notably well suited to one another, and gilt, together with the gutters, which jetting without the walls from betwixt the cross bars in a diagonal figure, painted with gold and azure, reached to the very ground, where they ended into great conduit-pipes, which carried all away unto the river from under the house.

This same building was a hundred times more sumptuous and magnificent than ever was Bonnavet, Chambourg, or Chantilly;<sup>4</sup> for there were in it nine thousand three hundred and two and thirty chambers, every one whereof had a withdrawing room, a handsome closet, a wardrobe, an oratory, and neat passage, leading into a great and spacious hall. Between every tower, in the midst of the said body of build-

<sup>3</sup> *Figures of little puppets.* [*Manequins* in the original. It means says Duchat, in this place, not puppets, but a certain very common and pretty ornament in architecture, viz., osier or other baskets filled with flowers and fruits. *Manequin* comes from *mane*, because such a basket is easy to carry in the hand (*manus*). From whence our English word *man*, among the market people, which means a large basket for apples, greens or the like. *Manequin*, says Du Cange, "*arca penaria quæ manu gestatur.*" The latter Greeks call this *manequin* *Μανίκιον*. The word *manequin* is now extended to all sorts of baskets.

<sup>4</sup> *Bonnavet, Chambourg, or Chantilly.* The edition of 1535, and that of Dolet, speak only of Bonnavet, a castle or palace begun on a magnificent plan in sight of Châtelleraut, by Admiral Bonnavet, who did not live to finish it, being killed at the battle of Pavia. See Brantome, tome i. p. 203. As for Chambourg, or rather Chambort. (where King Stanislaus lately resided,) which is likewise unfinished, it was begun by Francis I. in 1536. See Brantome, p. 275, of tom. i.



ing, there was a pair of winding, such as we now call lantern stairs, whereof the steps were part of porphyry, which is a dark red marble, spotted with white, part of Numidian stone, which is a kind of yellowish-streaked marble upon various colours, and part of serpentine marble, with light spots on a dark green ground, each of those steps being two and twenty feet in length, and three fingers thick, and the just number of twelve betwixt every rest, or, as we now term it, landing place. In every resting place were two fair antique arches where the light came in : and by those they went into a cabinet, made even with, and of the breadth of the said winding, and the re-ascending above the roofs of the house ending conically in a pavilion. By that vize or winding, they entered on every side into a great hall, and from the halls into the chambers. From the Arctic tower unto the Criere, were the fair great libraries in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian and Spanish, respectively distributed in their several cantons, according to the diversity of these languages. In the midst there was a wonderful scallier or winding-stair, the entry whereof was without the house, in a vault or arch, six fathoms broad. It was made in such symmetry and largeness, that six men at arms with their lances in their rests might together in a breast ride all up to the very top of all the palace. From the tower Anatole to the Mesembrine were fair spacious galleries, all covered over and painted with the ancient prowesses, histories and descriptions of the world. In the midst thereof there was likewise such another ascent and gate, as we said there was on the river-side. Upon that gate was written in great antique letters that which followeth.

#### CHAPTER LIV. "

*The Inscription set upon the great gate of Thelen :*

HERE enter not vile bigots, hypocrites,  
Externally devoted apes, base snites,  
Puft up, wry-necked beasts, worse than the Huns,  
Or Ostrogots, forerunners of baboons :<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Fore-runners of baboons.*] I know not what Sir T. U. means by fore-runners of baboons. It should be ye wrinkled old baboons *Veuilx matagots*. M. le Duchat observes, that in this strophe (or stanza) in which the author's satire falls particularly on all sorts of religions, viz.

Cursed snakes, dissembling varlets,<sup>2</sup> seeming sancts,  
 Slipshod affards, beggars pretending wants,  
 Fat chuffcats, smell-feast knockers, doltish gulls,  
 Out-strouting cluster-fists, contentious bulls,  
 Fomenters of divisions and debates,  
 Elsewhere, not here, make sale of your deceits.

Your filthy trumperies  
 Stuffed with pernicious lies,  
 (Not worth a bubble)  
 Would only trouble  
 Our earthly paradise,  
 Your filthy trumperies.

Here enter not attorneys, barristers,  
 Nor bridle champing law-practitioners ;  
 Clerks, commissaries, scribes, nor pharisees,  
 Wilful disturbers of the people's ease :  
 Judges, destroyers, with an unjust breath,  
 Of honest men, like dogs, ev'n unto death.  
 Your salary is at the gibbet-foot :  
 Go drink there ! for we do not here fly out  
 On those excessive courses, which may draw  
 A waiting on your courts by suits in law.

Law-suits, debates, and wrangling  
 Hence are exil'd, and jangling.

Here we are very  
 Frolic and merry,  
 And free from all entangling.  
 Law-suits, debates, and wrangling.

Here enter not base pinching usurers,  
 Pelf-lickers, everlasting gatherers,

monks, and others, given up to what they call a contemplative life, under the name of matagots, which is but magots lengthened out, and which means a sort of very large monkey. Rabelais points at the oldest among the monks. Before in chap. 40, with respect to the idle, slothful life of the monks, he compares them to monkies ; and lower, in chap. 60, l. 4, he actually calls them matagots, when like so many noddies (*Μάραιος, ineptus*) he sends them to consider of, philosophise upon, and to contemplate the close-stool-pan of Gaster, Greek for belly, whom he supposes to be the idol of monks, and other slow-bellies.

<sup>2</sup> *Dissembling varlets.*] This should be varlets with mittins, *gueux mitonflexz*. Mendicants, who, though not allowed to wear gloves at any time of the year, may, in the depth of a rigorous winter, wear mittins of black cloth, or at least of a smoke-dried colour.\*

Gold-graspers, coin-grippers, gulpers of mists,  
 With harpy-gripping claws, who, though your chests  
 Vast sums of money should to you afford,  
 Would ne'ertheless add more unto that hoard,  
 And yet not be content,—you clunchfists dastards,  
 Insatiable fiends, and Pluto's bastards,  
 Greedy devourers, chichy sneakbill rogues,  
 Hell-mastiffs gnaw your bones, you rav'nous dogs.

You beastly-looking fellows,

Reason doth plainly tell us,

That we should not

To you allot

Room here, but at the gallows,

You beastly-looking fellows.

Here enter not fond makers of demurs  
 In love adventures, peevish jealous curs,  
 Sad pensive dotards, raisers of garbovles,  
 Hags, goblins, ghosts, firebrands of household broils,  
 Nor drunkards, liars, cowards, cheaters, clowns,  
 Thieves, cannibals, faces o'ercast with frowns,  
 Nor lazy slugs, envious, covetous,  
 Nor blockish, cruel, nor too credulous,—  
 Here mangy, pocky folks shall have no place,  
 No ugly lusks, nor persons of disgrace.

Grace, honour, praise, delight,

Here sojourn day and night.

Sound bodies lin'd

With a good mind,

Do here pursue with might

Grace, honour, praise, delight.

Here enter you, and welcome from our hearts,  
 All noble sparks, endow'd with gallant parts.  
 This is the glorious place, which bravely shall  
 Afford wherewith to entertain you all.  
 Were you a thousand, here you shall not want  
 For any thing: for what you'll ask we'll grant.  
 Stay here you lively, jovial, handsome, brisk,  
 Gay, witty, frolic, cheerful, merry, frisk,  
 Spruce, jocund, courteous, furtherers of trades,  
 And in a word, all worthy, gentle blades.

Blades of heroic breasts  
Shall taste here of the feasts,  
Both privily  
And civilly  
Of the celestial guests,  
Blades of heroic breasts.

Here enter you, pure, honest, faithful, true,  
Expounders of the Scriptures old and new.  
Whose glosses do not blind our reason, but  
Make it to see the clearer, and who shut  
Its passages from hatred, avarice,  
Pride, factions, covenants, and all sort of vice.  
Come, settle here a charitable faith,  
Which neighbourly affection nourisheth.  
And whose light chaseth all corrupters hence,  
Of the blest word, from the aforesaid sense.

The Holy Sacred Word,  
May it always afford  
T' us all in common,  
Both man and woman,  
A spiritual shield and sword,  
The Holy Sacred Word.

Here enter you all ladies of high birth,  
Delicious, stately, charming, full of mirth,  
Ingenuous, lovely, miniard, proper, fair,  
Magnetic, graceful, splendid, pleasant, rare,  
Obliging, sprightly, virtuous, young, solacious,  
Kind, neat, quick, feat, bright, compt, ripe, choicc, dear,  
precious,

Alluring, courtly, comely, fine, complete,  
Wise, personable, ravishing, and sweet,  
Come joys enjoy. The Lord celestial  
Hath given enough, wherewith to please us all.

Gold give us, God forgive us,  
And from all wocs relieve us ;

That we the treasure  
May reap of pleasure,  
And shun whate'er is grievous,  
Gold give us, God forgive us.

## CHAPTER LV.

*What manner of dwelling the Thelemites had.*

IN the middle of the lower court there was a stately fountain of fair alabaster. Upon the top thereof stood the three Graces, with their cornucopias, or horns of abundance, and did jet out the water at their breasts, mouth, ears, eyes, and other open passages of the body.<sup>1</sup> The inside of the buildings in this lower court stood upon great pillars of Cassydony stone, and Porphyry marble, made archwise after a goodly antique fashion. Within those were spacious galleries, long and large, adorned with curious pictures, the horns of bucks and unicorns; with rhinoceroses, water-horses, called hippopotamuses; the teeth and tusks of elephants, and other things well worth the beholding. The lodging of the ladies, for so we may call those gallant women, took up all from the tower Arctic unto the gate Mcsembline. The men possessed the rest. Before the said lodging of the ladies, that they might have their recreation, between the two first towers, on the outside, were placed the tilt-yard, the barriers or lists for tournaments, the hippodrome or riding court, the theatre or public play-house, and natatory or place to swim in, with most admirable baths in three stages,<sup>2</sup> situated above one another, well furnished with all necessary accommodation, and store of myrtle-water. By the river-side was the fair garden of pleasure, and in the midst of that the glorious labyrinth. Between the two other towers were the courts for the tennis and the baloon.<sup>3</sup> Towards the tower Criere stood the orchard full of all fruit-trees, set and ranged in a quincuncial order. At the end of that was the great park, abounding with all sort of venison. Betwixt the third couple of towers were the butts and marks for shooting with a snap-work gun, an ordinary bow for common alchery, or with a cross-bow. The office-houses were without the tower

<sup>1</sup> This I take to be a satire on the famous statue at Antwerp, called, "Le Pisseur," from which all the water flows through the *membrum virile*. In the capuchin's garden at Spa, there is a statue of Christ, with the water gushing from the holes in his sides, hands, &c. *Wilkes*.]

<sup>2</sup> *In three stages*.] That is in three stories; on one was a hot bath; on another, a lukewarm bath; and on the third, one quite cold, into each of which, by means of pipes, the water was distributed just as they would have it.

Hesperia, of one story high. The stables were beyond the offices, and before them stood the falconry, managed by ostrich-keepers and falconers, very expert in the art, and it was yearly supplied and furnished by the Candians, Venetians, Sarmates, now called Moscoviters, with all sorts of most excellent hawks, eagles, gerfalcons, goshawks, sacres, lanners, falcons, sparhawks, marlins, and other kinds of them, so gentle and perfectly well manned, that, flying of themselves sometimes from the castle for their own disport, they would not fail to catch whatever they encountered. The venery, where the beagles and hounds were kept, was a little farther off, drawing towards the park.

All the halls, chambers, and closets or cabinets were richly hung with tapestry, and hangings of divers sorts, according to the variety of the seasons of the year. All the pavements and floors were covered with green cloth. The beds were all embroidered. In every back-chamber or withdrawing room there was a looking-glass of pure crystal set in a frame of fine gold, garnished all about with pearls, and was of such greatness, that it would represent to the full the whole lineaments and proportion of the person that stood before it. At the going out of the halls, which belong to the ladies' lodgings, were the perfumers and trimmers, through whose hands the gallants past when they were to visit the ladies. Those sweet artificers did every morning furnish the ladies' chambers with the spirit of roses, orange-flower-water,<sup>3</sup> and angelica; and to each of them gave a little precious casket vapouring forth the most odoriferous exhalations of the choicest aromatical scents.

## CHAPTER LVI.

*How the men and women of the religious order of Theleme were apparelled.*

THE ladies of the foundation of this order were apparelled after their own pleasure and liking. But, since that of their

<sup>3</sup> *Orange flower water.*] It is in the original *eau de naphe*, on which M. le Ducat observes, that Franciosini, at the word *nanfa*, confounds the *eau de naphe* with orange flower water. But Boccacc, in Journ. 8, Nov. 10, of his Decameron, makes two different sorts of them, on which see Ruscelli in his edition of the Decameron. Torriano says, *nanfa* is a mixture of musk and orange flowers. I have neither time nor room now to say more on this head.

own accord and free will they have reformed themselves, their accoutrement is in manner as followeth. They wore stockings of scarlet crimson, or ingrained purple dye, which reached just three inches above the knee, having a list beautified with exquisite embroideries, and rare incisions of the cutter's art. Their garters were of the colour of their bracelets, and circled the knee a little both over and under. Their shoes, pumps, and slippers were either of red, violet, or crimson velvet, pinked and jagged like lobster wadles.

Next to their smock they put on the pretty kirtle or vasquin of pure silk camblet: above that went the taffaty or tabby vardingale, of white, red, tawny, grey, or of any other colour. Above this taffaty petticoat they had another of cloth of tissue, or brocade, embroidered with fine gold, and interlaced with needlework, or as they thought good, and according to the temperature and disposition of the weather, had their upper coats of satin, damask, or velvet, and those either orange, tawny, green, ash-coloured, blue, yellow, bright red, crimson, or white, and so forth; or had them of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, or some other choice stuff, enriched with purple, or embroidered according to the dignity of the festival days and times wherein they wore them.

Their gowns, being still correspondent to the season, were either of cloth of gold frizzled with a silver-raised work; of red satin, covered with gold purl; of tabby, or taffaty, white, blue, black, tawny, &c., of silk serge, silk camblet, velvet, cloth of silver, silver tissue, cloth of gold, gold wire, figured velvet, or figured satin, tinselled and overcast with golden threads, in divers variously purfled draughts.

In the summer, some days, instead of gowns, they wore light handsome mantles, made either of the stuff of the aforesaid attire, or like Moresco rugs, of violet velvet, frizzled, with a raised work of gold upon silver purl, or with a knotted cord-work of gold embroidery, every where garnished with little Indian pearls. They always carried a fair panache, or plume of feathers, of the colour of their muff, bravely adorned and tricked out with glistening spangles of gold. In the winter time, they had their taffaty gowns of all colours, as above named, and those lined with the rich furrings of hind-skins, or speckled linxes, black spotted weasels,

martlet skins of Calabria, sables, and other costly furs of an inestimable value. Their beads, rings, bracelets, collars, carcanets, and neck-chains were all of precious stones, such as carbuncles, rubies, balais, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, turquoises, garnets, agates, beryles, and excellent margarites. Their head-dressing also varied with the season of the year, according to which they decked themselves. In winter it was of the French fashion; in the spring, of the Spanish; in summer, of the fashion of Tuscany, except only upon the holy days and Sundays, at which times they were accoutred in the French mode, because they accounted it more honourable, and better befitting the garb of a maternal pudicity.

The men were apparelled after their fashion. Their stockings were of tamine or of cloth-serge, of white, black, scarlet, or some other ingrained colour. Their breeches were of velvet, of the same colour with their stockings, or very near, embroidered and cut according to their fancy. Their doublet was of cloth of gold, of cloth of silver, of velvet, satin, damask, taffaties, &c., of the same colours, cut, embroidered, and suitably trimmed up in perfection. The points were of silk of the same colours, the tags were of gold well enamelled. Their coats and jerkins were of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, gold, tissue or velvet embroidered, as they thought fit. Their gowns were every whit as costly as those of the ladies. Their girdles were of silk, of the colour of their doublets. Every one had a gallant sword by his side, the hilt and handle whereof were gilt, and the scabbard of velvet, of the colour of his breeches, with a chape of gold, and pure goldsmith's work. The dagger of the same. Their caps or bonnets were of black velvet, adorned with jewels and buttons of gold. Upon that they wore a white plume, most prettily and minion-like parted by so many rows of gold spangles, at the end whereof hung dangling in a more sparkling resplendency fair rubies, emeralds, diamonds, &c., but there was such a sympathy betwixt the gallants and the ladies, that every day they were apparelled in the same livery. And that they might not miss, there were certain gentlemen appointed to tell the youths every morning what vestments the ladies would on that day wear; for all was done according to the pleasure of the ladies. In these so handsome clothes, and habiliments so rich, think not that either one



or other of either sex did waste any time at all; for the masters of the wardrobes had all their raiments<sup>1</sup> and apparel so ready for every morning, and the chamber-ladies were so well skilled, that in a trice they would be dressed, and completely in their clothes from head to foot. And, to have those accoutrements with the more conveniency, there was about the wood of Theleme a row of houses of the extent of half a league, very neat and cleanly, wherein dwelt the goldsmiths, lapidaries, jewellers, embroiderers, tailors, gold-drawers, velvet-weavers, tapestry-makers, and upholsterers, who wrought there every one in his own trade, and all for the aforesaid jolly friars and nuns of the new stamp. They were furnished with matter and stuff from the hands of the Lord Nausiclete,<sup>1</sup> who every year brought them seven ships from the Perlas and Cannibal Islands, laden with ingots of gold, with raw silk, with pearls and precious stones. And if any margarites, called unions [pearls],<sup>2</sup> began to grow old, and lose somewhat of their natural whiteness and lustre, those by their art they did renew,<sup>2</sup> by tendering them to eat to some pretty cocks, as they use to give casting unto hawks.

<sup>1</sup> *Lord Nausiclete.*] Seigneur Nausiclete. Seigneur means only sire, which in French is the general appellation of a rich merchant, or a great wholesale dealer. As for the word Nausiclete, the old Dutch scholiast says, Nausiclete comes from *Ναυσίκλυτος*, which, adds he, signifies one that is renowned for having a multitude of ships. But from *Ναυσίκλυτος*, can be formed, in French, nothing but Nausiclute or Nausicylte. Besides, *Ναυσίκλυτος* does not signify one renowned for the multitude of his ships, but one in general who has acquired fame by his ships; and that is what is signified by *Ναυσίκλειτος*, from which comes Nausiclete, as from *πολύκλειτος*, Polyclete.

<sup>2</sup> *Those by their art they did renew, &c.*] We see here that even in Rabelais's time, the art of re-blanching, or making tarnished pearls look white, was no secret in France; and yet in Fenny the Great's time an Italian, one Tontuchio, who likewise made counterfeit pearls to a great degree of perfection, was accounted the inventor of the secret of whitening again the true pearls when they began to turn yellow. This is what we learn from Bartholomew Morisot in these terms of the 46th ch. of his *Henricus Magnus*. "*Suffuscas et liventes margaritas Tontuchius turgere et dealbare reperit: etiam et veras ita simulare, ut crederes cœlesti rore in mari genitas.*" Perhaps the secret found out by the Italian was not the same which Rabelais speaks of; but since, even in that case, the secret which that man had of recovering the whiteness of pearls, was neither the only one, nor the first that had been practised in France in the sixteenth century, Morisot seems to be liable to censure for going about to make us believe so, in derogation to that other person who is here spoken of.

## CHAPTER LVII.

*How the Thelemites were governed, and of their manner of living.*

ALL their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds when they thought good: they did eat, drink, labour, sleep, when they had a mind to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did offer to constrain them to eat, drink, nor to do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule, and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed,

DO WHAT THOU WILT.

Because men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions, and withdraws them from vice, which is called honour. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition, by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off and break that bond of servitude, wherein they are so tyrannously enslaved; for it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden, and to desire what is denied us.

By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation, to do all of them what they saw did please one. If any of the gallants or ladies should say, Let us drink, they would all drink. If any one of them said, Let us play, they all played. If one said, Let us go a walking into the fields, they went all. If it were to go a hawking or a hunting, the ladies mounted upon dainty well-paced nags, seated in a stately palfrey saddle,<sup>1</sup> carried on their lovely fists,<sup>2</sup> miniardly begloved every one of them, either a sparhawk, or a laneret, or a merlin, and the young gallants carried the other kinds of hawks. So nobly were they taught, that there was neither

<sup>1</sup> *Seated in a stately palfrey saddle.*] This is not the meaning of "avecque leur palefroy gorrior:" it means followed by horses of parade, their stately palfries.

<sup>2</sup> *Their lovely fists.*] Rabelais says, only fists, without any epithet; sur le poing. The ladies' lovely fists put me in mind of the addresses from ——— in Queen Anne's time, "Madam, we kiss your great hand."

he nor she amongst them, but could read, write, sing, play upon several musical instruments, speak five or six several languages, and compose in them all very quaintly, both in verse and prose. Never were seen so valiant knights, so noble and worthy, so dextrous and skilful both on foot and a horseback, more brisk and lively, more nimble and quick, or better handling all manner of weapons than were there. Never were seen ladies so proper and handsome, so miniard and dainty, less forward, or more ready with their hand, and with their needle, in every honest and free action belonging to that sex, than were there. For this reason, when the time came, that any man of the said abbey, either at the request of his parents, or for some other cause, had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies, namely her whom he had before that chosen for his mistress,<sup>3</sup> and they were married together. And if they had formerly in Theleme lived in good devotion and amity, they did continue therein and increase it to a greater height in their state of matrimony: and did entertain that mutual love till the very last day of their life, in no less vigour and fervency, than at the very day of their wedding.<sup>4</sup>

Here must not I forget to set down unto you a riddle, which was found under the ground, as they were laying the foundation of the abbey, engraven in a copper plate, and it was thus as followeth.

<sup>3</sup> *Namely, her, whom he had before that chosen for his mistress.*] Quite contrary. Read, namely, her, who had before that chosen him for her humble servant. "celle laquelle l'auroit prins pour son devot," 1. c. Her who had consented that he should devote himself to her service on the footing of a declared lover.

<sup>4</sup> The Abbé de Marsey conjectures, that Rabelais, under the pretext of this foundation, attacks indirectly the three vows which constituted the essence of every monastic society. This institution, founded on the principles of reason and natural religion, is in effect a censure on monastic vows. The modern editors of Rabelais conceive "such an establishment especially worthy of Friar John, in whose actions they continually recognise Cardinal Jean du Bellay, who setting aside his poetical and martial talents, was like most other men of his robe in that age, a gourmand, a lover of wine, of pleasure, and above all of women, and who at the same time was secretly married. It appears evident to them that this famous convent represents the *maison de plaisance* built by the Cardinal, on the neck of land connecting la Marne to Saint-Maur-des-Fosses; Rabelais lived at St. Maur, previous to his nomination to the cure of Meudon.]

## CHAPTER LVIII.

*A Prophetical Riddle.*

POOR mortals, who wait for a happy day,  
Cheer up your hearts, and hear what I shall say :  
If it be lawful firmly to believe,  
That the celestial bodies can us give  
Wisdom to judge of things that are not yet ;  
Or if from heaven such wisdom we may get,  
As may with confidence make us discourse  
Of years to come, their destiny and course ;  
I to my hearers give to understand,  
That this next winter, though it be at hand,  
Yea and before, there shall appear a race  
Of men, who, loth to sit still in one place,  
Shall boldly go before all people's eyes,  
Suborning men of divers qualities,  
To draw them unto covenants and sides,  
In such a manner, that whate'er betides,  
They'll move you, if you give them ear, no doubt,  
With both your friends and kindred to fall out.  
They'll make a vassal to gain-stand his lord,  
And children their own parents ; in a word,  
All reverence shall then be banished,  
No true respect to other shall be had.  
They'll say that every man should have his turn,  
Both in his going forth, and his return ;  
And hereupon there shall arise such woes,  
Such jarrings, and confused to's and fro's,  
That never was in history such coils  
Set down as yet, such tumults and garboyles.  
Then shall you many gallant men see by  
Valour stirr'd up, and youthful fervency,  
Who, trusting too much in their hopeful time,  
Live but a while, and perish in their prime.  
Neither shall any, who this course shall run,  
Leave off the race which he hath once begun,  
Till they the heavens with noise by their contention  
Have fill'd, and with their steps the earth's dimension.  
Then those shall have no less authority,  
That have no faith, than those that will not lie ;

For all shall be governed by a rude,  
Base, ignorant, and foolish multitude ;  
The veriest lout of all shall be their judge,  
O horrible and dangerous deluge !  
Deluge I call it, and that for good reason,  
For this shall be omitted in no season ;  
Nor shall the earth of this foul stir be free,  
Till suddenly you in great store shall see  
The waters issue out, with whose streams the  
Most moderate of all shall moisten'd be,  
And justly too ; because they did not spare  
The flocks of beasts that innocentest are,  
But did their sinews, and their bowels take,  
Not to the gods a sacrifice to make,  
But usually to serve themselves for sport :  
And now consider, I do you exhort,  
In such commotions so continual, -  
What rest can take the globe terrestrial ?  
Most happy then are they, that can it hold,  
And use it carefully as precious gold,  
By keeping it in gaol, whence it shall have  
No help but him, who being to it gave.  
And to increase his mournful accident,  
The sun, before it set in th' occident,  
Shall cease to dart upon it any light,  
More than in an eclipse, or in the night, -  
So that at once its favour shall be gone  
And liberty with it be left alone.  
And yet, before it come to ruin thus,  
Its quaking shall be as impetuous  
As Ætna's was, when Titan's sons lay under,  
And yield, when lost, a fearful sound like thunder.  
Inarimé did not more quickly move,  
When Typhœus did the vast huge hills remove,  
And for despite into the sea them threw.  
Thus shall it then be lost by ways not few,  
And changed suddenly, when those that have it  
To other men that after come shall leave it.  
Then shall it be high time to cease from this  
So long, so great, so tedious exercise ;  
For, the great waters told you now by me,  
Will make each think where his retreat shall be ;

And yet, before that they be clean dispers't,  
 You may behold in th' air, where nought was erst,  
 The burning heat of a great flame to rise,  
 Lick up the water, and the enterprisc.

It resteth after those things to declare,  
 That those shall sit content, who chosen are,  
 With all good things, and with celestial manne,  
 And richly recompensed every man :  
 The others at the last all stripp'd shall be,  
 That after this great work all men may see  
 How each shall have his due. This is their lot ;  
 O he is worthy praise that shrinketh not.

No sooner was this enigmatical monument read over, but Gargantua, fetching a very deep sigh, said unto those that stood by, It is not now only, I perceive, that people called to the faith of the gospel, and convinced with the certainty of evangelical truths, are persecuted. But happy is that man that shall not be scandalized, but shall always continue to the end, in aiming at that mark, which God by his dear Son hath set before us, without being distracted or diverted by his carnal affections and depraved nature.

The monk then said, What do you think in your conscience is meant and signified by this riddle? What? said Gargantua,—the progress and carrying on of the divine truth. By St. Goderan,<sup>1</sup> said the monk, that is not my exposition. It is the style of the prophet Merlin.<sup>2</sup> Make upon it as many

<sup>1</sup> *St. Goderan.*] There is a St. Goderanc, Bishop of Secz, brother of St. Opportunus, massacred by an emissary of Chrodebert, who had invaded the possessions of the church.

<sup>2</sup> *It is the style of the prophet Merlin.*] Rabelais means Merlin de Saint Gelais, who died in 1555, sixty-seven years old. This poet's christian name is generally written Melin; many have writ it Mellin, in imitation of those who in Latin have it Mellinus: yet there is no such saint as either Melin or Mellin. Longueil is perhaps the first that, by allusion to Merlin, has called St. Gelais, Merlinus Gelasianus: Marot afterwards called him Merlin, in his *Eclogue* to the king, and in a translation (which he addresses to him) of Martial's 9th epigram, l. 3. John Bouchet also calls him Merlin, in the 100th epistle, written to the Abbot Ardillon in October, 1536.

Under a supposition that these verses are a sort of prophecy, one would be apt to think Friar John meant to ascribe it to the English Merlin, famous about the year 500, for prophecies printed in folio, at Paris in 1498; but that is far from being the case, except as to the style

grave allegories and glosses as you will, and dote upon it you and the rest of the world as long as you please; for my part, I can conceive no other meaning in it, but a description of a set at tennis in dark and obscure terms. The suborners of men are the makers of matches, which are commonly friends. After the two chases are made, he that was in the upper end of the tennis-court goeth out, and the other cometh in. They believe the first, that saith the ball was over or under the line. The waters are the heats that the players take till they sweat again. The cords of the rackets are made of the guts of sheep or goats. The globe terrestrial is the tennis-ball. After playing, when the game is done, they refresh themselves before a clear fire, and change their shirts; and very willingly they make all good cheer, but most merrily those that have gained. And so, farewell.<sup>3</sup>

of the enigma, which is indeed mysterious; for as to the piece itself the monk was the better able to give the explanation of, as he had met with it in the works of the poet Melin de St. Gelaïs, his contemporary, it was actually that poet, who wrote it, except the two first, and the last ten verses, which are Rabelais's own; and that's the reason why they are diversely read, according as the author thought fit to alter them in the different editions that were made of the first book of his romance.

<sup>3</sup> *And so farewell.*] The conclusion of the first Book is a chef-d'œuvre still more ingenious than the masterpiece of subterfuge at the commencement. In an age when men were sent to the stake for an unguarded expression, Rabelais dared not only to publish this enigma, but also to make Gargantua exclaim, after it had been read, fetching a very deep sigh, "It is not now only, I perceive, that people called to the faith of the gospel, and convinced with the certainty of evangelical truths, are persecuted." The monk, then demands from him what he thinks is meant by the enigma, and Gargantua makes answer, "the progress and carrying on of the divine truth." See how grave he is, when he smells the fire; but here one must needs admire the wit of the author in enveloping with ingenious badinage the most hardy verities. Friar John cries out à propos; "by Sanct Gôderan, that is not my exposition. Make upon it as many grave allegories and glosses as you will; for my part, I can conceive no other meaning in it, but a description of a set at tennis, couched in dark and obscure terms;" and proceeds to develop the idea, in a manner as innocuous as it is amusing. Thus finishes the chapter and the book; in such wise that Rabelais adding no comments thereto, seems to insinuate to all ill disposed readers, that by giving similar explanations of his enigmatical romance throughout, they should discover nothing therein, save bagatelles, or joyous folastries.]

## BOOK II.

PANTAGRUEL, KING OF THE DIPSODES,  
WITH HIS HEROIC ACTS AND PROWESSES,  
COMPOSED BY M. ALCOFRIBAS.

### THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.

MOST illustrious and thrice valorous champions, gentlemen, and others, who willingly apply your minds to the entertainment of pretty conceits, and honest harmless knacks of wit; you have not long ago seen, read, and understood the great and inestimable Chronicle of the huge and mighty giant Gargantua, and, like upright faithfullists, have firmly believed all to be true that is contained in them, and have very often passed your time with them amongst honourable ladies and gentlewomen, telling them fair long stories, when you were out of all other talk, for which you are worthy of great praise and sempiternal memory. And I do heartily wish that every man would lay aside his own business, meddle no more with his profession nor trade, and throw all affairs concerning himself behind his back, to attend this wholly, without distracting or troubling his mind with any thing else, until he have learned them without book; that if by chance the art of printing should cease, or in case that in time to come all books should perish, every man might truly teach them unto his children, and deliver them over to his successors and survivors from hand to hand, as a religious cabala; for there is in it more profit, than a rabble of great pocky loggerheads are able to discern, who surely understand far less in these little merriments, than the fool Raclet<sup>1</sup> did in the Institutions of Justinian.

I have known great and mighty lords, and of those not a few, who, going a deer-hunting, or a hawking, after wild ducks, when the chase had not encountered with the blinks, that were cast in her way to retard her course, or that the hawk did but plain and smoothly fly without moving her

<sup>1</sup> *Raclet.*] Professor of law at Dole.



wings, perceiving the prey, by force of flight, to have gained bounds of her, have been much chafed and vexed, as you understand well enough; but the comfort unto which they had refuge, and that they might not take cold, was to relate the inestimable deeds of the said Gargantua. There are others in the world,—these are no flimflam stories, nor tales of a tub,—who, being much troubled with the toothache, after they had spent their goods upon physicians, without receiving at all any ease of their pain, have found no more ready remedy than to put the said Chronicles betwixt two pieces of linnen cloth made somewhat hot, and so apply them to the place that smarteth, synapising them with a little powder of projection,<sup>2</sup> otherwise called doribus.

But what shall I say of those poor men that are plagued with the pox and the gout? O how often have we seen them, even immediately after they were anointed and thoroughly greased, till their faces did glister like the key-hole of a powdering tub, their teeth dance like the jacks of a pair of little organs or virginals, when they are played upon, and that they foamed from their very throats like a boar, which the mongrel mastiff-hounds have driven in, and overthrown amongst the toils,—what did they then? All their consolation was to have some page of the said jolly book read unto them. And we have seen those who have given themselves to a hundred puncheons of old devils, in case that they did not feel a manifest ease and assuagement of pain at the hearing of the said book read, even when they were kept in a purgatory of torment; no more nor less than women in travail use to find their sorrow abated, when the life of St. Margarite is read unto them. Is this nothing? Find me a book in any language, in any faculty or science whatsoever, that hath such virtues, properties, and prerogatives, and I will be content to pay you a quart of tripes. No, my masters, no, it is peerless, incomparable, and not to be matched; and this am I resolved for ever to maintain even unto the fire *exclusivè*. And those that will pertinaciously hold the contrary opinion, let them be accounted abusers, predesti-

<sup>2</sup> Powder of *ejection*, or rather *dejection*, I should choose to translate it: for the author means no other than a sirreverance. It is in the original only *poudre d'oribus* (*quasi dorée*, of a golden colour.)

nators, impostors,<sup>3</sup> and seducers of the people. It is very true, that there are found in some gallant and stately books, worthy of high estimation, certain occult and hid properties; in the number of which are reckoned Whippot, Orlando Furioso, Robert the Devil, Fierabras, William without Fear, Huon of Bourdeaux, Monteville, and Matabrune: but they are not comparable to that which we speak of, and the world hath well known by infallible experience the great emolument and utility which it hath received by this Gargantuine Chronicle; for the printers have sold more of them in two months' time, than there will be bought of Bibles in nine years.<sup>4</sup>

I therefore, your humble slave, being very willing to increase your solace and recreation yet a little more, do offer you for a present another book of the same stamp, only that it is a little more reasonable and worthy of credit than the other was. For think not, unless you wilfully err against your knowledge, that I speak of it as the Jews do of the Law. I was not born under such a planet, neither did it ever befall me to lie, or affirm a thing for true that was not. I speak of it like a lusty frolic Onocrotarie,<sup>5</sup> I should say Crotenotarie of the martyrised lovers, and Croquenotarie of love. *Quod vidimus testamur*. It is of the horrible and dreadful feats and prowesses of Pantagruel, whose menial servant I have been ever since I was a page, till this hour,

<sup>3</sup> *Predestinators, impostors.*] These two words were not in the first editions. \* Rabelais added them afterwards, to abuse Calvin, to whom he was now become a bitter enemy.

<sup>4</sup> *In nine years.*] In an epigram of Jean de la Jessée, a poet of the latter half of the 16th century, a bookseller thus speaks:

Tenant ma boutique au Palais,  
En moins de neuf ou dix journees,  
J'ai vendu plus de Rabelais  
Que de Bibles, en vingt annees.]

<sup>5</sup> *Onocrotarie, &c.*] It is in the original *onocrotale*, which is Greek for a buzzard. The author, by these buffooning misnomers, alludes to the prothonotaries and martyrologers of his time; one of whom the famous Capuchin P. Joseph, very gallantly (very impiously, I think) calls St. John, *secretary to the amours of the Son of God*. Established for the purpose of writing the histories of the martyrs, their time was chiefly occupied in reading and composing amorous historiettes.—[*Onocrotal* is a bird not much unlike a swan, which sings like an ass's braying.]

that by his leave I am permitted to visit my cow-country, and to know if any of my kindred there be alive.

And therefore, to make an end of this Prologue, even as I give myself to an hundred thousand panniers-full of fair devils, body and soul, tripes and guts, in case that I lie so much as one single word in this whole history; after the like manner, St. Anthony's fire burn you, Mahoom's disease whirl you, the squinance with a stitch in your side, and the wolf in your stomach truss you, the bloody flux seize upon you, the cursed sharp inflammations of wild fire, as slender and thin as cow's hair strengthened with quicksilver, enter into your fundament, and like those of Sodom and Gomorrha, may you fall into sulphur, fire, and bottomless pits, in case you do not firmly believe all that I shall relate unto you in this present Chronicle.

## CHAPTER I.

### *Of the original and antiquity of the great Pantagruel.*

It will not be an idle nor unprofitable thing, seeing we are at leisure, to put you in mind of the fountain and original source, whence is derived unto us the good Pantagruel. For I see that all good historiographers have thus handled their chronicles, not only the Arabians, Barbarians, and Latins, but also the gentle Greeks, who were eternal drinkers.<sup>1</sup> You must therefore remark, that at the beginning of the world,—I speak of a long time, it is above forty quarantains, or forty times forty nights, according to the supputation of the ancient Druids,—a little after that Abel was killed by his brother Cain, the earth, imbrued with the blood of the just, was one year so exceeding fertile in all those fruits which it usually produces to us, and especially in medlars, that ever since, throughout all ages, it hath been called the year of the great medlars; for three of them did fill a bushel. In it the Calends were found by the Grecian almanacks. There was that year nothing of the month of March in the

<sup>1</sup> *Eternal drinkers.*] Thence the word *pergræcari*, to carouse, or spend whole days and nights in drinking. It would be worth while to read Nicholaus Leonicius, l. 2, c. 93. de Variâ Historiâ, upon this word *pergræcari*; as also Erasmus in his Adages: not forgetting what is said by that sage of Scythia, Anacharsis, in Diogenes Laertius.

time of Lent, and the middle of August was in May. In the month of October, as I take it, or at least September, that I may not err, for I will carefully take heed of that, was the week so famous in the Annals, which they call the week of the three Thursdays; for it had three of them by means of their irregular leap-years, called Bissextils, occasioned by the sun's having tripped and stumbled a little towards the left hand, like a debtor afraid of serjeants, coming right upon him to arrest him: and the moon varied from her course above five fathom, and there was manifestly seen the motion<sup>2</sup> of trepidation in the firmament of the fixed stars, called Aplanes, so that the middle Pleiade, leaving her fellows, declined towards the equinoctial, and the star named Spica left the constellation of the Virgin to withdraw herself towards the Balance, known by the name of Libra; which are cases very terrible, and matters so hard and difficult, that astrologians cannot set their teeth in them; and indeed their teeth had been pretty long if they could have reached thither.

However, account you it for a truth, that every body did most heartily eat of those medlars, for they were fair to the eye, and in taste delicious. But even as Noah, that holy man, to whom we are so much beholding, bound, and obliged, for that he planted to us the vine, from whence we have that nectarian, delicious, precious, heavenly, joyful, and deific liquor, which they call *piot*<sup>3</sup> or *tiplage*, was deceived in the drinking of it, for he was ignorant of the great virtue and power thereof; so likewise the men and women of that time did delight much in the eating of that fair great fruit, but divers and very different accidents did ensue thereupon; for there fell upon them all in their bodies a most terrible swelling, but not upon all in the same place, for some were swollen in the belly, and their belly strouted out big like a great tun; of whom it is written *Ventrem omnipotentem*; who were all very honest men, and merry blades. And of this

<sup>2</sup> *The motion, &c.*] See upon this, Agrippa,\* c. 30, *de vanitate scientiarum*. This motion, so difficult to conceive, was the invention, or rather conceit of the Arabian Thebit ben Coreth, a famous astronomer, of the ninth age. See Bergeron, last section of his *Treatise of the Saracens*. This made Rabelais say, it was manifestly seen.

<sup>3</sup> *Piot.*] A common cant word used by French clowns, and other tippling companions; it signifies *rum-hoaze*, as our gipsies call *good-guzzle*, and comes from *πίω, bibo*.

race came St. Fatgulch, and Shrove-Tuesday. Others did swell at the shoulders, who in that place were so crump and knobby, that they were therefore called Montifers, which is as much as to say Hill-carriers, of whom you see some yet in the world, of divers sexes and degrees. Of this race came Æsop, some of whose excellent words and deeds you have in writing. Some other puffs did swell in length by the member, which they call the labourer of nature, in such sort that it grew marvellous long, fat, great, lusty, stirring, and crest-risen, in the antique fashion, so that they made use of it as of a girdle, winding it five or six times about their waist; but if it happened the aforesaid member to be in good case, spooming with a full sail, bunt fair before the wind, then to have seen those strouting champions, you would have taken them for men that had their lances settled on their rest, to run at the ring or tilting whintam [quintain.] Of these, believe me, the race is utterly lost and quite extinct, as the women say; for they do lament continually, that there are none extant now of those great, &c. You know the rest of the song. Others did grow in matter of ballocks so enormously, that three of them would well fill a sack, able to contain five quarters of wheat. From them are descended the ballocks of Lorraine, which never dwell in codpieces, but fall down to the bottom of the breeches. Others grew in the legs, and to see them you would have said they had been cranes, or the reddish-long-billed-stork-like-scrank-legged sea-fowls, called flamans, or else men walking upon stilts or scatches. The little grammar school-boys, known by the name of Grimos, called those leg-grown slangams, iambics, in allusion to the French word *Jambe*, which signifieth a leg. In others, their nose did grow so, that it seemed to be the beak of a limbeck, in every part thereof most variously diapered with the twinkling<sup>4</sup> sparkles of crimson-blisters budding forth, and purpled with pimples all enamelled with thick-set wheals of a sanguine colour, bordered with gules: and such have you seen the canon, or prebend Panzoult, and Woodenfoot the physician of Angiers. Of which race there were few that liked the ptisane, but all of them were perfect lovers of the pure septembril juice. 'Naso and Ovid<sup>4</sup> had their extraction from thence, and all

<sup>4</sup> *Naso and Ovid.*] Two names for the same man, viz. Naso in the person of Ovid, and Ovid as being of the family of the Nasos.

those of whom it is written, *Ne reminiscaris*.<sup>5</sup> Others grew in ears,<sup>6</sup> which they had so big, that out of one would have been stuff enough got to make a doublet, a pair of breeches, and a jacket, whilst with the other they might have covered themselves as with a Spanish cloak: and they say, that in Bourbonnois<sup>7</sup> this race remaineth yet. Others grew in length of body, and of those came the giants, and of them Pantagruel.

And the first was Chalbroth,  
 Who begat Sarabroth,  
 Who begat Faribroth,  
 Who begat Hurtali, that was a brave eater of pottage, and  
 reigned in the time of the flood;  
 Who begat Nembroth,  
 Who begat Atlas, that with his shoulders kept the sky from  
 falling;  
 Who begat Goliah,  
 Who begat Erix,<sup>8</sup> that invented the Hocus pocus plays of  
 legerdmain:  
 Who begat Titius,  
 Who begat Eryon,  
 Who begat Polyphemus,  
 Who begat Cacus,  
 Who begat Etion, the first man who ever had the pox, for  
 not drinking fresh in summer as Bartachin witnesseth;  
 Who begat Enceladus,  
 Who begat Ceus,

<sup>5</sup> *Ne reminiscaris*.] Thus begins an anthem sung before and after the seven penitential Psalms. The author applies it to large huge noses, *nez* in French, either because *né*, a nose, is thrice repeated therein, or else because persons with large noses can hardly tune these words without singing through the nose.

<sup>6</sup> *Others grew in ears*.] The *πᾶνῶτα*, or all-ears. See Pliny and P. Melan.

<sup>7</sup> The people of Bourbon are noted for large ears, even to a proverb; so are those of Lyons; which made a satirical poet say, after he had taken notice of the honour done the natives of Lyons, to let them wear their hats when they go to be hanged.

Privilege fort authentique  
 Pour cacher l'oreille Arcadique.

<sup>8</sup> *Erix*.] This giant, and all those that are hereafter named, have very curious, learned, and diverting accounts given of them by M. Duchat, but too long to be here inserted.

Who begat Tiphæus,  
 Who begat Alæus,  
 Who begat Othus,  
 Who begat Ægeon,  
 Who begat Briareus, that had a hundred hands;  
 Who begat Porphyrio,  
 Who begat Adamastor,  
 Who begat Anteus,  
 Who begat Agatho,  
 Who begat Porus, against whom fought Alexander the Great;  
 Who begat Aranthas,  
 Who begat Gabbara, that was the first inventor of the drink-  
   ing of healths;  
 Who begat Goliath of Secondille,  
 Who begat Offot, that was terribly well nosed for drinking  
   at the barrel-head;  
 Who begat Artachæus,  
 Who begat Oromedon,  
 Who begat Gemmagog, the first inventor of Poulan shoes,<sup>9</sup>  
   which are open on the foot, and tied over the instep with  
   a latchet;  
 Who begat Sisyphus,  
 Who begat the Titans, of whom Hercules was born,  
 Who begat Enay, the most skilful man that ever was, in  
   matter of taking the little worms (called cirons) out of the  
   hands;  
 Who begat Fierabras, that was vanquished by Oliver, Peer  
   of France, and Roland's camerad;  
 Who begat Morgan,<sup>10</sup> the first in the world that played at  
   dice with spectacles;

<sup>9</sup> *Poulan shoes.*] Mezeray gives a somewhat different account of the make of these shoes. "They had long sharp-snouted cocking-up toes, and at the heels a sort of spurs sticking out. None but people of distinction wore them." King Charles V. of France, anno 1365, by an edict prohibited this ridiculous mode. "But," continues Mezeray, "it came in again, and lasted a good while after the beginning of the fifteenth century." The word *Poulan* is thought to mean Polish.

<sup>10</sup> *Morgan.*] Or Morgante, the name of a giant, the hero of an ancient romance, mentioned by Du Verdier, in his *Bibliothèque*, p. 899. Luigi Pulci has composed an Italian poem on him, in twenty-eight cantos, injudiciously ascribed by some to Angelo Politiano.

Who begat Fracassus,<sup>11</sup> of whom Merlin Coccaius hath written, of him was born Ferragus;<sup>12</sup>  
 Who begat Hapmouche,<sup>13</sup> the first that ever invented the drying of neat's tongues in the chimney; for, before that, people salted them, as they do now gammons of bacon;  
 Who begat Bolivorax,  
 Who begat Longis,  
 Who begat Gayoffo,<sup>14</sup> whose ballocks were of poplar, and his pendulum of the servise, or sorb-apple tree;  
 Who begat Maschefain,  
 Who begat Bruslefer,  
 Who begat Angoulevant  
 Who begat Galchault,<sup>15</sup> the inventor of flagons;  
 Who begat Mirelangaut,  
 Who begat Galaffre,  
 Who begat Falourdin,  
 Who begat Roboast,<sup>\*</sup>  
 Who begat Sortibrant of Conimbres,  
 Who begat Brushant of Mommiere,  
 Who begat Bruyer that was overcome by Ogier the Dane, Peer of France;  
 Who begat Mabrun,

<sup>11</sup> *Fracassus, &c.*] The place where Merlin Coccaic speaks of the giant Fracassus, is, in the second Macaronic, in these terms:

Primus erat quidam *Fracassus* prole gigantis,

Cujus stirps olim *Morganto* venit ab illo,

• Qui bacchioconem campanæ ferre solebat,

Cum quo mille hominum colpos fracasset in uno.

<sup>12</sup> *Ferragus.*] The name is composed of *ferrum acutum*, or *feragut*, as the people of Languedoc speak, who call your fencing-masters by that name. This giant was, with all the ease in the world, knocked on the head, with the clapper of a huge bell by the giant Morgante, whom he had challenged to single combat.

<sup>13</sup> *Hapmouche.*] That is, *fly-catcher*, *Aquila non capit muscas*; so this giant could be none of the most magnanimous any more than Domitian the emperor, called by Rabelais, elsewhere, *fly-nabber*.

<sup>14</sup> *Gayoffo.*] From the Italian *Gaglioffo*, i. e. a scoundrel. *Gaiouffus* is the name of a magistrate of Mantua, in *Merlin Coccaie*. This giant here must have been some terrible belly-bumper.

<sup>15</sup> *Galchault.*] This is an English name we read in Froissart; and in Chap. 65. of Vol. 1., of *Lancelot of the Lake*, it is the name of a king of the *out-marches* of Great Britain. Now, as Englishmen don't care to have wine, because of its scarcity, either spilt or spoiled, Rabelais gives us a boon companion of that country for the inventor of flagons, in which the wine is not subject to be spilt or palled.



Who begat Foustanon,  
 Who begat Haquelebac,<sup>16</sup>  
 Who begat Vitdegrain,  
 Who begat Grangousier,  
 Who begat Gargantua,  
 Who begat the noble Pantagruel my master.

I know that reading this passage, you will make a doubt within yourselves, and that grounded upon very good reason, which is this,—how is it possible that this relation can be true, seeing at the time of the flood all the world was destroyed, except Noah, and seven persons more with him in the ark, into whose number Hurlali is not admitted? Doubtless the demand is well made, and very apparent, but the answer shall satisfy you, or my wit is not rightly caulked. And, because I was not at that time to tell you any thing of my own fancy, I will bring unto you the authority of the Massorets, good honest fellows, true ballockeering blades,<sup>17</sup> and exact Hebraical bagpipers, who affirm, that verily the said Hurlali<sup>18</sup> was not within the ark of Noah, neither could he get in, for he was too big, but he sat astride upon it, with

<sup>16</sup> *Haquelebac.*] Commynes tells us, there is a gallery so called in the Castle of Amboise, from one Haquelebac, who had the keeping of it. Now, since this man, who should be a German or a Swiss by his name, is made a giant of by Rabelais, we may believe he was of a vast enormous bigness, as many of those two nations are: and upon this occasion it is not amiss to observe, that in that very gallery, which is the same identical place where Charles VIII. died suddenly, in 1498, are to be seen the pictures of a man and his wife, both of a colossal gigantic size, and of whom all that is known concerning them is, that in days of yore they had an employment in the castle. “*Duceris in Atria,*” says Jodocus Sincerus, in his journey through France, speaking of the Castle of Amboise, “*Cubicula, armamentarium tormentis grandioribus refertum, locum ubi subita et miserabili morte Carolus VIII. obijt. Pieti in pariete conspiciuntur conjuges duo magnæ & præcelsitatis et crassitudinis, cum pari ovium fiduciarum. Nescio cui officio in arce præfuerant. Ipsi mortuis, et par hoc bestiarum vitæ paulò post desuisse ferunt.*” It is highly probable, that the husband was the castle-keeper Haquelebac, and that, upon account of his uncommon stature and bulk, Rabelais here makes a giant of him.

<sup>17</sup> *True—Blades.*] M. le Duchat says, and proves it, that *couilleaux* only means *cucullated*, i. e. hooded monkish sort of rabbins, like those of Rome; not at all alluding to the *scrotum* (*couillon* in French.)

<sup>18</sup> *Hurlali.*] Menage has observed, in the margin of his Rabelais, that the rabbins say this, not of Hurlali, but of Og, King of Basan. See Le Pèlletier, c. 25 of his Noah's Ark.

one leg on the one side, and another on the other, as little children use to do on their wooden horses: or as the great bull of Berne,<sup>19</sup> which was killed at Marinian, did ride for his hackney the great murdering piece<sup>20</sup> called the Canonpevier, a pretty beast of a fair and pleasant amble without all question.

In that posture, he, after God, saved the said ark from danger, for with his legs he gave it the brangle that was needful, and with his foot turned it whither he pleased, as a ship answereth her rudder. Those that were within sent him up victuals in abundance by a chimney, as people very thankfully acknowledging the good that he did them. And sometimes they did talk together as Icaromenippus did to Jupiter, according to the report of Lucian. Have you understood all this well? Drink then one good draught without water, for if you believe it not;—no truly do I not, quoth she.<sup>21</sup>

## CHAPTER II.

### *Of the nativity of the most dread and redoubted Pantagruel.*

GARGANTUA at the age of four hundred fourscore forty and four years begat his son Pantagruel, upon his wife named Badebec, daughter to the king of the Amaurots in Utopia, who died in child-birth; for he was so wonderfully great and lumpish, that he could not possibly come forth into the light of the world without thus suffocating his mother. But that we may fully understand the cause and reason of the name of Pantagruel, which at his baptism was given him, you are to remark, that in that year there was so great drought over all the country of Africa, that there past thirty and six months, three weeks, four days, thirteen hours, and a little more, without rain, but with a heat so vehement, that the whole earth was parched and withered by it. Neither was it more scorched and dried up with heat in the days of Elijah, than it was at that time; for there was not a tree to

<sup>19</sup> *Bull of Berne* ] See Paulus Jovius, and Mr. Motteaux's Notes on chap. 35, &c. of book iv.

<sup>20</sup> *Murdering piece.* ] A *pederero*, to shoot stones, from *piedra*, a stone. The *πετροβόλον* of the Greeks.

<sup>21</sup> *Quoth she.* ] It means, *Nor I neither*, a very ancient expression in some parts of France.

be seen, that had either leaf or bloom upon it. The grass was without verdure or greenness, the rivers were drained, the fountains dried up, the poor fishes abandoned and forsaken by their proper element, wandering and crying upon the ground most horribly. The birds did fall down from the air for want of moisture and dew, wherewith to refresh them. The wolves, foxes, harts, wild-boars, fallow-deer, hares, coneyes, weasels, brocks, badgers, and other such beasts, were found dead in the fields with their mouths open. In respect of men, there was the pity, you should have seen them lay out their tongues like hares that have been run six hours. Many did throw themselves into the wells. Others entered within a cow's belly to be in the shade; those Homer calls *Alibants*. All the country was idle, and could do no virtue. It was a most lamentable case to have seen the labour of mortals in defending themselves from the vehemency of this horrific drought; for they had work enough to do to save the holy water in the churches from being wasted; but there was such order taken by the counsel of my Lords the Cardinals, and of our holy Father, that none did dare to take above one lick. Yet, when any one came into the church, you should have seen above twenty poor thirsty fellows hang upon him that was the distributor of the water, and that with a wide open throat, gaping for some little drop, like the rich glutton in Luke, that might fall by, lest anything should be lost. O how happy was he in that year, who had a cool cellar under ground, well plenished with fresh wine!

The philosopher reports in moving the question,—Wherefore is it that the sea-water is salt?—that at the time when Phœbus gave the government of his replendent chariot to his son Phœton, the said Phœton, unskilful in the art, and not knowing how to keep the ecliptic line betwixt the two tropics of the latitude of the sun's course, strayed out of his way, and came so near the earth, that he dried up all the countries that were under it; burning a great part of the heavens, which the philosophers call the *via lactea*, and the huff-snuffs,<sup>1</sup> St. James's-way; although the most coped,

<sup>1</sup> *Huff-snuffs* ] *Lutrefres* in the original. Sometimes it means a Swiss, or German, as is shown elsewhere. Here it is a buffooning term for an impertinent philosopher.

lofty, and high-crested poets affirm that to be the place where Juno's milk fell, when she gave suck to Hercules. The earth at that time was so excessively heated, that it fell into an enormous sweat, yea such a one as made it sweat out the sea, which is therefore salt, because all sweat is salt; and this you cannot but confess to be true, if you will taste of your own, or of those that have the pox, when they are put into sweating, it is all one to me.

Just such another case fell out this same year: for on a certain Friday, when the whole people were bent upon their devotions, and had made goodly processions, with store of litanies, and fair preachings, and beseechings of God Almighty, to look down with his eye of mercy upon their miserable and disconsolate condition, there was even then visibly seen issue out of the ground great drops of water, such as fall from a puff-bagged man in a top sweat, and the poor hoydons began to rejoice, as if it had been a thing very profitable unto them; for some said that there was not one drop of moisture in the air, whence they might have any rain, and that the earth did supply the default of that. Other learned men said, that it was a shower of the Antipodes, as Seneca saith in his fourth book *Questionum naturalium*, speaking of the source and spring of Nilus. But they were deceived; for, the procession being ended, when every one went about to gather of this dew, and to drink of it with full bowls, they found that it was nothing but pickle, and the very brine of salt, more brackish in taste than the saltiest water of the sea. And because in that very day Pantagruel was born, his father gave him that name; for *Panta* in Greek is as much as to say all, and *Gruel*, in the Hagarene language, doth signify thirsty; inferring thereby, that at his birth the whole world was a-dry and thirsty, as likewise foreseeing that he would be some day supreme lord and sovereign of the thirsty Ethrapples, which was shown to him at that very same hour by a more evident sign. For when his mother Badebec was in the bringing of him forth, and that the midwives did wait to receive him, there came first out of her belly three score and eight trege-neers, that is, salt-sellers, every one of them leading in a halter, a mule heavy laden with salt; after whom issued forth nine dromedaries, with great loads of gammons of bacon, and dried neats' tongues on their backs. Then follow-

ed seven camels loaded with links and chitterlings,<sup>2</sup> hogs' puddings, and sausages. After them came out five great wains, full of leaks, garlick, onions, and chibots, drawn with five-and-thirty strong cart-horses, which was six for every one besides the thiller. At the sight hereof the said midwives were much amazed; yet some of them said, Lo, here is good provision, and indeed, we need it; for we drink but lazily, as if our tongues walked on crutches,<sup>3</sup> and not lustily like Lansman Dutches. Truly this is a good sign, there is nothing here but what is fit for us, these are the spurs of wine that set it a-going. As they were tattling thus together after their own manner of chat, behold, out comes Pantagruel all hairy like a bear, whereupon one of them inspired with a prophetic spirit, said, This will be a terrible fellow, he is born with all his hair,<sup>4</sup> he is undoubtedly to do wonderful things, and, if he live, he shall have age.\*

<sup>2</sup> *Links and chitterlings, &c.*] M. le Duchat says, though some editions have it *anguillettes et andouilles*, i. e. chitterlings, &c. yet the true reading, according to Dolet's edition, is *anguillettes*, *small eels*, *grigs*, and that the author had a reference to the vast quantities of grigs caught in the rivers and brooks of Languedoc and Guienne, during the autumn rains, and which are salted and stored up for Lent. Rondeletius, chap. 23 of River Fishes: "Idem certum est evenire in pernultis Gallie rivulis et fluminibus, in quibus turbata aqua autumnalibus pluvius, nassis et aliis exepulis innumerabiles capiuntur *anguille*, quæ salitæ in proximum quadraginta dierum jejunium servantur."

<sup>3</sup> *As if our tongues, &c.*] This is not in the original, which says only, "aussi bien ne bevions nous que laschement, non en lancesment," i. e. we drink but lazily, not lustily, like a German. *Landsman* in High Dutch means a *compatriot*. The Germans, when they are carousing, say to one another, *Drunk, country, or countryman, lans or landsman tringue*. Rabelais plays upon the words *lachment* and *lancesment*. The pun could not be kept in English, so I oppose *lustily* to *lazily*.

<sup>4</sup> *His hair.*] Which showed the mighty courage and marvellous strength Pantagruel was one day to be endowed with. In chap. 90 of vol. 1. of *Peceforest*, it is reported, that the ladies used to beg their knights, for heaven's sake, that day to show the strength of their arm, the wool of their breast or navel, the fame of their prowess, and the chivalry for which they were renowned. Again, in chap. 152, Then the knight looked on the wool of his bosom, the strength of his limbs, the stoutness of his horse, and so on.

## CHAPTER III.

*Of the grief wherewith Gargantua was moved at the decease of his wife Badebec.*

WHEN Pantagruel was born, there was none more astonished and perplexed than was his father Gargantua; for, of the one side, seeing his wife Badebec dead, and on the other side his son Pantagruel born, so fair and so great, he knew not what to say, nor what to do. And the doubt that troubled his brain was to know whether he should cry for the death of his wife, or laugh for the joy of his son. He was *hinc inde* choaked with sophistical arguments, for he framed them very well *in modo et figura*, but he could not resolve them, remaining pestered and entangled by this means, like a mouse caught in a trap, or kite snared in a gin. Shall I weep, said he? Yes, for why? My so good wife is dead, who was the most this, the most that, that was ever in the world. Never shall I see her, never shall I recover such another, it is unto me an inestimable loss! O my good God, what had I done that thou shouldest thus punish me? Why didst thou not take me away before her? Seeing for me to live without her is but to languish. Ah Badebec, Badebec, my minion, my dear heart, my sugar, my sweeting, my honey, my little coney,—yet it had in circumference full six acres, three rods, five poles, four yards, two feet, one inch and a half of good woodland measure,—my tender peggy, my codpiece darling, my bob and hit, my slipshoe-lovie, never shall I see thee! Ah, poor Pantagruel, thou hast lost thy good mother, thy sweet nurse, thy well-beloved lady! O false death, how injurious and spiteful hast thou been to me! How malicious and outrageous have I found thee in taking her from me, my well-beloved wife, to whom immortality did of right belong!

With these words he did cry like a cow; but on a sudden fell a laughing like a calf, when Pantagruel came into his mind. Ha, my little son, said he, my childilolly, fedhifondy, dandlichucky, my ballokey, my pretty rogue! O how jolly thou art, and how much I am bound to my gracious God, that hath been pleased to bestow on me a son, so fair, so spritful, so lively, so smiling, so pleasant, and so gentle! Ho, ho, ho, ho, how glad I am! Let us drink, ho, and put away melancholy! Bring of the best, rinse the glasses, lay the cloth,

drive out these dogs, blow this fire, light candles, shut that door there, cut this bread in sippets for brewis, send away these poor folks in giving them what they ask, hold my gown. I will strip myself into my doublet, (*én cuerpo*,) to make the gossips merry, and keep them company.

As he spake this, he heard the litanies and the mementos of the priests that carried his wife to be buried, upon which he left the good purpose he was in, and was suddenly ravished another way, saying, Lord God, must I again contrist myself? This grieves me. I am no longer young, I grow old, the weather is dangerous; I may perhaps take an ague, then shall I be spoiled, if not quite undone. By the faith of a gentleman,<sup>1</sup> it were better to cry less, and drink more. My wife is dead, well, by Gi—, (*da jurandi*) I shall not raise her again by my crying: she is well, she is in Paradise, at least, if she be no higher: she prayeth to God for us, she is happy, she is above the sense of our miseries, nor can our calamities reach her. What though she be dead, must not we also die? The same debt which she hath paid, hangs over our heads; nature will require it of us, and we must all of us some day taste of the same sauce. Let her pass then, and the Lord preserve the survivors; for I must now cast about how to get another wife. But I will tell you what you shall do, said he to the midwives; in France called wise women (where be they? good folks, I cannot see them.) Go you to my wife's interment, and I will the while rock my son; for I find myself somewhat altered and distempered, and should otherwise be in danger of falling sick;<sup>2</sup> but drink one draught first, you will be the better for it, believe me upon mine honour. They at his request went to her burial and funeral obsequies. In the meanwhile, poor Gargantua, staying at home, and willing to have somewhat in remembrance of her to be engraven upon her tomb, made this epitaph, in the manner as followeth. .

<sup>1</sup> *By the faith of a gentleman.*] We read in chap. 15 of the *Apology* for Herodotus, that this was King Francis I.'s usual oath.

<sup>2</sup> *And in danger of falling sick* } Read, and should be in danger of falling sick; *je serois*, &c. For the author alludes to the kings of France never being present at any funeral, no, not of their nearest relations, because they are made to believe the air of the vaults would be prejudicial to their health. And therefore it is observed, they never enter St. Denis, but with their feet foremost. St. Denis is a little town near Paris, where there is an abbey and church, famous for the sepulture of the kings of France, and all that royal family.

Dead is the noble Badebec,  
 • Who had a face like a rebec;<sup>3</sup>  
 A Spanish body, and a belly  
 Of Switzerland;<sup>4</sup> she died, I tell ye,  
 In child-birth. Pray to God, that her  
 He pardon wherein she did err.  
 Here lies her body, which did live  
 Free from all vice, as I believe,  
 And did decease at my bed-side,  
 The year and day in which she died.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Of the infancy of Pantagruel.*

I FIND by the ancient historiographers and poets, that divers have been born in this world after very strange manners, which would be too long to repeat: read therefore the seventh chapter of Pliny, if you have so much leisure. Yet have you never heard of any so wonderful as that of Pantagruel; for it is a very difficult matter to believe, how, in the little time he was in his mother's belly, he grew both in body and strength. That which Hercules did was nothing, when in his cradle he slew two serpents, for those serpents were but little and weak, but Pantagruel, being yet in the cradle, did far more admirable things, and more to be amazed at. I pass by here the relation of how at every one of his meals he supped up the milk of four thousand six hundred cows, and how, to make him a skillet to boil his milk in, there were set to work all the braziers of Saumure in Anjou, of Villedieu in Normandy, and of Bramont in Lorraine.<sup>1</sup> And they served in this whitepot-meat to him in a huge great bell, which is yet to be seen in the city of Bourges in Berry, near the palace, but his teeth were already so well grown, and so strengthened with vigour, that of the said bell he bit off a great morsel. as very plainly doth appear to this hour.

<sup>3</sup> *A face like a rebec.*] A grotesque figure, or monstrous chimerical face, cut out in the upper part of a rebec, which is a three-stringed fiddle. Thence *visage de rebec*, a dry, meagre, ugly face, like a mask, such as they frighten children with.

<sup>4</sup> *A Spanish body, and a belly of Switzerland.*] Very lank upwards, but very tun-like below.

<sup>1</sup> *Bramont in Lorraine.*] Bramont, alias Fromont, a little town in Lorraine, on the frontiers of Alsace. Here are made abundance of frying-pans, skillets, &c. The place is called both Bramont and Fromont corruptly, for Faramond.



One day in the morning, when they would have made him suck one of his cows,—for he never had any other nurse, as the history tells us,—he got one of his arms loose from the swaddling-bands, wherewith he was kept fast in the cradle, laid hold on the said cow under the left fore ham, and grasping her to him, ate up her udder and half of her paunch, with the liver and the kidneys, and had devoured all up, if she had not cried out most horribly, as if the wolves had held her by the legs, at which noise company came in, and took away the said cow from Pantagruel. Yet could they not so well do it, but that the quarter whereby he caught her was left in his hand, of which quarter he gulped up the flesh in a trice, even with as much ease as you would eat a sausage, and that so greedily with desire of more, that, when they would have taken away the bone from him, he swallowed it down whole, as a cormorant would do a little fish; and afterwards began fumblingly to say, Good, good, good—for he could not yet speak plain—giving them to understand thereby, that he had found it very good, and that he did lack but so much more. Which when they saw that attended him, they bound him with great cable-ropes, like those that are made at Tain,<sup>2</sup> for the carriage of salt to Lyons: or such as those are, whereby the great French ship<sup>3</sup> rides at anchor in the road of Newhaven<sup>4</sup> in Normandy. But on a certain time, a great bear, which his father had bred,<sup>5</sup> got loose, came towards him, began to lick his face, for his nurses had not thoroughly wiped his chaps, at which unexpected approach being on a sudden offended, he as lightly rid himself of those great cables, as Samson did

<sup>2</sup> *Tain.*] A large town on the Rhone, over against Tournon. Valence in Dauphiné is the magazine or public store-house for salt, which they send up the river, and land it at Lyons.

<sup>3</sup> *Great French ship.*] Or perhaps, the great ship the *Francis*, called so from King Francis, as many have since been called *Louis*, from the monarchs of that name.

<sup>4</sup> *Newhaven.*] It is only said in the original, au Port de Grace, which I take to mean Havre-de-Grace in Normandy. I know not why Sir T. U. translates it Newhaven, nor why he should call a port a road: a road is out at sea, a port near the shore.

<sup>5</sup> *Which his father had bred.*] May not this refer personally to Francis I., of whom Belon relates, l. 3, c. 2 of his *Ornithologia*, that he used to keep a lion or a leopard always about him, to play with, as others do a lap-dog?

of the hawser ropes wherewith the Philistines had tied him, and, by your leave, takes me up my lord the bear, and tears him to you in pieces like a pullet, which served him for a gorgeful, or good warm bit for that meal.

Whereupon Gargantua, fearful lest the child should hurt himself, caused four great chains of iron to be made to bind him, and so many strong wooden arches unto his cradle, most firmly stocked and morticed in huge frames. Of those chains you have got one at Rochelle, which they draw up at night betwixt the two great towers of the haven. Another is at Lyons,—a third at Angiers,<sup>6</sup>—and the fourth was carried away by the devils to bind Lucifer, who broke his chains in those days, by reason of a cholic<sup>7</sup> that did extraordinarily torment him, taken with eating a serjeant's soul fried for his breakfast. And therefore you may believe that which Nicholas de Lyra saith upon that place of the Psalter, where it is written, *Et Og<sup>8</sup> regem Basan*, that the said Og, being yet little, was so strong and robustious, that they were fain to bind him with chains of iron in his cradle. Thus continued Pantagruel for a while very calm and quiet, for he was not able so easily to break those chains, especially having no room in the cradle to give a swing with his arms. But see what happened once upon a great holiday that his father Gargantua made a sumptuous banquet to all the princes of his court. I am apt to believe, that the menial officers of the house were so imbusied in waiting each on his proper service at the feast, that nobody took care of poor Pantagruel, who was left *à reculorum*,<sup>9</sup> behind-hand, all alone and as forsaken. What did he? Hark what he did, good people. He strove and essayed to break the chains of the cradle with his arms, but could not, for they were too strong for him. Then did he keep with his feet such a stamping stir, and so long, that at last he beat out the lower end of

<sup>6</sup> *At Angiers.*] It is there called the high chain.

<sup>7</sup> *Cholic.*] The author quibbles, as if one should say, There is no cholic like to that when a man is taken by the collar.

<sup>8</sup> *Et Og, &c.*] See N. de Lyra on this place of Psal. 131, or 135, Alphonsus Tostatus, quæst. 27, and Ger. Vossius, lib. 1, de idol. gent. cap. 26.

<sup>9</sup> *A reculorum.*] This expression comes to us from the university. Mat. Corderius. p. 434. of his de corr. serm. emend. edit. 1531.

Be-ne veniatis qui appor-tatus,  
Et qui nihil appor-tatus, à reculorum.

his cradle, which notwithstanding was made of a great post five foot in square; and, as soon as he had gotten out his feet, he slid down as well as he could till he had got his soles to the ground, and then with a mighty force he rose up, carrying his cradle upon his back, bound to him like a tortoise that crawls up against a wall; and, to have seen him you would have thought it had been a great carrick of five hundred ton upon one end. In this manner he entered into the great hall where they were banquetting, and that very boldly, which did much affright the company; yet, because his arms were tied in, he could not reach anything to eat, but with great pain stooped now and then a little, to take with the whole flat of his tongue some good lick, good bit, or morsel. Which when his father saw, he saw well enough that they had left him without giving him anything to eat, and therefore commanded that he should be loosed from the said chains, by the counsel<sup>10</sup> of the princes and lords there present. Besides that, also, the physicians of Gargantua said, that, if they did thus keep him in the cradle, he would be all his life-time subject to the stone. When he was unchained, they made him to sit down, where, after he had fed very well, he took his cradle, and broke it into more than five hundred thousand pieces with one blow of his fist, that he struck in the midst of it, swearing that he would never come into it again.

## CHAPTER V.

### *Of the acts of the noble Pantagruel in his youthful age.*

THUS grew Pantagruel from day to day, and to every one's eye waxed more and more in all his dimensions, which made his father to rejoice by a natural affection. Therefore caused he to be made for him, whilst he was yet little, a pretty cross-bow, wherewith to shoot at small birds, which now they call the great cross-bow at Chantelle.<sup>1</sup> Then he sent

<sup>10</sup> *By the counsel, &c.*] The author insinuates that formerly in France the kings consulted the princes and grandes of the kingdom, in whatever concerned the state, as here, where the business was how the presumptive heir of the crown should be brought up. Observe, likewise, how difficult a thing it is to keep young princes in order, when once they get a head.

<sup>1</sup> *Chantelle.*] A very strong place in the Bourbonnois, belonging, in

him to the school to learn, and to spend his youth in virtue. In the prosecution of which design he came first to Poitiers,<sup>2</sup> where, as he studied and profited very much, he saw that the scholars were oftentimes at leisure, and knew not how to bestow their time, which moved him to take such compassion on them, that one day he took from a long ledge of rocks, called there *Passelourdin*, a huge great stone, of about twelve fathom square, and fourteen handfuls thick, and with great ease set it upon four pillars in the midst of a field, to no other end, but that the said scholars, when they had nothing else to do, might pass their time in getting up on that stone, and feast it with store of gammons, pastics, and flagons, and carve their names upon it with a knife; in token of which deed till this hour the stone is called the lifted stone. And in remembrance hereof there is none entered into the register and matricular book of the said university, or accounted capable of taking any degree therein, till he have first drunk in the Caballine fountain of *Croustelles*,<sup>3</sup> passed at *Passelourdin*,<sup>4</sup> and got up upon the lifted stone.<sup>5</sup>

1523, to the Constable Charles de Bourbon. See chap. 23, of book I. concerning these prodigious rack-bent cross-bows.

<sup>2</sup> *Poitiers*.] As this is not much to the praise of the University of Poitiers, it may not be amiss to take notice of what is said of it by Chasseneuz, in his *Catalogus Glorie Mundi*, part X. consider. 32, "*Nec est ulla universitas*," says that writer, "*quæ non habeat sua impedimenta: cum apud nos in vulgari dicatur*," the pipers and tennis-players of Poitiers; the dancers of Orleans; the vapourers or braggadocios of Angers; the daggie-tails of Paris; the quarrel-pickers of Pavia; the amourists of Turin.

<sup>3</sup> *Croustelles*.] A hamlet, a league off Poitiers. Here are made abundance of little whistles, which occasioned the name of whistlers to be given, in 1561, to certain rude fellows of Poitiers, and other scholars who wore about their necks a whistle, with which they called each other together, whenever they were in danger of being insulted by the Protestants, as they pretended.

<sup>4</sup> *Passelourdin*.] In English the booby-pass. So they call a great rock, not far from Poitiers, where there is a very narrow hole on the edge of a precipice. Through this hole the new-comers of that university are made to pass, by the other scholars, in order to season them. The same is done at Mantua, by making them pass under the arch of St. Longinus.

<sup>5</sup> *The lifted stone*.] This stone, said to be sixty feet round, stands near Poitiers, on five other stones, all fixed there in 1478, as a monument of the fair which is held in October, in the old market-place of Poitiers. But though even the historians of Poitou relate the thing as above, yet the simple people of the country will rather have this

Afterwards, reading the delectable Chronicles of his Ancestors, he found that Geoffrey of Lusignan, called Geoffrey with the great tooth, grandfather to the cousin-in-law of the eldest sister of the aunt of the son-in-law of the uncle of the good daughter of his stepmother, was interred at Maillezais; therefore one day he took campos, (which is a little vacation from study to play a while,) that he might give him a visit as unto an honest man. And going from Poitiers with some of his companions, they passed by Legugé,<sup>6</sup> visiting the noble Abbot Ardillon: then by Lusignan, by Sansay, by Celles, by Colonges, by Fontenay le Comte, saluting the learned Tiraqueau,<sup>7</sup> and from thence arrived at Maillezais, where he went to see the sepulchre of the said Geoffrey with the great tooth; which made him somewhat afraid, looking upon the picture, whose lively draughts did set him forth in the representation of a man in extreme fury, drawing his great Malchus faulchion half-way out of his scabbard. When the reason hereof was demanded, the canons of the said place told him, that there was no other cause of it, but that *Pictoribus atque poetis, &c.*, that is to say, that painters and poets have liberty to paint and devise what they list after their own fancy. But he was not satisfied with their answer, and said, He is not thus painted without a cause, and I suspect<sup>8</sup> that at his death there was some cluster or pile of rocks to be a miracle of St. Radegondes, who, they say, placed in this manner these six huge stones; nay more, that she brought them to that place all at a time, the five lesser ones in her apron, and the biggest on her head. See Jodocus Sincerus, Golnitz, Bouchet, &c.

<sup>6</sup> *Legugé.*] Legugé in the lower Poitou, is a priory, two priors of which, successively, were Rabelais' very good friends and patrons, viz. Geoffrey d'Estussac, Bishop and Lord of Maillezais, and Anthony Ardillon, whom he here calls the noble Abbot Ardillon. Legugé, a mighty pleasant fruitful place, and very proper for gardening has, for some time past, belonged to the Jesuits.

<sup>7</sup> *The learned Tiraqueau.*] Andrew Tiraqueau, another friend of Rabelais. He was then lieutenant-general of the bailiwick of Fontenay le Comte.

<sup>8</sup> *And I suspect.*] Jeffrey, surnamed, with the great tooth, had caused the abbey of Maillezais to be burned, in 1232, but the court of Rome not only obliged him to rebuild it, but to endow it to the amount of 3,000 livres, and upwards. For this reason he is buried there as the second founder; and perhaps it was for the above reason that his effigies represent him, as it were, enraged at the wrong he thought done him.

wrong done him, whereof he requireth his kindred to take revenge. I will inquire further into it, and then do what shall be reasonable. Then he returned not to Poitiers, but would take a view of the other Universities of France. Therefore, going to Rochelle, he took shipping and arrived at Bordeaux, where he found no great exercise, only now and then he would see some mariners and lightermen a wrestling on the quay or strand by the river side. From thence he came to Thoulouse, where he learned to dance very well, and to play with the two-handed sword, as the fashion of the scholars of the said University is to bestir themselves in games, whereof they may have their hands full: but he stayed not long there, when he saw that they did cause burn their regents alive,<sup>9</sup> like red herrings, saying, Now God forbid that I should die this death! for I am by nature sufficiently dry already, without heating myself any further.

He went then to Montpellier, where he met with the good wives of Mirevaux, and good jovial company withal, and thought to have set himself to the study of physic: but he considered that that calling was too troublesome and melancholic, and that physicians did smell of glisters like old devils. Therefore he resolved he would study the laws; but seeing that there were but three scauld, and one bald-pated legist in that place, he departed from thence, and in his way made the bridge of Guard, and the amphitheatre of Nismes, in less than three hours,<sup>10</sup> which nevertheless seems

<sup>9</sup> *Burn their regents alive* | This personally regards John Caturecius burnt in June 1532, at Toulouse. He was law professor there, and on Twelfth-day (as we call it, but the French the Feast of the Kings,) in 1532, being invited to the usual merry-making, he prevailed on the company, instead of the superstitious cry, "The king drinks," to say, "Christ reigns in our hearts." He likewise proposed, that the guests should each make a short edifying discourse to the rest, before they broke up; which they all did, particularly himself. Whatever it was he said, it cost him his life, for somebody informed against him as a Lutheran. At his death he showed such constancy, that many persons, especially such as had attended his law lectures, began, from that moment, to instruct themselves thoroughly in that doctrine for which they saw their regent suffer death so manfully. See *Icones Bezae*, His. of the Protestant Martyrs, Hist. Eccl., also Dolet's Declamation against Toulouse, and Crepin's Martyrologe Protestant.

<sup>10</sup> *In less than three hours.* | The pont (or bridge) du Guard, and the amphitheatre of Nismes (Nismes) are two Roman antiquities, of a surprising magnificence, and prodigious workmanship, which makes Rabe-

to be a more divine than human work. After that he came to Avignon, where he was not above three days before he fell in love; for the women there take great delight in playing at the close buttock-game, because it is papal ground.<sup>11</sup> Which his tutor and pedagogue Epistemon perceiving, he drew him out of that place, and brought him to Valence in the Dauphiny, where he saw no great matter of recreation, only that the lubbards of the town did beat the scholars,<sup>12</sup> which so incensed him with anger, that when, upon a certain very fair Sunday, the people being at their public dancing in the streets, and one of the scholars offering to put himself into the ring to partake of that sport, the foresaid lubberly fellows would not permit him the admittance into their society, he taking the scholar's part, so belaboured them with blows, and laid such load upon them, that he drove them all before him, even to the brink of the river Rhone, and would have there drowned them, but that they did squat to the *lais* ascribe the structure thereof to Pantagruel, whom he represents both as a great prince and a giant.

<sup>11</sup> *Because it is papal ground.*] Swarming with monks and priests, who, for a very moderate tax, have obtained for the courtezans full liberty to follow their trade. Jodocus Sincerus, p. 204 of his *Itiner. Gall.* speaking of the city of Avignon: "Caveas hic pulpamenti Terentiani venditores et proxeneas, qui se sistent tibi quamprimum urbem ingressus fueris. Norisque merces illos corruptissimas venum exponere." Which is repeated in French, p. 150 of *Travels through France*, dedicated to the Count de Schleswic, &c., and printed in octavo, at Paris, anno 1643.

<sup>12</sup> *Did beat the scholars.*] The latter were even with them afterwards, and these disorders lasted a long time; witness what was deposed in 1560, by an attorney of Valence, viz. "That he had kept the town-register eight years, and in all that time not a night passed, but his registers were filled next morning with complaints and informations of outrages committed by the street-rovers, or scourers, so that nobody could go along the streets, but what was beat, robbed, and plundered, the houses scaled, doors broke open, men's wives and daughters violated, in short, that the strangers (inmates, as were the scholars,) committed such disorders, that there was no stirring abroad, as soon as it was dark, upon ever so urgent a business. But that since it had pleased God to send his light into their town, by the means of the holy gospel preached therein, all the said enormities were well-nigh ceased; as if, together with a change of doctrine, a change of life had also made its entrance among them." See Louis de Reynieur *Sieur de la Planche*, p. 294, of his *Hist. of the State of France under Francis II.*, printed in 1676. a

ground like moles, and there lay close a full half league under the river. The hole<sup>13</sup> is to be seen there yet.

After that he departed from thence, and in three strides and one leap,<sup>14</sup> came to Angiers, where he found himself very well, and would have continued there some space, but that the plague drove them away. So from thence he came to Bourges, where he studied a good long time, and profited very much in the faculty of the laws, and would sometimes say, that the books of the civil law were like unto a wonderfully precious, royal, and triumphant robe of gold, edged with dirt; for in the world are no goodlier books to be seen, more ornate, nor more eloquent than the texts of the Pandects, but the bordering of them, that is to say, the gloss of Accursius,<sup>15</sup> is so scurvy, vile, base, and unsavoury, that it is nothing but filthiness and villany.

Going from Bourges, he came to Orleans, where he found store of swaggering scholars<sup>16</sup> that made him great entertainment at his coming, and with whom he learned to play

<sup>13</sup> *The hole, &c.*] This hole, beginning at the abbey of St. Peter, goes a good way under the Rhone; nay, if you will believe the credulous Coulon, in his travels through France, printed anno 1660, this hole leads into the fields on the other side that river.

<sup>14</sup> *One leap.*] This leap is the passage of the Loire, which runs between Valence and Angiers.

<sup>15</sup> *Gloss of Accursius.*] Rabelais, after Budæus, Vives, and some others, speaks of Accursius with abundance of contempt. The barbarism, however, and ignorance he is accused of, are not so much his fault as that of the age he lived in. It is not denied that he was a bad grammarian; but it is thought maintainable, that he was a good lawyer. And this has been evidently proved by Francis Fleuri, in his book *De Juris Civilis interpretibus*. Accursius's Gloss, the work of nine years, contains the whole spirit of jurisprudence that lay but scattered in the writings of the doctors that went before. You may see Cujatius's judgment thereof, lib. 12, cap. 16. of his *Observat.*

<sup>16</sup> *Swaggering scholars.*] It should be rake-hell and skim the devil scholars, for that is the meaning of the word *rustre* (from whence we have our word roister, I suppose.) Those who were formerly called *rustres* in French, from *rus, ruris*, were properly foot-soldiers raised in the country, but not paid, and who, coming to debauch with the rakes of the army, spent riotously among themselves, whatever they could filch or steal from the good folks at home. In the same sense it is that Rabelais here calls *rustres* certain scholars of Orleans, whose parents not allowing them sufficient for their expenses, some of those young sparks made the best cheer they could with what they plundered people of in their night rambles; and such were at Valence those street-rascals, or scourers, mentioned before in this chapter.



at tennis so well, that he was a master at that game. For the students of the said place make a prime exercise of it; and sometimes they carried him unto Cupid's houses of commerce, (in that city termed islands, because of their being most ordinarily environed with other houses, and not contiguous to any,) there to recreate his person at the sport of poussevant, which the wenches of London call the ferkers in and in. As for breaking his head with over-much study, he had an especial care not to do it in any case, for fear of spoiling his eyes. Which he the rather observed, for that it was told him by one of his teachers, there called regents, that the pain of the eyes was the most hurtful thing of any to the sight. For this cause when he one day was made a licentiate, or graduate in law, one of the scholars of his acquaintance, who of learning had not much more than his burden, though instead of that he could dance very well, and play at tennis, made the blazon and device of the licentiates<sup>17</sup> in the said university, saying,

So you have in your hand a racket,  
A tennis-ball in your cod-placket,  
A Pandect law in your cap's tippet,  
And that you have the skill to trip it  
In a low dance, you will be allowed  
The grant of the licentiate's hood.

## CHAPTER VI.

*How Pantagruel met with a Limosin, who affected to speak in learned phrase.*

UPON a certain day, I know not when, Pantagruel walking after supper with some of his fellow-students without that gate of the city, through which we enter on the road to Paris, encountered with a young spruce-like scholar<sup>1</sup> that

<sup>17</sup> *Licentiates.*] One that hath licence or leave to plead for<sup>n</sup> clients; an utter barrister.

<sup>1</sup> *A young sprucelike scholar.*] Pâquier will have it that the person Rabelais banters by the name of the Limosin scholar, who Pindarizes, as the French say, (that is, affects to speak hard words, or a new quaint language,) was a young gentlewoman of Picardy, named Holisane de Crennè. She was contemporary with Pâquier, when he was yet but very young. She translated into French the four first books of the *Æneid*, which she dedicated to King Francis I. She likewise wrote the history not of her life only, but also of her own death, in a book printed at Lyons, and, in 1541, at Paris, under the title of *Angoisses*

was coming upon the very same way, and, after they had saluted one another, asked him thus, My friend, from whence comest thou now? The scholar answered him, From alme, inclyte and celebrate academy, which is vocitated Lutetia. What is the meaning of this? said Pantagruel to one of his men. It is, answered he, from Paris. Thou comest from Paris, then? said Pantagruel, and how do you spend your time there, you my masters the students of Paris? The scholar answered, We transfretate the Sequane at the dilucul and crepuscul: we deambulate by the compites and quadrides of the urb; we despumate the Latial verbocination; and, like verisimilarity amorabons, we captat the benevolence of the omnijugal, omniform, and omnigenal foeminine sex. Upon certain diceules we invisat the lupanares,<sup>2</sup> and in a venerian ecstasy inculcate our veretres into the penitissime recesses of the pudends of these amicabilissimes meretricules. Then do we cauponisate in the meritory taberns of the Pine-apple, the Castle, the Magdalene, and the Mule, goodly vervecine spatules perforaminated with petrocile. And if by fortune there be rarity, or penury of pecune in our marsupies, and that they be exhausted of ferruginean metal, for the shot we demit our codices, and oppignerat our vestiments, whilst we prestolate the coming of the Tabellaries from the penates and patriotic lares. To which Pantagruel answered, What devilish language is this? by the Lord, I think thou art some kind of heretic. My lord, no, said the scholar: for libentissimally, as soon as it illucesceth any minutule slice of the day, I demigrate into one of these so well architected minsters, and there, irrorating myself with fair lustral

Doloureuses qui procedent d'Amours. By these books, especially the last, where at every page we find *pyrrrité* for  *paresse*; "Venus circon-dée d'une nuée auren<sup>e</sup>; je reformide; ociosité; timeur; ultime deliberation; ameneule passion; fatigues pretereitz; chien tricipite; hilarité, irrigée, emanée, exhibée; mancipe, for a slave; le resfulgent curre du soleil; les rutolans astres; fragrante ambrosie; populeuse et inclyte cité," &c., she thought to have gained the admiration of the public, and perhaps some pension of the king, who only countenanced the truly learned and eloquent, but let this poor gentlewoman starve, (though lavish enough of his favours to other women.) Mr. M. in his notes, has erred very much in relation to this person, whom he took to be a man.

<sup>2</sup> In the edition of Dolet, after lupanares, are these words:—"de Champ Gaillard, de Matcou, de Cul de sac, de Bourbon, de Hus<sup>da</sup>."

water, I inumble off little parcels of some missic precation of our sacrificuls, and, submurmuring my horary precules, I elave and absterge my anime from its nocturnal inquina-tions. I revere the olympicols. I latrially venere the supernal astripotent. I dilige and redame my proxims. I observe the decalogical precepts, and, according to the facul-tatule of my vires, I do not discede from them one late un-guicule. Nevertheless it is veriform, that because Mammona doth not supergurgitate anything in my loculs, that I am somewhat rare and lent to supererogate the elemosynes to those egents, that hostially queritate their stipe.

Prut, tut, said Pantagruel, what doth this fool mean to say? I think he is upon the forging of some diabolical tongue, and that enchanter-like he would charm us. To whom one of his men said, Without doubt, sir, this fellow would counterfeit the language of the Parisians, but he doth only flay the Latin, imagining by so doing that he doth highly Pindarize it in most eloquent terms, and strongly conceiteth himself to be therefore a great orator in the French, because he disdaineth the common manner of speak-ing. To which Pantagruel said, It is true. The scholar answered, My worshipful lord, my genie is not apt nate to that which this flagitious nebulon saith, to excoriate the cuticle of our vernacular Gallic, but viceversally I gnave opere, and by veles and rames enite to locupletate it with the Latinicome redundance. By G—, said Pantagruel, I will teach you to speak. But first come hither, and tell me whence thou art? To this the scholar answered, 'The primeval origin of my aves and ataves was indigenary of the Lemovick regions, where requiesceth the corpor of the hagiostat St. Martial. I understand thee very well, said Pantagruel. When all comes to all, thou art a Limosin, and thou wilt here by thy affected speech counterfeit the Parisians. Well now, come hither, I must show thee a new trick, and handsomely give thee the combfeat. With this he took him by the throat, saying to him, Thou flayest the Latin,—by St. John, I will make thee flay the fox, for I will now flay thee alive. Then began the poor Limosin to cry, Haw, gwid Maaster, haw, Laord, my halp and St. Mar-shaw,<sup>3</sup> haw, I'm worried. Haw, my thropple, the bean of

<sup>3</sup>Corruptly St. Marsault for St. Martial, who is reckoned, but with-

my cragg is bruck! Haw, for Guad's seck, lawt my lean, Maaster; waw, waw, waw. Now, said Pantagruel, thou speakest naturally, and so let him go, for the poor Limousin had totally bewrayed and thoroughly conshit his breeches, which were not deep and large enough, but round strait cannoned gregs, having in the seat a piece like a keeling's tail, and therefore in French called, *de chausses à queue de merlus*.<sup>4</sup> Then, said Pantagruel, St. Alipantin,<sup>5</sup> what civette? Fie! to the devil with this turnip-cater,<sup>6</sup> How he stinks! and so let him go. But this hug of Pantagruel's was such a terror to him all the days of his life, and took such deep impression in his fancy, that very often, distracted with sudden affrightments, he would startle and say that Pantagruel held him by the neck. Besides that it procured him a continual drought and desire to drink, so that after some few years he died of the death Roland,<sup>7</sup> in plain English out reason, the apostle of the Limosin. See Du Tillet, in his history of the war of the Albigenes, printed at Paris, 1590.

<sup>4</sup> Cotgrave says, *Chausses à queue de merlus*: round breeches with strait cannons, having in the seat a piece like a fish's tail, and worn by old men, scholars, and such like niggardly or needy persons.

<sup>5</sup> The word *Alipantin* seems to be coined from the modern Greek *ἀλίπαντα* *pharmaca seu emplastra quæ ex pinguium mistione non constant*, says, after Aëtius, Harry Stephen, in his treatise of the Greek tongue, and Crepin's abridgment of Constantine's Lexicon. "The drug which so offended Pantagruel's olfactory nerves with its odour, was but too λιπῶδες, i. e. too fat. It required no less a relief than that of St. Alipantin, whose very name alone promises a quite contrary operation.

<sup>6</sup> The Limosins are nick-named turnip-eaters, from the quantities of radishes and turnips on which these poor people mainly subsist. Fr. Hotman, in his *Matago de Matagonibus*, calls John Dorat of Limoges, for the aforesaid reason, *Raphanophagus*; and John Hotman, son of Francis, in his *Antichopin*, bantering the same Limosins, "*Volo tibi*," says he, "*numerare pulchram historiam—de Limovicensibus qui cum audirent quod papa erat vicarius Dei, immò quod ipsemet erat Deus (ut patet per Canonistas)—miserunt sibi legationem ad remonstrandam paupertatem patriæ suæ Limosinæ, in qua ferè nihil crescit præter rapas et castaneas, et parum blapi pro diebus dominicis, quatenus attenta paupertate prælibata.*"

<sup>7</sup> Concerning Roland's death, i. e. thirst, or a dying of thirst; John de la Bruiere Champier, lib. 16, cap. 5, of his *Re Cibaria*:—"Nonnulli qui de Gallicis rebus historias conscripserunt, non dubitarunt posteris significare Rolandum Caroli illius magni sororis filium, virum certè bellica gloria omnique fortitudine nobillissimum, post ingentem Hispanorum cædem propè Pyrenæi saltus juga, ubi insidiæ ab hoste collocatæ fuerint, siti miserrimè extinctum. Inde nostri intolerabili siti et immixti volentes significare se torqueri, facietè aiunt, Rolandi morte se perire."

called thirst, a work of divine vengeance, showing us that which saith the philosopher, and Aulus Gellius, that it becometh us to speak according to the common language; and that we should, as said Octavian Augustus, strive to shun all strange and unknown words with as much heedfulness and circumspection, as pilots of ships use to avoid the rocks and banks in the sea.

## CHAPTER VII.

*How Pantagruel came to Paris, and of the choice books of the Library of St. Victor.*

AFTER that<sup>1</sup> Pantagruel had studied very well at Orleans,<sup>1</sup> he resolved to see the great University at Paris; but, before his departure, he was informed, that there was a huge big bell at St. Anian, in the said town of Orleans, under the ground, which had been there above two hundred and fourteen years, for it was so great that they could not by any device get it so much as above the ground, although they used all the means that are found in Vitruvius *de Architectura*, Albertus *de Re Ædificatoria*, Euclid, Theon, Archimedes, and Hero *de Ingeniis*: for all that was to no purpose. Wherefore, condescending heartily to the humble request of the citizens and inhabitants of the said town, he determined to remove it to the tower that was erected for it. With that he came to the place where it was, and lifted it out of the ground with his little finger, as easily as you would have done a hawk's bell, or bell-weather's tingle tangle; but, before he would carry it to the foresaid tower or steeple

Hence it is plain, that our saying such a one died like Roland, means he died of thirst; and it is likewise plain, that he, who gave occasion to this expression, was the pretended nephew of Charlemagne, Roland, admiral of Bretagne, whom some will have to have actually died of thirst at the battle of Roncevaux. (See Du Tillet's *Mem.* anno 1607, p. 261.) But, continues M. le Duchat, as it is not natural to die of a few hours' thirst in the mountains, might not this story be forged on what some romances say of Roland, describing him as one distracted and stark staring mad, at the defeat of his men; and that persons under that disorder of the brain, as he was said to be when he died, have an invincible abhorrence of whatever may in the least seem to tend to quench the thirst with which they burn?

<sup>1</sup> At first Rabelais wrote Orleans, but afterwards thought fit to call it Aurelians, in order to bring it nearer its original, or at least its restoration, which it owes to the Emperor Aurelian.

appointed for it, he would needs make some music with it about the town, and ring it along all the streets, as he carried it in his hand, wherewith all the people were very glad. But there happened one great inconveniency, for with carrying it so, and ringing it about the streets, all the good Orleans wine turned instantly, waxed flat, and was spoiled, which nobody there did perceive till the night following; for every man found himself so altered, and a-dry with drinking these flat wines, that they did nothing but spit, and that as white as Maltha cotton, saying, We have got the Pantagruel, and our very throats are salted. This done, he came to Paris with his retinue. And at his entry every one came out to see him,—as you know well enough, that the people of Paris is sottish by nature,<sup>2</sup> by B. flat, and B. sharp,—and beheld him with great astonishment, mixed with no less fear, that he would carry away the palace<sup>3</sup> into some other country, *à remotis*, and far from them, as his father formerly had done the great peal bells at our Lady's church, to tie about his mare's neck. Now after he had stayed there a pretty space, and studied very well in all the seven liberal arts, he said it was a good town to live in, but not to die; for that the grave-digging rogues<sup>4</sup> of St. Innocent used in frosty nights to warm their bums with dead men's bones. In his abode there he found the library of St. Victor, a very stately and magnificent one,<sup>5</sup> especially

<sup>2</sup> *By nature, &c.*] Every way; to all intents and purposes. The first is a term of the ancient music, the two last of the new.

<sup>3</sup> *The Palace.*] *Le Palais.* This word means the courts of judicature, that is, the parliament, which the Parisians were afraid he would remove, and so force them to tax themselves, in order to have them come again.

<sup>4</sup> *Grave-digging rogues.*] St. Innocent's church-yard at Paris is so old, that at first it was out of the town, as all other church-yards then were. It is therefore the less to be wondered at, if some of the beggarly inhabitants thereabout did, in length of time, put the dead men's bones to such a use, considering how vastly full their charnel-house must be, and likewise that the bones of many pagans were very probably among them.

<sup>5</sup> *Magnificent one.*] Passavant to Peter Liset; “Denique quod allegatis Damascenum, Alexandrum de Hales, Thomam, Bonaventuram, et Scotum; ipsi (those of Geneva) dicunt, quod tu es bene dignus cum monachis tuis, qui consumas vitam tuam in istis fetidissimis latrinis quibus est plena Bibliotheca Sancti Victoris, sicut porcus in luto, quod tu es.” St. Victor's library owes its origin to the abbey of St. Victor,

in some books which were there, of which followeth the Repertory and Catalogue, *Et primò*,

The two-horse tumbrel of Salvation.<sup>6</sup>

The Codpiece of the Law.<sup>7</sup>

The Slippers or Pantofles of the Decretals.<sup>8</sup>

The Pomegranate of Vice.<sup>9</sup>

The Clew-bottom of Theology.<sup>10</sup>

The Duster or Foxtail-flap of Preachers, composed by Turlupin.<sup>11</sup>

which King Louis le Gros founded and built, about the year 1130. Now, as for want of persons to teach sound philosophy, and good literature, the best wits of those times bent themselves to the sophistry and quiddities of the school divinity; Rabelais from thence takes occasion to ridicule, in this whole chapter, such books which served for a foundation to this library; of which Joseph Scaliger was wont to say, that absolutely there was nothing in it but trash and rubbish, and that it was not without reason Rabelais made a mock of it.

<sup>6</sup> *The two horse, &c.] Bigua salutis.* It is a thick quarto, in a black gothic letter, containing 124 sermons, the title whereof, as transcribed from the edition of Haugenau, 1502, now in the royal library of Berlin, is *Sermones Dominicales peritiles à quodam Patre Hunguro ordinis Minorum de observantia in conventu Pesthiensi comportati, Biga salutis intitulati. Bigua* (instead of *biga*) as it stands even in the first editions of Rabelais, has all the air of an affected ignorance, to render the title of the book still more ridiculous, as if one should say, *the two-horse tumbrel*.

<sup>7</sup> *The codpiece of the law.] Bragueta juris.* No such title of a real book; the author only quibbles upon the double meaning of the French word *droit*, (in Latin *ius*.) *droit* signifying both rectitude and erection.

<sup>8</sup> *The slippers or pantofles, &c.] Pantofla decretorum.* This book is thus intitled, as well because the popes, by virtue of their ordinances, commonly called *decretals*, have made themselves so highly revered, that all who approach them must kiss their slipper, as also because the doctors made so by decree (or ordinance) generally go abroad in their slippers. Herbord Mistlader M. Ortwin, in the first part of the *Epistolæ Obscur. Viror.* "Timeo quod caput vobis dolet, vel quod habetis infirmitatem in ventre, et estis laxus, sicut olim fuistis, quando permerdistis caligas vestras in plateis, et non sentistis, donec una mulier dixit; Dominè magister, ubi sedistis in merdis? ecce tunica et pantofoli vestri sunt maculata."

<sup>9</sup> *The pomegranate of vice.] Malogranatum vitiorum.* This book in quarto, of which I have seen the Augsburg edition, 1510, is ascribed to a doctor of Kisersberg, named John Gayler.

<sup>10</sup> *The clew-bottom.]* The title, perhaps of some such book, wherein the author pretends to wind up theology, as it were, into a *clew-bottom*.

<sup>11</sup> *The duster, &c.]* The old editions have Pepin's name, instead of Turlupin. William Pepin, a Jacobin (White-Friar) was so famous a

The Churning Ballock of the Valiant.<sup>12</sup>

The Henbane of the Bishops.<sup>13</sup>

Marmotretus<sup>14</sup> de baboonis et apis, cum Commento Dorbellis. Decretum<sup>15</sup> Universitatis Parisiensis super gorgiasitate mulicircularum ad placitum.

The Apparition of Sanct Geltrude to a Nun of Poissy, being in travail, at the bringing forth of a child.<sup>16</sup>

preacher at the beginning of the sixteenth century, that it was a proverb, "Qui nescit Pepinare, nescit prædicare." His sermons (seven or eight volumes in quarto) were the *Vistempenard des Precheurs*, i. e. the grand repertory of the preachers of those times. *Vistempenard* is a burlesque word, composed of *vieux* and *penard*. The word *Tarlupin*, if you mind it, is always used by Rabelais for a Jacobin, or, as they then wrote it, *Jacopin*.

<sup>12</sup> *The churning, &c.*] *Couille barrine des preux*; *barrine* from *barrus*, an elephant, as much as to say, the valiant, or worthies of the world, have large talents for the service of the ladies. "Mulier dignissima barris," says Horace, *epod.* 12.

<sup>13</sup> *The henbane.*] *Henbane* is a venomous weed, which causes such an alteration and disorder of the mind in any that should chance to eat of it, as to make them bray like asses, and neigh like horses. By this title of *henbane* of the bishops, Rabelais, no doubt, means, that the admonitions from the scripture, given to the bishops of his time, put them into as bad convulsions as if they had swallowed *henbane*. It is a home thrust of the satirist, and has a strong tincture of that time, when Calvin, in his treatise *De Scandalis*, says that Rabelais *gustaverat evangelium*.

<sup>14</sup> *Marmotretus.*] It is not the name of an author, but the title of a book. "Mammotractus, quasi puer tractus manuductus," from the old Lombard word *mammo*, a child, and *tratto*, tractus; because by the help of this book the young friars are brought to understand the terms and expressions of the Bible and mass-book, and other rituals, as children are led by the hand. Luke Wading names Marchesino, a Cordelier, for the author of this book, and places him in the year 1300. Rabelais always spells it *marmotrect*, in allusion to the word *marmot* (a monkey,) and so ascribes to him a treatise of baboons and apes. D'Orbelles, nor any other, ever commented upon the *Mammotractus*, for all what Rabelais says. The book is purely a grammatical treatise, for the use of children.

<sup>15</sup> *Decretum.*] A decree whereby the University of Paris gave young women and maids leave to shew their neck and breast (*gorge* in French.) A decree like that which Panurge is said to have obtained, l. 2, c. 17.

<sup>16</sup> *The apparition, &c.*] A severe piece of raillery against the nuns of Poissy, strongly charged with intriguing at that time, and since too. See chap. 12, book iv. of *Fénelon*. Rabelais, instead of St. Gertrude (whom he miscalls *Geltrude*) should rather, one would think, have made use of St. Margaret, who is commonly addressed to, by women in labour; but the name of St. Margaret would not have been so likely



Ars honestè fartandi in societate, per Marcum Ortuinum.<sup>17</sup>

The Mustard-pot<sup>18</sup> of Penance.

The Gamashes, alias the Boots of Patience.<sup>19</sup>

Formicarium artium.<sup>20</sup>

De brodiorum usu, et honestate chopinandi, per Sylvestrem

Prioratem Jacobinum.<sup>21</sup>

The Cuckold in Court.<sup>22</sup>

to surprise the reader, who, being at first deceived by the grave beginning of the title, thinks it only some pious fable out of some legend, and is not undeceived till he comes to the words, in childbirth, &c. What Erasmus says in his colloquy *Virgo μισόγαμος*, is pat to this purpose. EUBULUS.—Nec omnes virgines sunt, mihi crede, quæ velum habent. CATHARINA.—Bona Verba. EUBULUS.—Imo bona verba sunt quæ vera sunt; nisi fortasse elogium, quod nos hactenus iudicavimus esse virgini matri proprium, ad plures transiit, ut dicantur et à partu virgines.

<sup>17</sup> *Ars, &c.*] This man who has become the butt of many of the wits and satirists of those times, for his violently engaging in the persecution of the learned Reuchlin, is the famous Orthuinus Gratus, or Hardouin de Graes, doctor at Cologne, born indeed in the diocese of Munster, but brought up at Deventer by an uncle. The book, which may have given Rabelais a handle to ascribe to him this with so extraordinary a title, is in all likelihood, the *Fasciculus Rerum Expetendarum, &c.*, where Orthuinus styles himself, *bonarum artium professor*. The waggish Rabelais wanted no more than that *culus*—*expetendarum* (which our arts-master had indeed better avoided) thence to take occasion to make him the author of "*Ars honeste petandi*," (in good Latin it should be *pedendi*.)

<sup>18</sup> *The mustard-pot.*] Mustard is here an allusion to *moult tarde, multum tardare*. A certain preacher, who had laid a wager he would begin his sermon by crying three times, mustard (*moûtard*) with a pause between each of the two first, cried out the third time: *MOULT-TARDE le pécheur à faire penitence*. Much tardy is the sinner to repent.

<sup>19</sup> *The gamashes, &c.*] It is thought this alludes to the cruel torture of the boot, used by the Jacobin inquisitors upon the poor Albigenses.

<sup>20</sup> *Formicarium Artium.*] John Nyder, a German Jacobin who died in 1438, has written a piece of morality on pismires, entitled, *Formicarium*. Rabelais on this title conceived his *Formicarium Artium*, taken notice of by Chancellor Bacon in his *Advancement of Learning*, l. 1. c. 6.

<sup>21</sup> *De Brodiorum, &c.*] This good father, Sylvester de Priero (who by the way wrote in behalf of indulgences in 1518, against Luther, who attacked them the year before) in his *Summa Sylvestrina*, handles the questions of fasting and abstinence in as loose a manner as has since been done by the Baunis, the Filiutius's, and the Escobars. Brodium, broth, comes from the German *brodt*, bread, because bread is a main ingredient in good broth.

<sup>22</sup> *The cuckold in court.*] There were enow su. h in the lewd reign of Francis I., especially after that gallant prince had introduced circles of

The Frail of the Scriveners.<sup>23</sup>

The Marriage-pocket.

The Crucible of Contemplation.

The Flimflams of the Law.

The Goad of Wine.<sup>24</sup>

The Spur of Cheese.<sup>25</sup>

Decrotatorium scholarium.<sup>26</sup>

Tartaretus<sup>27</sup> de modo cacandi.

The Bravades of Rome<sup>28</sup>.

the fair sex at court. It was indeed that reign which furnished Brantome with his tales of the Dames Galantes.

<sup>23</sup> *The frail of the scriveners.*] Formerly in France, as well as anciently at Rome and in Greece, the notaries put their papers in frails, or rush and wicker baskets.

<sup>24</sup> *The goad of wine.*] The goad of divine love, as the translator of a book of devotion of St. Bonaventura entitles it, furnished Rabelais with this idea, who knew no better goad to his wine than Bologna sausages, gammons of bacon, salted eels, &c.

<sup>25</sup> *The spur of cheese.*] Rabelais places the goad of wine and the spur of cheese next to one another, and both in the library of St. Victor, because wine makes a man run to the cheese, and the cheese to the wine; and it is highly probable, the canons of that house very gladly travelled from one to the other.

<sup>26</sup> *The decrotatorium.*] He banters the regents and scholars of Paris upon their being so slovenly and dirty, as if they had made a vow never to clean themselves, *se decroter*. He puns upon their studying the decretals.

<sup>27</sup> *Tartaretus.*] Peter Tartaret, (whose works were reprinted at Lyons in 1621.) His sole merits was refining on the ridiculous subtleties of John Scotus. Harry Stephens, in his apology for Herodotus, c. 39, puts this Sorbonist among those mischievous writers who had revived the detestable eternal gospel, which in former days, the begging monks opposed to the Vaudois and their doctrine. This Tartaret had a long dispute with another quodlibetist of that house, touching the right pronouncing of the word *mihi*. Might it not be on account of the ordures and blasphemies which issued so copiously from the pen and mouth of Tartaret, or on account of the vicious custom he perhaps had of speaking and writing *chi* for *hi* in *mihi*, that Rabelais ascribes a book to him with so filthy a title. They are neither of them impossible; but in my opinion, Rabelais therein principally considers him as a disciple of that very John Scotus, who, on account of the scandalous subjects by him agitated, the painter Holbein had before pleasantly represented as vomiting his soul out at his mouth, under the figure of a child *stulta cacantis logicalia*.

<sup>28</sup> *The bravades.*] The pompous ceremonies of that church; or perhaps Rabelais reflects on the popes, who commonly are tame enough to such as do not value their threats.

Bricot<sup>29</sup> de Differentiis Browsersarum.

The Tail-piece-Cushion, or Close-breech of Discipline.<sup>30</sup>

The Cobbled Shoe of Humility.<sup>31</sup>

The Trivet of good Thoughts.<sup>32</sup>

The Kettle of Magnanimity.<sup>33</sup>

The Cavilling Intanglements of Confessors.

The Curates rap over the Knuckles.<sup>34</sup>

Reverendi patris fratris Lubini, provincialis Bavardiæ, de gulpendis lardslicionibus libri tres.<sup>35</sup>

<sup>29</sup> *Bricot*.] A doctor of Paris, an enemy of Reuchlin's; his name signifies boiled pap in German; so Rabelais makes him the author of a book about soups; with an eye likewise to the gluttony and fine Latin style of him and many of his fraternity.

<sup>30</sup> *The tail-piece, &c.*] In French *le culot de discipline*. At Metz, the boys after a severe whipping, anoint their posteriors with a candle's end, (which they call *culot*;) so Rabelais here alludes to the monks doing the like by way of lenitive, after they have whipt themselves with their discipline.

<sup>31</sup> *The cobbled shoe of humility.*] *La savate d'humilité*. This title considered as depending upon, and immediately following the other, may allude to the *sapatade*, a sort of punishment at Malta, inflicted, on the buttocks of such young knights as have failed in their duty on the gallies. It is done with the sole of a shoe, (*savate*.)

<sup>32</sup> *The trivet, &c.*] Rabelais may allude to somebody, who, according to the reigning custom of using whimsical titles, had ridiculously given that title to a piece, teaching the basis of good thoughts, or the principle of devout meditations.

<sup>33</sup> *The kettle.*] The author of the preceding volume may have also been the author of this.

<sup>34</sup> *The curates, &c.*] Slight penances imposed by some curates in cases where others would be more rigid.

<sup>35</sup> *Reverendi, &c.*] Several things here seem to me to be worth taking notice of.—First, Rabelais has a fling at the pride of the monks, who at first being only called *fratres*, *fiairs*, brothers, got to themselves, in time, the title of *reverend fathers*. Secondly, the author introduces here a *frere lubin*, i. e. an errant religious bite, whom those of his order have chosen their provincial, though a mere *bavar*, i. e. one without merit or learning. Then we see this monk, brinful of himself, set about making books, and takes for the subject of his most serious occupation a ridiculous matter, under the colour of its relating to an adventure, which the scoffers will have it, that the book of conformities, &c., ascribes to his patriarch, St. Francis. The scoffers, I say; for that book does not say, as they pretend, that one day St. Francis happening to pick the lard or bacon out of some meat, as it was roasting in the friar's kitchen, did the same penance for it as if it had been a great sin, but only that that saint did penance, *si quando ratione infirmitatis carnes comesset vel coquinam conditam lardo*, i. e. when being sick or out of order, he eat flesh, or tasted any victuals that

Pasquilli Doctoris Marmorei, de capreolis cum artichoketa comedendis, tempore Papali ab Ecclesia interdicto.<sup>36</sup>

The Invention of the Holy Cross, personated by six wily Priests.<sup>37</sup>

The Spectacles of Pilgrims bound for Rome.<sup>38</sup>

*had bacon* in it; which a little lower is called *coquinam cum lardone*, and which is elsewhere explained by *cibaria condita cum lardo*. See *les conformites*, &c. Edit. 1510, fol. 38 and 187.

<sup>36</sup> *Pasquilli, &c.*] A long letter, which Our Lady hard by Bazil wrote in 1521 to a Lutheran, concludes thus: "Ex æde nostra lapidea, calendis, Augusti; anno filii mei passi 1524. Virgo lapidea mea manu subscripsi." Since, therefore, it was but wearing a human shape, and one was qualified to turn author, Rabelais thought he might here assign a book to the statue of Pasquin at Rome; and it being, even in his time, a common thing to fix on that statue all sorts of scandalous writings. Pasquin makes a treatise how one may, on days of fasting and abstinence, contrive to eat a kid à la *chardonette*, *secundum usum Romæ*, as Il. Stephen says. This *chardonette* was the *cinaræ pappi* (the flower or down of the artichoke) which the nice eaters, with scrupulous consciences, rather chose to make use of than the *pressure de careme*. (I suppose M. Duchat by this may mean a lenten cheese made of eggs, and the spawn of fishes, and curded with the juice of that thistle, as I find it described by Cotgrave.) Be that as it will, this note will help to explain what follows: La Bruicre Champier, l. 11, c. 7. of his *De re Cibaria*, after he had spoke of what is properly called *pressure* (runnet or rennet) says, "coagulatur insuper lac succo ficulno; quin et hodie cinaræ pappis et gingibere, atque lucii piscis extis quibusdam novitio sanè invento, et gulæ acceptissimo; quandoquidem per ecclesiæ Romanæ decreta vesci caseo Christianis haud licebat verno jejunio, quo scilicet coagulum quadrupedum recepisset." I therefore fancy that this way taught by Pasquin, how to eat boldly at Rome itself a kid of the goats à la *chardonette*, was indeed how to eat flesh meat and indulge in all good cheer, so one does but save appearances.

<sup>37</sup> *The invention, &c.*] Doubtless, in Rabelais' time was publicly acted, among other *pieces of moralities*, as they called them, *the Invention, or Finding, of the Holy Cross*; and, it being probable it brought good grist to the actors' mill, Rabelais thence takes occasion to speak of another invention of the cross, played by six personages, viz. judge, counsellor, attorney, clerks, recorders, and ushers of the courts, all whom he calls *clercs de finessè*, on account of their worming their clients out of their money *finely*.

<sup>38</sup> *The spectacles, &c.*] The Spaniards wear such, and call them travelling spectacles. Those, likewise, who go from France to Rome, wear them when they come near the Alps, to preserve their eyes from the injuries of the snow and cold. The author hereby further insinuates to the pilgrims, that they will stand in need of their spectacles to see the relics; for that they are shown at such a distance, that, even with the help of them, a man can hardly say what it is he sees.

Majoris de modo faciendi puddinos.<sup>39</sup>

The Bagpipe<sup>40</sup> of the Prelates.

Beda<sup>41</sup> de optimitate triparum.

The Complaint of the Barristers upon the reformation of Comfits.<sup>42</sup>

The Furred Cat<sup>43</sup> of the Solicitors and Attornies.

Of Peas and Bacon, *cum commento*.<sup>44</sup>

<sup>39</sup> *Majoris, &c.*] John Major, a Scotsman, doctor of Paris, known in the beginning of the sixteenth century by several moral, philosophical, and theological pieces, printed at Paris in different years from 1509 to 1529. This person, who had regented, *i. e.*, taught in Montaigu College, was, in all likelihood, as much given to his gut, as many of his colleagues; and, therefore, Rabelais brings him publicly teaching *the art to make puddings, i. e.* to stuff and cram the womb while their skins would hold, or till their bellies cracked again.

<sup>40</sup> *The bag-pipe, &c.*] See this explained elsewhere.

<sup>41</sup> *Beda.*] Noel Beda, doctor of Sorbonne, a violent enemy to polite learning, and to W. Budæus, who favoured it by his interest with Francis I. Beda had a prodigious paunch of his own, and was called *gros souppier*, the *great sopper*, or *bravis-belly*; one that is ever dipping his bread in the beef-pot, says Cotgrave. Rabelais makes him the author of a book of the excellence of tripes, as much as to say, his whole merit lay in his huge belly.

<sup>42</sup> *The complaint, &c.*] What Rabelais calls here the reformation of sweetmeats, is the changing comfits and other junkets, the lawyers used to have of their clients, into money, which was moderated at a lower value, per cause, than if they had been paid in spices (as they called their former fees, and used to be paid in). Cotgrave, at the word *espices*, says: spices or spice; also the fees that be taken by the (French) judges and their assistants, for books perused, consultations had, and sentence given in a cause, from the ancient manner of grateful suitors, who, having prevailed, were wont to present the judges, or the reporters of their causes, with comfits, or other junkets; which gratuity they afterwards turned into money, and by degrees have suffered it to become a duty, and, as it is at this day, the only or best revenues belonging to judicial places.

<sup>43</sup> *The furred cat.*] *Chaffurer*, a word which indeed sounds like furred cat, signifies only to blot and blur paper with scrawling, or writing ill-favourably. So here the solicitors and attornies are said to have the art of amassing money by *chaffuring*, or paper staining.

<sup>44</sup> *Peas and bacon, cum commento.*] La Bruïère Champier, in the title De Piso, of peas, which is the 2d of l. 7. "Namque lautissimas epulas subire videmus. Reges quoque ac proceres grauissimè mandunt: præsertim cum Suilla incocta. Pisa ex lardo vocant." By these words we see that until the time of Francis II., in whose reign they were writ, plain *peas and bacon*, without any other seasoning, were accounted in France a dish for a king; but long before this the gentleness of St. Victor turned up their noses at this dish, unless it had

The Small vales<sup>45</sup> or drinking Money of the Indulgences.  
*Præclarissim<sup>46</sup> juris utriusque Doctoris Maistre Pillotti, &c..*  
 Scrapfarthingi de botchandis glossæ Accursianæ Triffis  
 repetitio enucidiluculidissima.  
 Stratagemata<sup>47</sup> Francharchieri de Banolet.  
 Francopinus<sup>48</sup> or Churlbumpkinus de Re Militari cum Figuris  
 Tevoti.

something more delicate than bacon or pork to complete it, and therefore a certain ingenious man, probably of this foundation, after several researches followed by experiments, at length published, as a worthy comment upon this subject, a noble and large list of many ingredients which might considerably meliorate the peas and bacon.

<sup>45</sup> *The small vales.*] *La profiterolle des indulgences*; what in Rabelais' time they called *profiterolle* was a small pellet, or roll of dough, baked in the ashes, *turanda subscuericia vel focacca*, says Nicot after Budæus; and it is to this the author makes allusion here, calling *profiterolle*, the *profit* accruing from Ash Wednesday to the curates and monks, by means of indulgences, which roll from one church, where people have already gained them, to another, where they again gain them for a fresh sum of money.

<sup>46</sup> *Præclarissim<sup>46</sup>.*] *Raquedenare* is a pinch-penny; *bobelineur*, from *bubulinator*, is a worker in old leather, a cobbler; and *baguenaudes*, fooleries, paltry trash, or empty discourses; metaphorically taken from *baguenaudæ*, bladder-nuts, St. Anthony's nuts, wild pistachios. "Baguenaudæ seu magnæ vesicæ benè turgidæ et repletæ vento, quæ cum puncto acus percussæ sunt, nihil aliud faciunt quam crepitum ad faciendum ridere pueros," says Antichopin, p. 21. Thus we see that here Rabelais makes game of Accursius's Gloss on the one hand, as he continually does, and on the other rubs up certain pillaging lawyers, who get estates by transcribing scraps of this Gloss, right or wrong, as much as by any real useful science.

<sup>47</sup> *Stratagemata.*] This franc-archer was condemned to die for his villanies, as Mezeray and Ambrose Paré tells us: but the body of physicians, being informed that this man was exceedingly troubled with the stone, begged the king to let them make a trial upon him, and see if they could not open his rein or loins, and draw the stone out that way; they did so, and the archer lived many years afterwards in perfect health. Of the many stories that went about concerning this French rogue, and the pranks he played, Rabelais supposes a volume, by the help whereof the author, who was this same archer, lived happy in the other world, where he was seen by Epistemon, Rab. l. 2. c. 30.

<sup>48</sup> *Francopinus.*] Rabelais, under the specious title of stratagems of the franc-archer of Bagnolet, had just now a fling chiefly at the robberies of the franc-archers, trained bowmen in every parish, to be ready at any time at a summons, and a rate certain, to march; for which they were franc, *i. e.* exempt from taxes; a sort of militia established by Charles VII., and suppressed the very next reign. He now banters the cowardice and inexperience of the franc-taupins, hus-

De usu<sup>49</sup> et utilitate flayandi equos et equas, authore Magistro nostro de Quebecu.

The Sauciness of Country-Stewards.

M. N. Rostocostojambedanasse<sup>50</sup> de mustarda post prandium servienda, libri quatuordecim, apostilati per M. Vaurillonis.

The Couillage<sup>51</sup> or Wench-tribute of Promoters.

bandmen soldiers, as Cotgrave calls them, compared with the old Romans, whose excellent discipline and stratagems of war, are still admired in the works of Vegetius and Frontinus, and the author's satire falls here personally on the franc-taupin Tevot, whose clownish name, being a diminutive of Stephen, seems to me to be a nick-name expressive of a braggadocio, destined rather to be knocked on the head with stones on the pavement of a town, than to be killed in an army in the field of battle.

<sup>49</sup> *De usu.*] William de Quercu, a doctor of Paris, who has printed something on St. Gregory. Rabelais, who thought this doctor neither more learned, nor less barbarous, than a great many others of that robe, changes his name into Quebecu, in order to make out of it an allusion to *equa*, *equus*, whereby to ascribe to this slayer of Latin a volume *de usu*, &c. as above.

<sup>50</sup> *M. N. Rostocostojambedanasse.*] Beza, c. I, of his ecclesiastical history, on the year 1541, speaks of a certain Portuguese, Andrew Govea, doctor of the Sorbonne, surnamed, he says, Sinapivorus or mustard-mawler. If it be not to him that Rabelais attributes this ridiculous book, it may be he alludes to Angelus de Gambedellionibus, or lion-leg, author of two pieces mentioned in the bibliothèque of Draudius. Instead of lion-leg, the author may have called him *jambe d'anesse*, ass's leg, probably reproaching him, that, like an ass, which has neither teeth nor claws to defend itself, he had at least kicked his enemy, and that too by a writing, which not appearing till after his enemy's death, came too late, like mustard after dinner, *post prandium*. As for *Vaurillonis*, it means William, a Cordelier, who has written on John Scotus and on the Master of the Sentences some pieces, the titles whereof you have in Draudius's Bibliothèque, and in p. 47, Bibliothecæ Tellerianæ.

<sup>51</sup> *The Couillage.*] In France they called by the name of *couillage* a certain tribute paid before Luther by priests for licences to keep wenches. The bishops sold to the curates and other ecclesiastics their diocesans this liberty, which indeed had before been granted them by the first council of Toledo. See the decret. part 1, dist. 34, au canon 15, qui, &c. Agrippa, in his *Vanity of the Sciences*, chapter de Leononia, speaks of this tribute as still subsisting in Germany in his time. But let us hear H. Stephens, in the only good, in this respect, and not a spurious edition of his apology for Herodotus, chap. 21, p. 280, published in 1566, in 527 pages. "Mais, dit il, oserois-je bien, &c. But may I take the liberty, says he, to speak of that infamous tribute which used to be exacted from priests for licensing them to keep concubines ?

Jabolenus de Cosmographia Purgatorii.<sup>52</sup>

Quæstio subtilissima,<sup>53</sup> utrum Chimæra in vacuo bombinans possit comedere secundas intentiones; et fuit debatuta per decem hebdomadas in Consilio Constantiensi.

The Bridle-champer<sup>54</sup> of the Advocates.

Smutchudlamenta Scoti.<sup>55</sup>

May I be so bold as to call it by its name, *couillage*? Well, the word is out, and I have said it, that posterity might not be disappointed." But, with that author's good leave, *couillage* is only grown scandalous from its resembling a word, *couillon*, French for scrotum, from whence it is not derived. *Couillage* is formed from *couletage*, *collectagium*. Thus from *collibertus* comes *couillant*, a name given to the valets of the cathedral church of Angiers. *Collibertus*, *colbertus*, *colbart*, *coullart*, *couillant*. These are Menage's own words in the first edition of his *Origines*. But to proceed: it was the proctors that laid this tribute of *couillage*, and the tradition of Metz has preserved there the memory of what passed in the sixteenth century between one of those gentlemen and a poor curate of the diocese of Treves. He was called upon for a crown, to which his share of that duty amounted annually, and the good man declined paying, because he said he kept no woman. No matter for that, replied the archbishop's officer, you must pay your dues; if you can do without a girl, that is nothing to thy master and mine; he has nothing to do with that. The money he must have; and I too am to have a part of the sum thou owest. Such another story is very pleasantly told in the ch. de Concubinariis cum honestate, &c. of a small volume de Fide Concubinarum, &c., printed in Germany in the year 1565; and the rallery used here by our author, of the sordid abuse observed therein, is founded on the constant practice of this scandalous commerce, always kept up by the Germans, and which indeed is the subject of the 75th and 91st articles of the Hundred Grievances published by the whole empire in a body against the court of Rome, in the time of the Emperor Maximilian I.

<sup>52</sup> *Jabolenus*, &c.] This is left out of some editions of Rabelais.

<sup>53</sup> *Quæstio*, &c.] A satirical stroke against the council of Constance, begun in 1414, and in which, for near four years that it lasted, the author says that for several weeks they minded but one thing, and that was a very chimæra.

<sup>54</sup> *The Bridle-champer*.] *Mache-frain*, Cotgrave says, means a lawyer, so called from his mule, which by the way is something odd too, which, attending at the door, while her master's in court, hath leisure enough to champ on the bridle. M. le Duchat says, there was at Dijon one Philip Machefoin, mayor of the town in 1448, counsellor and keeper of the Duke of Burgundy's jewels.

<sup>55</sup> *Smutchudlamenta*.] The works of John Scot, an English Franciscan friar, who lived in the beginning of the fourteenth century. He is commonly called the subtle doctor; but Rabelais here calls by the name of bedaubings, the works of that monk, as well because that in the seventeen folio volumes which they make, and which were reprinted at



The Rasping<sup>56</sup> and Hard-scraping of the Cardinals.

De calcaribus<sup>57</sup> removendis, Decades undecim, per M. Albericum de Rosata.

Ejusdem<sup>58</sup> de castrametandis criminibus libri tres.

The entrance<sup>59</sup> of Anthony de Leve into the territories of Brazil.

Marforii,<sup>60</sup> bacalarii cubantis Romæ, de peelandis aut unskinnandis blurrandisque Cardinalium mulis.

Paris in 1659, there is wherewithal to bedaub the mind in proportion to the paper bedaubed by Scotus himself, as because these same works suggest to them that read them another sort of bedaubing, which the painter Holbein has very naturally represented in Erasmus's praise of folly, where this John Scotus is vomiting his soul out at his mouth, under the figure of a boy *stulta cacantis logicalia*.

<sup>56</sup> *The rasping, &c.*] So Sir T. U. translates *Ratepenade*, but M. Duchat says it means a bat or rear-mouse, *mus pennatus*, otherwise *vespertilio*, a creature which begins not to fly abroad till the evening; as the cardinals, who are of a modern institution, did not begin till very late to make a grand figure in the Roman hierarchy. See the Valesiana at the word *cardinalat*.

<sup>57</sup> *De Calcaribus.*] The book which Albericus de Rosata wrote on the decretals, is a book which Rabelais judged to be of that use to the public that he gives it here to the tune of 110 volumes, treating of the art of not spurring the horse one rides. Rabelais, by making the lawyer Rosata write a treatise de Calcaribus, of spurs, alludes to his name Rosata, *rosette* in French signifying the rowel of a spur. Moreover, as Rosata was a native of Bergamo, in the territory of Venice, I know not but this *removendis*, or keeping the spurs clear of the horse's sides, may be a banter upon the unskilfulness of the Venetians as to horsemanship. We all know how arch Poggius and other writers are in their stories of the Venetian noblemen's awkwardness in this particular, and that they know neither how to spur or rein in a horse as they should do, because they never mount anything but their gondolas, &c.

<sup>58</sup> *Ejusdem.*] Perhaps Rosata, in his commentary on the decretals, was too rigid in relation to the placing certain cases of conscience he might treat of.

<sup>59</sup> *The entrance.*] Rabelais derides Antonio Leyva's fatal entry in 1536 into Provence, which is the Brazil of France, and particularly into the territory of Marseilles an ancient colony of the Greeks. That Spanish captain was buried in his camp before Marseilles, where he died of grief for undertaking the siege of that town so unadvisedly. See Mezeray on the year 1536.

<sup>60</sup> *Marforii.*] This must be some satire of the time upon the pageantry of the cardinals' mules being differently decked out and harnessed, according to the solemnity of the days on which they appear in public in their utmost magnificence. Marforio's statue, it is well known, lies along on the ground in one of the courts of the ancient capitol. This is what is intended by *cubantis Romæ*. Marforio is here termed a bachelor,

The said Author's Apology against those who allege that the Pope's mule doth eat but at set times.<sup>61</sup>

Prognosticatio quæ incipit, Silvii Triquebille, balata per M. N., the deep dreaming gull Sion.<sup>62</sup>

Boudarini Episcopi de emulgentiarum profectibus Enneades novem, cum privilegio Papali ad triennium, et postea non.<sup>63</sup>

The Shitabrenna of the Maids.<sup>64</sup>

The Bald Arse or Peeled Breech of the Widows.<sup>65</sup>

whereas Pasquin is styled doctor [in the title of the book Rabelais just now made him the author of.] This is because Marforio has not near so many libels affixed to his statue, as that of Pasquin has daily.

<sup>61</sup> *The said author's apology, &c.*] What occasioned this sort of proverb, that the pope's mule eats but at his hours, is not the obstinacy of those moody creatures; but some understand by it, that if because a master may be immensely rich, he should be continually heaping favours on those about him, it might cause him to be but ill served by them. Marforio here lends his pen to some covetous ecclesiastic.

<sup>62</sup> *Prognosticatio, &c.*] L. 1, c. 20, note 5, M. le Duchat gives an account of magister noster Songecrusyon or Songercrusius, author of this facetious almanack. It is of a Gothic impression, contains four leaves in 4to, is in French rhyme, and short stanzas four lines each. The title is, La Prenostication de Maitre Albert Songereux Biscain. Somebody, M. le Duchat tells us, had wrote, above 200 years ago, at the bottom of that copy he saw, *proclamatum mense, Decembri, 1527*. Harry Stephens mentions this almanack in his apology for Herodotus. The word *songereux* means a dull, melancholy, saturnine man; a sleepy heavy-headed gull; a dreaming visionary, always in a brown study, or the dumps.

<sup>63</sup> *Boudarum—enneades novem, &c.*] *ÆNEADES*, the former translator has it in large letters, as if it meant Virgil's *Æneids*. But it should be *enneades*, a Greek word for nine, as here. The word *emulgentiarum*, which signifies the action of milking such creatures as give milk, is here put for *indulgentiarum*, which among the bishops is another way of milking their flock. These indulgences, it is true, are absolutely insignificant, as Rabelais owns; but yet the profits of them are so very considerable, that he makes a volume thereof consisting of fourscore and one books, i. e. nine *enneades*. As for the author bringing in the pope's privileges for three years only, that is as much as to say, the gain accruing from indulgences is a sort of manna which rains only where, and how long, the pope pleases.

<sup>64</sup> *The shitabrenna.*] *Le chabrenna des pucelles*. Rabelais, it is thought, banters the resistance young women make to the first embraces of a man, as if it was all a farce, a vinegar face put on, affected nicety, and shitten-come-shittery, for that is the meaning of the word *chabrenna*; *chier* is to sh—e; *brenna* a Rouen word for at—d. See more, book 1. ch. 10.

<sup>65</sup> *The bald, &c.*] This may be taken in two senses: the decent one is an allusion to the peaked hood of the widows, compared to the *capuche* of the monks mentioned in the next article: the former gener-

The Cowl or Capouch of the Monks.<sup>66</sup>

The Mumbling Devotion of the Cœlestine Friars.<sup>67</sup>

The Passage-toll of Beggarliness.<sup>68</sup>

The Tecth-chatter<sup>69</sup> or Gum-didder of Lubberly Lusk.

The Paring-shovel of the Theologues.<sup>70</sup>

ally of cloth or velvet, will in time lose the nap and grow bare, as the buttocks of a monkey, and so too the latter by being often lifted up and let down.

<sup>66</sup> *The cowl, &c.*] *Coqueluche* has likewise two meanings; one is a cowl, and the other is a disease said by some to be the whooping-cough. So Rabelais derides the monks' cowl and their nocturnal devotions which engendered coughs and catarrhs; and these coughs and catarrhs would no more quit them, than they quitted their cowls.

<sup>67</sup> *The mumbling devotion.*] Fond superstitious devotions mumbled over to one's self. "Preghiere senza attentione," says Oudin. Rabelais censures the extreme indevotion that then reigned among the Celestines.

<sup>68</sup> *The passage-toll of beggarliness.*] *Le barraige de manducité*. The true translation whereof should be the passage-toll, not of beggarliness, as Sir T. U. translates it, but of guttling or gormandizing, from *manducare* to chew. (*Menducité* is indeed beggarliness, from *mendicare* to beg.) *Barraige* is so termed of the bar that ordinarily stands on the way wherein is payable this *barraige*, which is a sort of tythe or contribution the begging monks subsist on at the expense of the public, in exacting their share of whatever is consumed in the place they happen to be in. Rabelais calls *manducité* the state and condition of the mendicant friars, in regard to the statute called *Manducus* (*de manducare*) the idol of the belly-devotees. To conclude; the allusion from *fratres manducantes* to *fratres mendicantes* is originally Louisa de Savoy's, mother to Francis I. It is taken from a manuscript journal of that princess, and reported in page 151 of the protestant minister Drelin-court's answer to the Landgrave Ernestus; but le P. Minime, who communicated some extracts of that journal to Guichenon, did not think fit to furnish him with this passage, nor some others.

<sup>69</sup> *The tecth chatter, &c.*] A reflection on the voraciousness and nakedness of voluntary beggars and other slothful idlesbies, that will rather starve with cold and hunger, than work to get heat or meat. To conclude; Claquedent, in an ancient moral devout play so caked, entitled, the Crucifixion of Christ, is the name of one of the Roman soldiers that cast lots on our Saviour's garment.

<sup>70</sup> *The paring-shovel of the theologues.*] *La ratouere des theologiens*, which should be translated the rat-trap of the theologues, though the word does signify a paring-shovel likewise, but can never mean so here. M. le Duchat puts the question, whether by this rat-trap the author may not mean the vow of celibacy made by the monks and Roman clergy, without foreseeing the consequence of such an engagement; or whether it may not be only an allusion to a certain rebus, which considers these gentlemen shavelings as so many rats which devour the world? If the iniquity of men were as easily seen in categorical judg-

The Drenching-horn of the Masters of Arts.<sup>71</sup>

The scullions<sup>72</sup> of Olcam the Uninitiated Clerk.

Magistri N. Lickdishetis, de garbellisiftationibus horarum  
canonicarum, libri quadraginta.<sup>73</sup>

Arsiversitatorium confratriarum, incerto authore.<sup>74</sup>

The Rasher of Cormorants and Ravenous Feeders.<sup>75</sup>

The Rammishness of the Spaniards supercoquelicanticked  
by Friar Inigo.<sup>76</sup>

ment, as we can discern flies in a milk-pot, the world had not been so eaten up with rats, says Lord Suck-fist, in the beginning of the 12th chapter.

<sup>71</sup> *The drenching-horn of the master of arts.*] *L'ambouchoir des maîtres en arts.* *L'embouchoir*, M. le Duchat says, means a boot-last or boot-tree, and compares the forming of a young master of arts to a boot-maker's forming a new boot, by putting it on the last or tree. To which I shall add, that as Rabelais has very frequently more than one meaning in what he says, it may allude to the pouring learning into a young man's noddle, as a drenching-horn serves to convey a draught into a horse's mouth; for *embouchoir* means a drenching horn too.

<sup>72</sup> *The scullions.*] The author seems here to rally some young scholars (*scullions marmitons* in French) of the University of Paris, who had no sooner put on the pensioner's cap, but, without any further examination, boldly espoused the sentiments of Ockham, patriarch of the nominalists, against the subtle John Scot, who was patriarch of the realists, so called in opposition to the former.

<sup>73</sup> *Magistri N. &c.*] This garbling the canonical hours is nicely to sift into them, to examine them minutely, &c. Thus the forty books, which one of our masters of the old Sorbonne had published on the scrupulous garbling the canonical hours, should seem to teach the necessity of diving into all the mysteries of them, which would have been much to the tooth of this friar Lick-dish, who would indeed say these prayers over, out of duty, while some other ecclesiastical guest might be cully enough literally to practice all its fine precepts out of devotion. "Politianus, canonicus Florentinus, interrogatus, an legisset horas canonicas? dixit: Semel perlegi istum librum, et nunquam pejus collocavi tempus."

<sup>74</sup> *Arsiversitatorium, &c.*] This book must be a new one, since it treats of the overthrow (*culbut* in French) of most of the religious fraternities, which happened in several countries, nobody knows how, at that time.

<sup>75</sup> *The rasher, &c.*] I know not what rasher means here; it is *ca-bourne* in the original, which, M. le Duchat says, is that piece of cloth, made oval-wise, worn by the capuchins during their noviciate; and by it the author means a sort of stupidity in the novices of that order; and it is from these words that is derived the Italian *capronaggine*, which Ant. Oudin has rendered by that of *lourdauderie*; i. e. blockishness.

<sup>76</sup> *The rammishness.*] This title being in the Gothic edition of Rabelais 1534, six years before the institution of the Jesuits was approved, or so

The Muttering of Pitiful Wretches.<sup>77</sup>

Dastardismus rerum Italicarum, authore Magistro Burnegad.<sup>78</sup>

Rt. Lullius de Batisfolagiis Principum.<sup>79</sup>

Calibistratorium caffardiæ, authore M. Jacobo Hocstraten hereticometra.<sup>80</sup>

much as their name known, nobody can say Rabelais had an eye to their society, though grafted on all the sects of monks both ancient and modern; which is the meaning of *supercogne-he-antiquee*. It is much more likely that Ignatius being in 1528 at Paris, where he practised, and caused to be practised, the spiritual exercises he had composed, Rabelais looked on this refinement made by a Spaniard in matter of piety, as a pleasant method to cure the world at once of its opinion that the Spaniards stunk no less, or were a whit more orthodox than the hypocrites or bigots of Berne, descended, like them, from the Goths and Saracens, who had for many ages lorded it in Spain: which Rabelais has expressed in his way by the burlesque title of the rammishness (or frowzy smel) of the Spaniards supercoquellicantiqued by Fra. Inigo. Rabelais, by this article, must have been the first man that ever took notice of this order (Jesuits.) Beza, in the 59th of his epistles, hath strongly declaimed against the devout but empty speculations of the Spaniards, putting in the same scale Ignatius de Loyola and Michael Servetus; "Utrunque," says he, "suis vanissimis inanissimis, Hispanissimis denique contemplationibus addictum."

<sup>77</sup> *The muttering, &c.*] He means the hypocrisy of whimpering pretenders to devotion, who, while they are whining out their prayers, think of nothing but the porridge-pot. [*Marmite* signifies a porridge-pot, as well as *marmiteux* a whimperer.]

<sup>78</sup> *Dastardismus.*] Stephen Brulefer (not Burnegad) a Franciscan friar, and a doctor of Paris in Louis XI.'s time, published several sermons, &c. He taught that neither the pope, nor councils, no, nor the church itself in a body, could establish any new article of faith. He also condemned the meriting by works. On this account his brother doctors of Paris obliged him to fly for protection to Diether, Archbishop of Mentz. It is perhaps on account of this theologian's zeal and resolution, that Rabelais attributes to him the boldness of daring thus publicly to expose the false steps made, till then, by so many princes who had pusillanimously submitted to the pope's yoke. Though, upon second thoughts, the author, perhaps, only rallies the catholic powers of Europe for letting the Italians so easily seize and engross the papacy to themselves.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>79</sup> *Lullius.*] Rabelais calls by the name of *batifolage*, i. e. ridiculous occupation, the eager endeavours of several princes to find out the philosopher's stone after Raymond Lully's time, who was reckoned to have found it.

<sup>80</sup> *Calibistratorium, &c.*] I fancy this title may be thus construed: the papers, writings, and evidences of the ecclesiastical hypocrites, by way of brief or instruction to James Hocstraten, who was to take the measure and sound the depth of a heretic that was fallen into his hands.

Codtickler de Magistro nostrandorum Magistro nostratorum-  
que beuve<sup>61</sup>is, libri octo galantissimi.<sup>61</sup>

The Crackarades of Bullists or stone-throwing Engines, Con-  
trepate Clerks, Scriveners, Brief-writers, Rapporters, and  
Papal Bull-despatchers, lately compiled by Regis.<sup>62</sup>

A perpetual Almanack for those that have the gout and the  
pox.<sup>63</sup>

Manera sweepandi fornacellos per Mag. Eccium.<sup>64</sup>

The Shable, or Scimeter of Merchants.<sup>65</sup>

The Pleasures of the Monachal Life.<sup>66</sup>

The Hodge-podge of Hypocrites.<sup>67</sup>

The History of the Hobgoblins.<sup>68</sup>

<sup>61</sup> *Codtickler, &c.*] *Chaultcoullonis de magistro beuve<sup>61</sup>is, &c.* [for there is no sense in *beneventi* nor *beurentis*, as some editions have it] the tippling-house (*beuve<sup>61</sup>is*) of our masters the doctors of divinity of Paris, and elsewhere, and of such as aspire to become so, described by a master-rake, a grand whore-master.

<sup>62</sup> *The crackarades.*] *Petarrades.* The kicking, winching, yerking out behind, and farting gun-shot of bullists, &c. It means the quirks, the rogueries, the qui-pro-quos, the rascally, villanous disappointments people must expect that have to do with the various officers of the court of Rome. For here *petarrades* means neither more nor less than the Italian *correggiata stuffilata*, which means such sort of tricks and bites, in drawing up or engrossing a writing, as was committed in the agreement between the Landgrave of Hesse and the Emperor Charles V. when the letter *u* was slipped in for an *n*. Again, *faire à quelqu'un la petarade*, is to make a fool of one.

<sup>63</sup> *A perpetual almanack.*] *Res ipsa loquitur.*

<sup>64</sup> *Manera, &c.*] *Manera ramonandi fournelles per M. Eccium.* *Ramoneur* is French for a chimney-sweeper. *Eccius*, a German divine, and one of Luther's antagonists is here ridiculed for having, in the style of a chimney-sweeper, written a piece wherein he defended, against Luther, the doctrine of purgatory.

<sup>65</sup> *The shable, &c.*] In the original, *le Poulemart des marchans*, i. e. the tradesman's packthread; for in Dauphiny, and the country of the Lyonnais, the tradesmen and shopkeepers call, by the name of *poulemart*, the packthread they use in tying up their small wares in petty parcels, which is far from the signification Oudin assigns to this word, namely, a scimeter or hanger.

<sup>66</sup> *The pleasures, &c.*] *Les aises de la vie monachale.* The ease, comforts, and conveniences of a lazy abbey-lubber's life.

<sup>67</sup> *The hodge-podge of hypocrites.*] *La galimafrée des bigots.* The olla-podrida, or mingle-mangle of all the superstitions practised by bigots.

<sup>68</sup> *The history of the hobgoblins.*] Below, in l. 3, c. 23, Rabelais mentions a story of the hobgoblins (*farfadetz*) of Orleans, relating to the provost's wife there; and Sleidan takes notice of the same as a piece of notorious roguery of the Cordeliers of Orleans.

The Ragamuffianism of the pensionary maimed soldiers.<sup>89</sup>

The Gulling Fibs and counterfeit Shows of Commissaries.<sup>90</sup>

The Litter of Treasurers.<sup>91</sup>

The Juglingatorium of Sophisters.<sup>92</sup>

Antipericatametananaparbeugedamphicibrationes Toordicantium.<sup>93</sup>

The Periwinkle of Ballad-makers.<sup>94</sup>

The Push-forward of the Alchemists.<sup>95</sup>

The author generally calls all the mendicants by the name of *farfadetz*, because he looks upon them as men that would, upon occasion, be guilty of the same rogueries as the Franciscan friars, i. e. act their impious farce of mimicking sprites, apparitions, and hobgoblins, called in some places *farfadets*, from *fadus*, which comes from *fari*.

<sup>89</sup> *The raggamuffianism, &c.*] *La bellustrandie des mille-souldiers*. M. Duchat interprets it, the miserable pinching life of those who have no way to grow rich, but by an extreme avarice. I rather think it may be construed, especially as *belistre* signifies a sturdy beggar, the sad shifts old maimed soldiers are put to; for, *mille-souldiers* means such soldiers as have only mille sous (or 5*l.* sterling<sup>6</sup> yearly pension) to live upon, and no more.

<sup>90</sup> *The gulling, &c.*] *Les hapelourdes des officiaux*. The fallacious exterior figure made by officials, chancellors of bishops and others, *ejusdem farinae*.

<sup>91</sup> *The litter, &c.*] *La bauduffe des thesoriers*. Litter is one meaning of the word *bauduffe*, but I remember to have read somewhere, that it likewise signifies a gig, or casting-top; and M. Duchat confirms it, for he says, as the functions of the treasurers of France (who are incredibly numerous, see Cotgrave) are neither frequent nor difficult to discharge, Rabelais assigns to these (most commonly unemployed) officers a top to whip, by way of amusement; muchwhat upon the same footing as in l. i, c. 38, he brings in the generals of the finances at Montpellier, who not knowing how to employ themselves one day, when according to custom they were assembled, fell to playing at muss like little children.

<sup>92</sup> *The juglingatorium, &c.*] *Badinatorium sophistarum*. By the sophists, in the Rabelaisian style, generally is meant the Sorbonists. This title is a satire on the school divinity, which the author looked upon as a vain study and mere foolery, child's play, bambroozling amusement (*badinage*.)

<sup>93</sup> *Antipericatametananaparbeugedamphicibrationes toordicantium.*] It is in some editions *merdicantium*, which inclines M. Duchat to think our author designates the physicians by the barbarous terms of their profession.

<sup>94</sup> *The periwinkle, &c.*] *Le limasson des rimassurs*. This should be Englished, according to Duchat's note, a snail-like spitting, driveling, foaming or slaving (by which I suppose he means the frothy, vain babble of paltry poets, in their playing upon words in their creeping, crawling, reptile rhymes.)

<sup>95</sup> *The push-forward, &c.*] *Le boutevent des alchymistes*. The buttar

The Niddy-noddy of the Satchel-loaded Seckers, by Friar Blindfastatis.<sup>96</sup>

The Shackles of Religion.<sup>97</sup>

The Racket of Swaggerers.<sup>98</sup>

The Leaning-stock of old age.<sup>99</sup>

The Muzzle of Nobility.<sup>100</sup>

The Ape's paternoster.<sup>101</sup>

The Crickets and Hawks bells of Devotion.<sup>102</sup>

*vento* of the Italians, signifies the winds beginning to blow. Thus we are to understand the first effects of that madness, which puts the gentlemen of the bellows upon blowing the coal. If you spell it *boutavant*, *bouter* signifying *pousser*, may allude to the fallacious hopes which push forward such as hunt for the philosopher's stone, which they tell me is, after all, but a brickbat.

<sup>96</sup> *The niddy-noddy, &c.] La nicquenocque des Questeurs cababezacée par frere Serratis.* It seems to have an eye to those little deformed hump-backed beggars, who niche or nestle in the night in private houses to do the master's work. As for Serratis, the name of this brother, or friar-beggar, it comes from *serrer*, to lock up fast, and characterizes the true inclination of a begging monk, to lock up whatever is given him. Lastly, as for *cababezacée*, it is an adjective made up of *cabas* and *bezace*, and intimates to us that such mumpers are used to put into their wallet [*bezace*] only part of what they catch; but that a certain basket, or cabas, which lies hid within, serves to secrete for their dear selves alone many a good sliver of what is bestowed on them.

<sup>97</sup> *The shackles, &c.] Les entraves de religion.* The monastic vows, which nolens volens attach monks to the injunctions of religion, and to the rule they have embraced.

<sup>98</sup> *The racket of swaggerers.] La raquette des brimbaleurs.* *Brimbaler* is the same as *agiter*, *secouer*: *brimbaler les cloches*, to ring, or set the bells a-ringing. *Laraquette*, as M. Duchat says, is the grate (not unlike a racket) which hinders the monks from going to the nuns, with whom (could they but get to them) they would ring them another guess sort of a peel, and with different bells from those in the church-steeple. So those words should be translated, the grate of the bell-ringers.

<sup>99</sup> *The leaning-stock of old age.] M. le Duchat says nothing to it, or of it.*

<sup>100</sup> *The muzzle of nobility.] La museliere de noblesse.* *Museliere*, no doubt, signifies a muzzle, and so it does two or three things besides. But Belon, in his *Singularitez, &c.*, c. 35, will have it to mean the mask or vizard worn by young ladies and women of quality. But here, says M. Duchat, *la musehere* particularly points at the musing, dreaming, lounging life led by the French gentry in Rabelais's time.

<sup>101</sup> *The ape's pater-noster.] La patenostre du cinge,* the old way, I suppose, of spelling *singe*, from *simia*, an ape in Latin. The hypocrisy of outside devotionalists. Properly we call by the name of the ape's pater-noster, an appearance of sanctity, which ends in some signal roguery.

<sup>102</sup> *The crickets and hawk-bells of devotion.] Les gr.ailles de*



The Pot of the Ember weeks.<sup>103</sup>

The Mortar of the politic life.<sup>104</sup>

The Flap of the Hermits.<sup>105</sup>

The Riding-hood or Monterg of the Penitentiaries.<sup>106</sup>

The Trictrac of the Knocking Friars.<sup>107</sup>

*devotion.* Cotgrave's Dictionary, which, by the way, I find to have been the book chiefly consulted by Sir T. U., says *gresillon*, is a cricket. Boyer says no such thing. Hear what M. Duchat says: Rabelais here alludes to the custom of some superstitious people, when they say their pater-nosters, to twist and twine the beads about their thumbs, just as the executioner does the grezillons or small whip-cord, which he ties about the thumbs of such as suffer the ordinary rack.

<sup>103</sup> *The pot of the ember weeks.*] *La marmite des quatretemps.* A pun upon the substantive *marmite*, which signifies a seething-pot, and the adjective *marmiteux*, whimpering, whining. So it means the piteous, whimpering countenance put on by hypocrites, who would persuade people that they have rigorously kept the fast of the four ember-weeks.

<sup>104</sup> *The mortar of the politic life.*] *Le mortier de vie politique.* The capuche (or cowl, that part of a friar's habit which covers his head.) This capuche, like the ancient caps of presidents, called mortiers, covers the eyes of those who would be reckoned as dead (*morts*) to the world, i. e. politically dead, as the phrase is.

<sup>105</sup> *The flap of the hermits.*] *Le mouschet des hermites.* *Mouschet*, M. Duchat says, comes from *monachettus*, a monkling (as Mr. Dryden calls a young god, a godling.) Hermits are by their habit a diminutive sort of monks; and at Metz, *mouchet* is an appellative for a little bird, they in other places call a sparrow (*moineau*), because of its colour and coat. It keeps altogether about walnut trees. Cotgrave says *moineau* signifies also a novice; a young, or little monk.

<sup>106</sup> *The riding-hood of the penitentiaries.*] *La barbute des penitenciers.* The meaning of *barbute* Boyer's Dictionary declares not, any more than that of above six hundred other words in these four volumes. Cotgrave says it is a riding-hood, as above; a *montero*, or close hood, wherewith travellers preserve their faces and heads from frost-biting and weather-beating in winter. M. Duchat, who I perceive was well acquainted with Cotgrave's Dictionary, (though not one English gentleman in a hundred, even of those that are fond of the French tongue, know anything of its real worth.) M. Duchat, I say, concurs with Cotgrave, in his description of the *barbute*, and adds that this habit, made in fashion of a domino, under which a priest may with impunity, and at ease, laugh at all that is said to him in confession, suits rarely well with your penitentiaries (generally a parcel of sly-boots), who thus prepare themselves to hear, in a very cold church, the confessions of a multitude of people.

<sup>107</sup> *The trictrac of the knocking friars.*] *Le trictrac des freres fraparts.* Trictrac, a game at tables with dice, called so for no other reason, I suppose, but on account of the sound and noise made by the continual motion of the dice, and so may allude to the bustling,

Blockheadodus, de vitâ et honestate bragadochiorum.<sup>108</sup>

Lyrippii Sorbonici Moralisationes, per M. Lupoldum.<sup>109</sup>

The Carrier-horse bells of Travellers.<sup>110</sup>

The Bibbings of the tippling Bishops.<sup>111</sup>

stirring life of the mendicants. But it is more likely that by the *tric-trac* of the knocking friars, Rabelais denotes the *tran-tran* (the *knack*, we call it) of the claustral life, which the masters understand incomparably better than the novices. *Frapart* (from *fraper*, to strike) signifies in French a good strokesman; a rare woman's man; a notable hair-beater (*battre la laine*, in French, to *lecher* it well.)

<sup>108</sup> *Blockheadodus de vitâ et honestate bragadochiorum.*] It is in the original, *Lourdaudus de vitâ et honestate bragardorum*. Formerly in France, a man was called a *bragard*, that was flauntingly dressed, from the word *bragues*, short and close linen breeches worn next to the thighs, as drawers or under slops are worn now by some. The fashion of these ancient *bragues* being laid aside, together with the *braguettes* (codpieces), as indecent, because both one and the other did too visibly mark out the place and shape of the parts that ought to be nameless, a man must be very unmannerly and rude to continue to justify the use of them; and for that reason Rabelais here brings in a *lourdaud* (i. e. a gross unlicked cub, a clownish unpolished jobbermole, for so *lourdaud* means) launching out in praise of those *bragues*, and undertaking to revive the use of them.

<sup>109</sup> *Lyrippii Sorbonici moralisationes, per M. Lupoldum.*] Rabelais ascribes to a German doctor, one Lupold or Leopold, a treatise explaining all the mysteries of learning and piety contained in the shape, and throughout all the parts of the ancient doctorial hood, or Sorbonnic lirippion, so called from the Flemish hercype; as if one should say, a sort of bagpipe descending from the head and hanging down on the shoulders. See Vossius de vitis sermonis, p. 238, and in the appendix, p. 807. The authors of the Camb. Dictionary call it liripoop. See there, under the words "*lirippium, cleropeplum, et epomis*," what is said of it by Skinner, Beeman, Somner, and others.

<sup>110</sup> *The carrier-horse bells of travellers.*] *Les brimbelettes des voyageurs.* It means the baubles, gewgaws, and toys, which some of the travelling sort of gentry load themselves with. *Brimbelette*, M. Duchat thinks, is derived from the Italian *bimba*, which signifies a little miss's doll.

<sup>111</sup> *The bibbings of the tippling bishops.*] *Les potingues des Evesques potatifs.* *Potingues*: Cotgrave does indeed interpret it tippling exploits. But to M. Duchat, the word *potingues* seems here to have a twofold sense, as well as *potatifs*, a nickname alluding to *portatif*, an appellation formerly of a bishop in partibus, or titular bishop of a diocese, the revenue whereof was enjoyed by another. In this sense, it may come from *poting*, which, Cotgrave tells us, signifies broken pieces of metal, or of old vessels mingled one with another, not capable of being gilt, and with which Rabelais may have meant that the bulls of such prelates, who are always poor, were sealed. As for the other signification, it is composed of *pot* and *ting*, which is the sound made

Tarrabalationes Doctorum Coloniensium adversus Reuchlin.<sup>112</sup>

The Cymbals of Ladies.<sup>113</sup>

The Dungers' Martingale.<sup>114</sup>

Whirlingfriskorum Chasemarkororum per Fratrem Crackwoodloquetis.<sup>115</sup>

by drinking-glasses, when, in carousing, people knock them against each other; and so Rabelais may have had a design to reproach the potative bishops of his time, who were most of them Sorbonists, with their dissolute drunken way of living, altogether unbecoming men of their function.

<sup>112</sup> *Tarrabalationes, &c.*] The hurly-burly, noise and uproar raised against Reuchlin by the theologues of Cologne. All this rout was owing to the avarice of one Pfefferkorn, a converted Jew, about the Hebrew books, all which, except the Bible, that wicked man would have taken away from the Jews, to whom he afterwards would have sold them again at a very dear rate. This being vigorously opposed (in 1510) by the learned and equitable Reuchlin, he brought upon his back all the theologues of Cologne, who removed the matter to Rome, and had him sent thither, where, after an altercation of ten whole years, the affair was at last decided, to the utter confusion of those people who had plagued him so long.

<sup>113</sup> *The cymbals of Ladies.*] The irregular, wanton life of some ladies of quality.

<sup>114</sup> *The dungers' martingale.*] Before, in l. l. c. 20, it is said, all was done as they did appoint, only Gargantua doubted that they could not quickly find out breeches fit for his wearing (Janotus') because he knew not what fashion would best become the said orator, whether the martingale fashion, wherein is a sponge-hole, with a drawbridge for the fundament, in order to dung the more easily; or the fashion of the mariners, &c. This sort of breeches, which was still in use in Rabelais' time, took its name from the Martegaux, the people of Martegue in Provence, who were the first inventors of it, and the author assigns them to such guttlers and foul feeders as the pedant Janotus, because these same martingale breeches having, behind, an opening covered with a piece of square cloth, which moved up or down like a drawbridge, perfectly well suited those great eaters, who oftentimes cannot untruss other breeches fast enough.

<sup>115</sup> *Whirling friskorum, &c.*] *Virevoustorium naquetorum per E. Pedebilletis.* The veering, whirling, frisking tricks of the Capuchins and Cordeliers, reduced into an art by an errant foot-trotter of their order. • *Naqueter* is to dance attendance, or follow great men's levees, as the Capuchins go from door to door mumping, and using a thousand (*vire-voutes*) shifts to pick up whatever comes in their way to cram the gut. The *Passepartout* of the Jesuits, printed in 1607, p. 33, speaks of the Capuchins as a sort of people :

“ Desquels la troupe vagabonde,  
Ne s'attache point en ce monde  
A quelque certain retailier :

The Clouted Patches for a Stout Heart.<sup>116</sup>

The Mummeſy of the Racket-keeping Robin-good-fellows.<sup>117</sup>

Gerson, de auferibilitate Papæ ab Ecclesia.<sup>118</sup>

Et. marmiteuse ne s'arreste  
Qu' aux *vire-roustes* de sa queſte,  
F'ausant de son dos son grenier."

Who, in this world, a vagrant pack,  
Confine themselves to no one rack,  
But make a garner of their back.  
In tricks of mumping they abound,  
Ferret about from ground to ground,  
Still *veering*, *vaulting*, whirling round.

<sup>116</sup> *The clouted, &c.*] The old patched shoe of a merry heart. *Les bobelins de franc courage.* An encomium on cobblers who sing at their work.

<sup>117</sup> *The mummeſy of the robin-good-fellows.*] *La mommerie des rabat et lutins.* What we call hobgoblins, or raw-head and bloody-bones, is called *rabatz* in the provinces of Anjou, Poitou, Saintonge, and Normandy. So *rabaster* signifies to make a thundering noise as spirits do. Now hear what it is to thunderize it, as spirits that haunt a house are used to do. The Franciscan friars of Amboise, says Menage, had formerly a custom, towards the end of Lent, to dispose a great quantity of small flint-stones upon several boards over the wooden ceiling of their church; and on Ash-Wednesday, as soon as the deacon had pronounced, in singing our Saviour's passion, the words at which every one uses to fall on their faces, some of the novices, who were ordered beforehand to hold themselves ready for that purpose over the ceiling, turned these boards over, one after another; so that the stones falling thus on all sides of the ceiling, made a prodigious rumbling, and this was called "*le rabast des Cordeliers.*" This is the custom which Rabelais calls *mummeſy*. See Men. Dic. Etym. at the word *rabater*.

<sup>118</sup> *Gerson de auferibilitate papæ ab ecclesia.*] The learned John Gerson, a Celestin monk, doctor of Sorbonne, and Chancellor of the University of Paris, had been deputed in 1411 to the council of Constance. There, having taken notice of the obstinacy of the two antipopes, Gregory and Benedict, in maintaining themselves in the papacy against John XXII. of XXIII., under colour that this last was upon the point of being degraded, he took occasion to publish a treatise with this title; "*De auferibilitate papæ ab ecclesia.*" In order to know what the author's drift was, whether to maintain this point, viz., that the church may, or can subsist without a pope, or only to prove that, for the good of the church, and to put a stop to the schism which had divided it for forty years, the council, at that time lawfully assembled, had a right to depose a pope canonically elected; in order, I say, to know this, you must yourself read Gerson's book. Meanwhile, it will not be amiss to let you know that Pasquier is one of those who will have it that Gerson wrote his book only to prove the latter point, any

The Catalogue of the Nominated and Graduated Persons.<sup>119</sup>  
 Jo. Dytebrodii, de terribilitate excommunicationum libellulus  
 acephalos.<sup>120</sup>  
 Ingeniositas invocandi diabolos et diabolos, per M. Guin-  
 golphum.<sup>121</sup>

no other ; but take this along, that he who calls Rabelais a Lucianist, under the name of a certain author, who, in his time judged otherwise of the learned Gerson, did not know that this very opinion, which he denies Gerson to have held, having been, even in Gerson's own time, maintained in the face of the Sorbonne by Master John de Gigencourt, did pass, and was followed by an edict, by virtue whereof France, for three years together, made a shift without any pope at all ; nor did she begin again to own any pope before Alexander V. See Froissart, vol. iv. c. 59, 61, and 67. Monstrelet, vol. i. c. 30, 43, and 52, and Innocent Gentillet's pref. to pt. 2d of his Anti-Machiavel.

<sup>119</sup> *The catalogue, &c.] La ramasse des nommez et graduez.* Ramasse does by no means signify a catalogue, but a wheel-barrow. Hear M. Duchat. It is not enough that an university shall have nominated one of its members to any benefice which appertained to the graduates, even by the pragmatic sanction, and afterwards by the concordat ; neither was it sufficient for the graduates to ask the benefice of him who had the collating it. (See Duaren. de Sacr. Eccl. Ministeriis, l. 5, c. 13.) No, the most difficult part of all was still to come, and that was for the nominee to come at his bulls, which, before the establishing of bankers by the court of Rome in certain cities, the party was forced to travel to Rome for, in *propria personâ* ; and it not being possible to do this, without being conveyed down the steep and slippery places in Piedmont (now I use Cotgrave's words) in a *ramasse* (a kind of high sledge or wheel-barrow). Rabelais coins this title of a book, which he calls the wheel-barrow of graduates. To confirm this, Nicot, the same who published a dictionary, and was likewise an ambassador (from France) to the court of Portugal, from whence, during his residence, he sent into France the first tobacco that was ever seen there, from him called Nicotiana (*herba*) ; this same Nicot, I say, tells us, that people being obliged to gather themselves up (*se ramasser*) upon *rameaux* or branches of trees, in descending the Alps, thence comes Rabelais' *ramasse des nommez et graduez*.

<sup>120</sup> *Jo. Dytebrodii, &c.]* Rabelais calls by the name of libellulus acephalos. i. e. a little pamphlet without a title, a treatise of papal excommunications and their terrible consequences ; and he attributes this book to a German, because that nation, which in former times had felt the dreadful effects of more than one emperor being excommunicated, had, in his time, almost wholly separated themselves from the communion of the pope, who, for that reason, had cut them off from the Roman church, of which he is the head.

<sup>121</sup> *Ingeniositas, &c.]* The legend of St. Gengulf says, this man had no brawling a wife, that he, conceiving it to be properly the business of heaven to deliver him from the continual clamours of this woman, begged of the Almighty, that for the time to come every injurious

The Hotch-potch or Gallimaufry of the perpetually begging Friars.<sup>122</sup>

The Morris-dance of the Heretics.<sup>123</sup>

The Whinings of Cajetan.<sup>124</sup>

Muddisnout Doctoris Cherubici, de origine Roughfootedarum, et Wryneckedorum ritibus, libri septem.<sup>125</sup>

(Billingsgate) word she should offer at uttering, might be so many farts issuing out of her mouth. I do not remember whether his prayer was heard or no; perhaps not; and so thus disappointment might put him upon trying another method, that of imploring the aid of the infernal powers. The name of Gengulf shows the man to be a German, and in all times the Germans have wrote upon the subject of the black art. Naudæus mentions a German, one Gengolphus, whose philosophical works were almost the only ones that had the vogue in France before the restoration of polite learning.

<sup>122</sup> *The hodge podge, or gallimaufry, &c.*] In the original, it is *Le hoscchepot des perpetuons*. The word *perpetuons* Cotgrave does indeed interpret the perpetually begging friars, as Sir T. U. has it. M. Duchat's interpretation likewise seems to restrain this to begging friars; but I should think the word *perpetuons* may be extended to all (popish) ecclesiastics, secular or regular, who perpetuate themselves, or are perpetuated, like other communities who never die. *Genus æterna, in qua nemo nascitur*, says Pliny, l. 5, c. 17, of certain hermits dwelling in the deserts of Palestine. Suppose we Englished *perpetuons* by church perpetuants.

<sup>123</sup> *The morris-dance of the heretics.*] *La morisque de hereticques*. The morris (*rectius* moorish) dance of the heretics, means neither more nor less than the punishment of the halter, which, in Rabelais's time, was particularly appropriated to the Lutherans, who, after two or three jerks, were let fall into a fire kindled at the foot of the gibbet. This is properly the moorish dance the author hints at. The Moors intermingle their sports and dances with grimaces, and dangerous jumpings, called also *morisques*, when introduced into the French dances and public shows; and it is with a view to this likewise, that Rabelais here introduces a morisque dance, which he ascribes to the pretended heretics of his time, because they had the hue of Moors, and made hideous grimaces and horrible distortions, as well as convulsive twitchings, as they were hanging and burning according to the custom of those days.

<sup>124</sup> *The Whinnings, &c.*] *Les heruilles de Gâtan*. Which means, according to Sir T. U. the whinnings: according to Cotgrave (under the word *anilles*) crutches for impotent persons; but according to M. Duchat, old wives' tales (*anilla*, from *anus*); or else, still according to Duchat, it may mean *guenilles*, rags, and tatterdemallion fragments; in either of which two last senses Rabelais may have intended the opuscula (small pieces) published by Friar Thomas de Vio, afterwards Cardinal Cutton (for Aucta and Cuncta is Cajeta) printed all together in 1511, and by him dedicated to Nicholas Cardinal of Fiesque.

<sup>125</sup> *Muddisnout, &c.*] *Moullegrom doctoris cherubici de origine pelletularum, et torticollorum ritibus, lib. septem*. They were wont to call

Sixty-nine fat Breviaries.<sup>126</sup>

The Night-Mare of the five orders of Beggars.<sup>127</sup>

cherubical and illuminated certain ancient scholastic doctors, of whose sanctity and great understanding the people had so high an opinion, that they looked upon them as so many angels and cherubims. Now cherubims being painted with red fiery faces, people used to call, by way of derision, cherubical and illuminated doctors, certain notable good fellows among the old Sorbonists, who owed the carbuncular richness of their phiz to their continual drinking. It is under colour of these two different kinds of illuminations and burnishings, that our author rubs up a certain cherubical doctor, whom he calls, not muddy-snout, but wet-snout, *mouille-grom*, the better to express this doctor's frequent lifting his hand to his head, or wetting his wind-pipe, as we say. The hairy-paw'd, *pates-pelues*, or *papelus*, as Fontaine calls them, are the Cordeliers, on account of the Jacob-like hypocrisy they are charged with, and the (*torticollis*) wry-necked are the same Cordeliers; for that, in order to imitate the agonies of our Saviour upon the cross, they hang their heads down on one shoulder, as if they were just giving up the ghost through excessive fastings and macerations (mortifications.)

<sup>126</sup> *Sixty-nine fat breviaries.*] *Soixante et neuf breviaires de haute gresse.* Rabelais laughs at St. Victor's library, for having in it almost as many breviaries, mass-books, service-books worn out, rubbed, and thumb'd as any other sort of books all together. That there were so many old breviaries is no wonder, if we consider it as the library of a large and ancient religious community; and as to their being so very greasy, *de haute gresse*, the library being founded 4 or 500 years ago, it is impossible, among such a multitude of service-books belonging to the house, but there must be some very greasy and fat, since they were used every day in the abbey and church.

<sup>127</sup> *The night mare, &c.*] *Le godemarre des cinq ordres des mendiants.* *Godemarre* sometimes means the huge, gulchy, tun-belliedness of these same mendicant monks of all orders, who do *curios simulare*, and *bacchanalia vivere*: in this case *godemarre* is quasi *yogue mare*, changing, as in the word *godelureau* the (g) into (d): now *yogue*, says Cotgrave, is a sheep's paunch, and *mare* comes from *major*. Thus, Feneste, l. 1, c. 13, "Il y a un Godemard Espagnol, qui se fait porter à la procession dans une chaire percée, et va conchiant tout le mystere de ses fumets." There is a big-bellied Spaniard carried at the procession, sitting on a close-stool, and bewraying the whole mystery with his *fumetts*, i. e. dung and excrements. Again, I have seen Spaniards in a wheel-barrow-like coach airing their tub of guts, *godemarre*, &c. The word *godemarre* signifies likewise that period of time, viz. the beginning of night, when the monks chaunt the anthem *Gaude Maria virgo*; and sometimes *godemarre* signifies the same as *la cochemare*, the night mare, a disease of the spleen; an oppression of the stomach by vapours in one's sleep; called *pesadilla* by the Spaniards, from *pesár*, to be ponderous; and by the Italians, *incubo* from *in* and *cubare*. Wherefore, since *godemarre* and *cochemare* are oftentimes synonymous, and that in this chapter Rabelais is continually levelling his shot at the

The Skinnery of the new Start-ups, extracted out of the fallow-butts, incornifistibulated and plodded upon in the angelic sum.<sup>129</sup>

The Raver and idle Talker in cases of Conscience.<sup>129</sup>

The Fat Belly of the Presidents.<sup>130</sup>

The Baffling Flowter of the Abbots.<sup>131</sup>

monks, especially the mendicants, and that in chap. 6 of the Pantagruelian Prognostication, *cochemare* manifestly comes from *calcare mures*, to tread the males; it is highly probable, that in the title above, he taxes the five orders of mendicants with boy-loving, pæderasty, preposterous venery, mollyism.

<sup>129</sup> *The skinnery, &c.] La pelleterie des tirelupins, extraicte de la botte fauve incornifistibulée en la somme angelique.* This title only treats of the manner how to skin your heretics, *pellis* signifying the skin of a beast flayed off, whence our word pelt; to skin them, I say, before they are dead, and make them chanter, *squeak*, 'fess, as our cant word is, and this according as it is taught in the summa of Thomas Aquinas, who, I think, should be called the diabolical, not angelical doctor; according, likewise, as it was practised upon the said heretics by covering their legs before they burned them, only by way of torture, with a sort of buskin or boot of parchment, which, being brought close to a fire, shrivels up; and this, being drawn upon the leg as tight as possible, must cause an inexpressible pain. We read, in chap. 24 of the Apology for Herodotus, that a white-friar, one John de Rome, who styled himself inquisitor of the heretics of Provence, was wont, on examining any person suspected of heresy, to put on him or her the boots, and he himself would fill them with boiling grease, which was a sure means to make the sufferer leave his skin and hair in the boot. He continued to exercise this cruelty on the poor Vaudois or Turlupins (see this word explained elsewhere) of Cabrieres and Merindol, till the year 1544, when, through the fear of being so tortured, as was the king's design they should be, they sought an asylum in Avignon. See Bez. Eccl. Hist. in 1544.

<sup>129</sup> *The raver, &c.] Le ravasseur des cas de conscience.* Such as have read the voluminous works of Sanchez, and other casuists, need not be told how idly these authors were forced to talk; how they were forced to dream and dream again, *revasser*, to be able to coin all those frivolous, dangerous, and scandalous questions, which those books are full of.

<sup>130</sup> *The fat belly of the presidents.] La bedondaine des presidents.* From *bedon* and *bedondon*, *onomatopæias* signifying a drum, are derived *bedaine* and *bedondaine*, to signify the belly, that part of it, says Cotgrave, which is between the naval and the privities, the paunch, because of its resemblance to a drum. Thus the *bedondaine* of presidents is the replete, out-strutting belly of those gentlemen, either with regard to the double portion they have in the macaroons, (gunkets, see more of this elsewhere,) or because they, not arriving to their employment, but by a gradation through other offices of judicature, are supposed to have doubly fattened themselves by their trade.

<sup>131</sup> *The baffling, &c.] Le vietdazouer des Abbez* Whether *vietdazouer*



Sutoris adversus quendam qui vocaverat eum Slabsauccatorem et quod Slabsauccatores non sunt damnati ab Ecclesia.<sup>132</sup>

Cacatorium medicorum.<sup>133</sup>

The Chimney-Sweeper of Astrology.<sup>134</sup>

Campi clysteriorum per § C.<sup>135</sup>

The bumsquibcracker of Apothecaries.<sup>136</sup>

The Kissbreach of Chirurgery.<sup>137</sup>

comes from *viso di asino*, face of an ass, ass's countenance, or whether here, as is most probable, Rabelais gives this word, another origin, *mentula asini*; we may in either case see he held the abbots in his time in no better esteem, than Verville, since him, has done a certain bishop whom he dares not name, but whom he calls *grand vieuaze*, an old scoundrel, metaphorically, though literally an ass's touchtripe.

<sup>132</sup> *Sutoris, adversus quendam qui, &c.*] Thus is plainly meant of Peter Sutor, a Carthusian, who, to an apology wherein he was maltreated by Erasmus, opposed a counter-apology. Besides two books which he wrote of the way of living of the Carthusians, he had, before that, composed a treatise "De tralatione Biblie, et novarum reprobatione interpretationum;" which, no doubt, having brought upon him some severe reflections on the part of Erasmus, the author, in the volume ascribed to him by Rabelais, repels them by showing that in that work of his he only followed and defended the principles of the Roman church. As for Sutor's maintaining, in the same work, that the church did not condemn knaves and sharpers, it is a cutting stroke Rabelais gives those who say the church has power to dispense with the observation of the moral law.

<sup>133</sup> *Cacatorium medicorum.*] In chap. 5 of this book, Rabelais says of physicians, they smell of clysters, like so many old devils. Here we have him again expressing his raillery in much the same manner against those of his own profession.

<sup>134</sup> *The chimney-sweeper, &c.*] *Le rammonneur d'astrologie.* The astrologers are generally, with their telescopes, sometimes up, sometimes down, now high, now low, in their observatories, as the chimney-sweepers are with their long poles in the chimnies.

<sup>135</sup> *Campi, &c.*] *Campi clysteriorum per § C.* This per § C. means per Symphorianum Champerium, or, as he was pleased sometimes to call himself, Campegium. This Symphorian Champier, of whose writings we have divers and sundry sorry books, has entitled two or three of them, *campi*, in allusion to his name. Of this number is "campi clysteriorum," taken notice of by Gesner in leaf 606 of his *Bibliothèque*, printed at Zurich 1545.

<sup>136</sup> *The bumsquibcracker of apothecaries.*] *Le tirepet des apoticaire.* Their squirt or syringe. The original means, not their tooth-drawing instrument, but their fart-drawing one; the clyster-pipe.

<sup>137</sup> *The kiss-breach of chirurgery.*] *Le baisecul de chirurgie.* M. Duchat explains this by *l'atouchement du derriere*; the feeling or touching of the posteriors: for, in French, they say of two beams that touch, they kiss each other.

Justinianus de white-leperotis tollendis.<sup>138</sup>

Antidotarium animæ.

Merlinus Coccaius, de patria diabolorum.<sup>139</sup>

The practice of Iniquity, by Cleuraunes Sadden.

Of which library some books are already printed, and the rest are now at the press, in this noble city of Tübingen.<sup>140</sup>

<sup>138</sup> *Justinianus de white-leperotis tollendis.*! *Justinianus de cagotis tollendis.* In l. 3, c. 8, he says, this surred up the valiant Justinian, l. 4, *de cagotis tollendis*, to collocate his *summum bonum in braguibus et braguetis*. This is thought to allude to the title *De Caducis Tollendis*, a law of Justinian's; but I rather take it to be an allusion to a law of the same emperor *De Validis Mendicantibus*, of sturdy beggars, among whom Rabelais would have it understood that Justinian comprised the mendicant monks. This at least is Agrippa's sentiment in his *Vanity of the Sciences*, chap. de mendicitate, which is the 65th.

<sup>139</sup> *Merlinus, &c.*] Theophilus Folengio, who, under the name of Merlinus Coccaius, has written verses in the macaromic style (mock-verses, made up of broken Latin, &c. and a confused huddle of many pleasant things like macaroons) was a Benedictine monk, a native of Mantua, and died very old in 1544, but never published any book entitled "*De Patria Diabolorum*." It is true, Merlin Coccaie, in the epistle which, under the name of magister Aquarius Lodola, he addresses "*ad illustrem dominum Passarinum*," says he had composed five books "*De Stancus Diabolorum*;" or, as he explains himself afterwards, "*quinque libros de inferno*;" but we must take this along with us; he declares, some lines after, that he had joined them to the preceding, which treated of Baldus's exploits, where he gives to understand, that having at first made twenty macaronics, which, as appears by the *Epistolium Colericum*, had been published without his privity, he had since augmented them with five more, entitled, "*De Stancus Diabolorum*," because, though the description of hell properly begins not till the 23rd book, yet it is certain, that that description is prepared at the 20th, where Baldus forms a resolution to visit the devil's country. In the 21st, he looks for the way thither, and finds it; in the 22d he pursues it; and at length, in the 23d, he arrives on the spot. Some reckon five books of Merlin Coccaie, *De Patria Diabolorum*; others, *Menage* for one, reckon but three; they are both in the right, though in different respects, as we have shown. To conclude; as for Rabelais' saying, as he does above, that part of the books of this catalogue are now actually in the press at Tübingen, it must be understood, of the most satirical of them, which could not be printed any where but in a staunch Protestant university.

<sup>140</sup> It is impossible to read Rabelais without an admiration mixed with wonder at the depth and extent of his learning, his multifarious knowledge, and original observation, beyond what books could in that age have supplied him with. *Coleridge.*]

## CHAPTER VIII.

*How Pantagruel, being at Paris, received letters from his father Gargantua, and the copy of them.*

PANTAGRUEL studied very hard, as you may well conceive, and profited accordingly; for he had an excellent understanding, and notable wit, together with a capacity in memory, equal to the measure of twelve oil budgets, or butts of olives. And, as he was there abiding one day, he received a letter from his father in manner as followeth.

Most dear Son,—Amongst the gifts, graces, and prerogatives with which the sovereign plasmator God Almighty hath endowed and adorned human nature at the beginning, that seems to me most singular and excellent, by which we may in a mortal estate attain to a kind of immortality, and in the course of this transitory life perpetuate our name and seed, which is done by a progeny issued from us in the lawful bonds of matrimony. Whereby that in some measure is restored unto us, which was taken from us by the sin of our first parents, to whom it was said, that, because they had not obeyed the commandment of God their Creator, they should die; and by death should be brought to nought that so stately frame and plasmature, wherein the man at first had been created.

But by this means of seminal propagation, there continueth in the children what was lost in the parents; and in the grand-children that which perished in their fathers, and so successively until the day of the last judgment, when Jesus Christ shall have rendered up to God the Father his kingdom in a peaceable condition, out of all danger and contamination of sin: for then shall cease all generations and corruptions, and the elements leave off their continual transmutations, seeing the so much desired peace shall be attained unto and enjoyed, and that all things shall be brought to their end and period. And, therefore, not without just and reasonable cause, do I give thanks to God my Saviour and Preserver, for that he hath enabled me to see my bald old age refflourish in thy youth; for when, at his good pleasure, who rules and governs all things, my soul shall leave this mortal habitation, I shall not account myself wholly to die, but to pass from one place unto another, considering that, in and by thee, I continue in my visible image

living in the world, visiting and conversing with people of honour, and other my good friends, as I was wont to do. Which conversation of mine, although it was not without sin, (because we are all of us trespassers, and therefore ought continually to beseech his divine majesty<sup>1</sup> to blot our transgressions out of his memory,) yet was it by the help and grace of God, without all manner of reproach before men.

Wherefore, if those qualities of the mind but shine in thee, wherewith I am endowed, as in thee remaineth the perfect image of my body, thou wilt be esteemed by all men to be the perfect guardian and treasure of the immortality of our name. But, if otherwise, I shall truly take but small pleasure to see it, considering that the lesser part of me, which is the body, would abide in thee, and the best, to wit, that which is the soul, and by which our name continues blessed amongst men, would be degenerate and abastardized. This I do not speak out of any distrust that I have of thy virtue, which I have heretofore already tried, but to encourage thee yet more earnestly to proceed from good to better. And that which I now write unto thee is not so much that thou shouldest live in this virtuous course, as that thou shouldest rejoice in so living and having lived, and cheer up thyself with the like resolution in time to come; to the prosecution and accomplishment of which enterprize and generous undertaking thou mayest easily remember how that I have spared nothing, but have so helped thee as if I had no other treasure in this world, but to see thee once in my life completely well bred and accomplished, as well in virtue, honesty, and valour, as in all liberal knowledge and civility, and so to leave thee after my death as a mirror representing the person of me thy father, and if not so excellent, and such indeed as I do wish thee, yet such in my desire.

But although my deceased father of happy memory, Grangousier, had bent his best endeavours to make me profit in all perfection and political knowledge, and that my labour and study was fully correspondent to, yea, went beyond his desire, nevertheless, as thou mayest well understand, the time then was not so proper and fit for learning as it is at present, neither had I plenty of such good mas-

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the Lord's prayer.

ters as thou hast had. For that time was darksome, obscured with clouds of ignorance, and savouring a little of the infelicity and calamity of the Goths, who had, wherever they set footing, destroyed all good literature, which in my age hath by the divine goodness been restored unto its former light and dignity, and that with such amendment and increase of knowledge, that now hardly should I be admitted unto the first form of the little grammar-school boys. I say, I, who in my youthful days was, and that justly, reputed the most learned of that age. Which I do not speak in vain boasting, although I might lawfully do it in writing unto thee,—in verification whereof thou hast the authority of Marcus Tullius in his book of old age, and the sentence of Plutarch, in the book intituled, How a man may praise himself without envy:—but to give thee an envious encouragement to strive yet further.

Now it is, that the minds of men are qualified with all manner of discipline, and the old sciences revived, which for many ages were extinct. Now it is, that the learned languages are to their pristine purity restored, viz., Greek, without which a man may be ashamed to account himself a scholar, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldean, and Latin. Printing likewise is now in use, so elegant and so correct, that better cannot be imagined; although it was found out but in my time by divine inspiration, as by a diabolical suggestion on the other side, was the invention of ordnance. All the world is full of knowing men, of most learned schoolmasters, and vast libraries; and it appears to me as a truth, that neither in Plato's time, nor Cicero's, nor P'apinian's, there was ever such conveniency for studying, as we see at this day there is. Nor must any adventure henceforward to come in public, or present himself in company, that hath not been pretty well polished in the shop of Minerva. I see robbers, hangmen, free-booters, tapsters, ostlers, and such like, of the very rubbish 'of the people, more learned now than the doctors and preachers were in my time.

What shall I say? The very women and children have aspired to this praise and celestial manna of good learning. Yet so it is, that at the age I am now of, I have been constrained to learn the Greck tongue,—which I contemned not like Cato,<sup>2</sup> but had not the leisure in my younger years to

<sup>2</sup> *condemned*, &c.] See Plutarch in the life of Cato the censor.

attend the study of it,—and I take much delight in the reading of Plutarch's *Morals*, the pleasant *Dialogues* of Plato, the *Monuments* of Pausanias, and the *Antiquities* of Athenæus, in waiting on the hour wherein God my Creator shall call me, and command me to depart from this earth and transitory pilgrimage. Wherefore, my son, I admonish thee to employ thy youth to profit as well as thou canst, both in thy studies and in virtue. Thou art at Paris, where the laudable examples of many brave men may stir up thy mind to gallant actions, and hast likewise for thy tutor and pedagogue the learned Epistemon, who by his lively and vocal documents may instruct thee in the arts and sciences. •

I intend, and will have it so, that thou learn the languages perfectly; first of all, the Greek, as Quintilian will have it; secondly, the Latin; and then the Hebrew, for the Holy Scripture-sake; and then the Chaldee and Arabic likewise, and that thou frame thy style in Greek in imitation of Plato; and for the Latin, after Cicero. Let there be no history which thou shalt not have ready in thy memory;—unto the prosecuting of which design, books of cosmography will be very conducive, and help thee much. Of the liberal arts of geometry, arithmetic and music, I gave thee some taste when thou wert yet little, and not above five or six years old. Proceed further in them, and learn the remainder if thou canst. As for astronomy, study all the rules thereof. Let pass, nevertheless, the divining and judicial astrology, and the art of Lullius, as being nothing else but plain abuses and vanities. As for the civil law, of that I would have thee to know the texts by heart, and then to confer them with philosophy.

Now, in matter of the knowledge of the works of nature, I would have thee to study that exactly; that so there be no sea, river, nor fountain, of which thou dost not know the fishes; all the fowls of the air; all the several kinds of shrubs and trees, whether in forest or orchards; all the sorts of herbs and flowers that grow upon the ground; all the various metals that are hid within the bowels of the earth; together with all the diversity of precious stones, that are to be seen in the orient and south parts of the world. Let nothing of all these be hidden from thee. Then fail not most carefully to peruse the books of the Greek, Arabian, and Latin phy-

sicians, not despising the Talmudists and Cabalists; and by frequent anatomies get thee the perfect knowledge of that other world, called the microcosm, which is man. And at some of the hours of the day apply thy mind to the study of the Holy Scriptures; first, in Greek, the New Testament, with the Epistles of the Apostles; and then the Old Testament in Hebrew. In brief, let me see thee an abyss, and bottomless pit of knowledge: for from henceforward, as thou growest great and becomest a man, thou must part from this tranquillity and rest of study, thou must learn chivalry, warfare, and the exercises of the field, the better thereby to defend my house and our friends, and to succour and protect them at all their needs, against the invasion and assaults of evil doers.

Furthermore, I will that very shortly thou try how much thou hast profited, which thou canst not better do, than by maintaining publicly theses and conclusions in all arts, against all persons whatsoever, and by haunting the company of learned men, both at Paris and elsewhere. But because, as the wise man Solomon saith, Wisdom entereth not into a malicious mind, and that knowledge without conscience is but the ruin of the soul; it behoveth thee to serve, to love, to fear God, and on him to cast all thy thoughts and all thy hope, and, by faith formed in charity, to cleave unto him, so that thou mayst never be separated from him by thy sins. Suspect the abuses of the world. Set not thy heart upon vanity, for this life is transitory, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. Be serviceable to all thy neighbours, and love them as thyself. Reverence thy preceptors: shun the conversation of those whom thou desirest not to resemble; and receive not in vain the graces which God hath bestowed upon thee. And, when thou shalt see that thou hast attained to all the knowledge that is to be acquired in that part, return unto me, that I may see thee, and give thee my blessing before I die. My son, the peace and grace of our Lord be with thee, Amen.

Thy father, GARGANTUA.

From Utopia the 17th day of the  
month of March.

These letters being received and read, Pantagruel plucked

up his heart, took a fresh courage to him, and was inflamed with a desire to profit in his studies more than ever, so that if you had seen him, how he took pains, and how he advanced in learning, you would have said that the vivacity of his spirit amidst the books was like a great fire amongst dry wood, so active it was, vigorous, and indefatigable.

## CHAPTER IX.

*How Pantagruel found Panurge, whom he loved all his life-time.*

ONE day as Pantagruel was taking a walk without the city, towards St. Anthony's abbey, discoursing and philosophating with his own servants, and some other scholars, he met with a young man of very comely stature, and surpassing handsome in all the lineaments of his body, but in several parts thereof most pitifully wounded; in such bad equipage in matter of his apparel, which was but tatters and rags, and every way so far out of order, that he seemed to have been a-fighting with mastiff dogs, from whose fury he had made an escape, or, to say better, he looked, in the condition wherein he then was, like an apple-gatherer of the country of Perche.

As far off as Pantagruel saw him, he said to those that stood by, Do you see that man there, who is a coming hither upon the road from Charenton-bridge? By my faith, he is only poor in fortune; for I may assure you, that by his physiognomy it appeareth, that nature hath extracted him from some rich and noble race, and that too much curiosity hath thrown him upon adventures, which possibly have reduced him to this indigence, want, and penury. Now as he was just amongst them, Pantagruel said unto him, Let me entreat you, friend, that you may be pleased to stop here a little, and answer me to that which I shall ask you, and I am confident you will not think your time ill bestowed; for I have an extreme desire, according to my ability, to give you some supply in this distress, wherein I see you are; because I do very much commiserate your case, which truly moves me to great pity. Therefore, my friend, tell me, who you are? Whence you come? Whither you go? What you desire? And what your name is? The companion answered him in the German tongue, thus:

“Junker, Gott geb euch glück und heil zuvor. Ließer



Junker, ich lasz euch wissen, das da ihr mich von fragt, ist ein arm und erbärmlich Ding, und wer viel darvon zu sagen, welches euch verdrüssig zu hören, und mir zu erzelen wer, wiewol die Poeten und Oratoren vorzeiten haben gesagt in ihren Sprüchen und Sentenzen, das die gedechtnus des elends und armuths vorlängst erlitten ist eine grosse lust."<sup>1</sup> My friend, said Pantagruel, I have no skill in that gibberish of yours, therefore, if you would have us to understand you, speak to us in some other language. Then did the drole answer him thus:

"Albarildim gotfano dechmin brin alabo dordio falbroth ringuam albaras. Nin portzadikin almucatin milko prin alclmin en thoth dalheben ensouim: kuthim al dum alkatin nim broth dechoth porth min michais im endoth, pruch dalmaisoulum hol moth danfrihim lupaldas im voldemoth. Nin hur diavosth mnarbotim dalgousch palfrapin duch im scoth pruch galeth dal chinon, min foulebrich al conin brutathem doth dal prin."<sup>2</sup> Do you understand none of this? said Pantagruel to the company. I believe, said Epistemon, that this is the language of the Antipodes, and such a hard one, that the devil himself knows not what to make of it. Then, said Pantagruel, Gossip, I know not if the walls do comprehend the meaning of your words, but none of us here doth so much as understand one syllable of them. Then said my blade again:

"Signor mio, voi vedete per essemplio, che la cornamusa non suona mai, s'ella non ha il ventre pieno. Così io parimente non vi saprei contare le mie fortune, se prima il tribulato ventre non ha la solita refettione. Al quale è avviso che le mani et li denti habbiano perso il loro ordine naturale et del tutto annichilati."<sup>3</sup> To which Epistemon answered,

<sup>1</sup> *Eine grosse Lust.*] German. "Young Sir, God give you good luck and prosperity. Dear young Sir, I forewarn you, that that whereof you question me, is a sad and pitiful thing, and there would be much to say, wearisome for you to hear, and me to utter, notwithstanding the poets and orators of old have declared in their fables and discourses that the remembrance of misery and distress endured in times past, affords a present solace." One recalls to mind the line of Virgil:

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

<sup>2</sup> *Dal prin.*] This sentence appears to be corrupt Arabic.

<sup>3</sup> *Annichilati.*] Italian. "Signor, for example one sees that the bagpipes do not sound, unless they be well filled,—so in like manner I relate not my adventures, until first my disconsolate belly receive its

As much of the one as of the other, and nothing of either. Then said Panurge :

"Lord, if you be so virtuous of intelligence, as you be naturally releaved to the body, you should have pity of me. For nature hath made us equal, but fortune hath some exalted, and others deprived ; nevertheless is virtue often deprived, and the virtuous men despised ; for before the last end none is good."<sup>4</sup> Yet less, said Pantagruel. Then said my jolly Panurge :

"Jona andic guaussa goussy etan beharda er remedio beharde versela ysser landa. Anbat es otoy y es nausu cy nessassust gourray proposian ordine den. Non jssena bayta facheria egabe gen herassy badia sadassu noura assia. Aran hondavan gualde cydassu naydassuna. Estou oussyc eg vinan soury hien er darstura eguy harm. Genicoa plasar vadu."<sup>5</sup> Are you there, said Eudemone, Genicoa ? To this said Carpalim, St. Trinian's<sup>6</sup> rammer unstitch your bum, for I had almost understood it. Then answered Panurge :

wonted stuffing. And besides I fear my hands and tegth have wellnigh lost their office, and become mere petrifications."

<sup>4</sup> *None is good.*] The following is the passage as it stands in the first edition. Urquhart seems to have rendered Rabelais' indifferent English into worse Scotch, and this, with probably the use of contractions in his MS., or "the oddness" of handwriting which he owns to, in his Logopandecticon, (p. 419, Mait. Club. Edit.) has led to a chaotic jumble, which it is nearly impossible to reduce to order.—Instead of any attempt to do so, it is here given *verbatim*. "Lard gestholb besna virtuisbe intelligence : ass yi body scalbisbe natural reloth cholb suld osme pety have ; for natur hass visse equaly maidebot fortune sum exalti hesse andoyis deprevit : non yeless iviss mou virtiuss men decreviss for anen ye lade-niss non quid." Here is a morsel for critical ingenuity to fix its teeth in.

<sup>5</sup> *Plasar vadu.*] Biscayan. "Monsieur to every great misfortune a remedy is needful. We ought mutually to help each other. Stay a moment ;—Do but allow me to make known my necessities,—Nay, not to weary you, they shall be nameless. (There are some people who so easily get into a passion.) Excuse my importunities. Give me whatever you think fitting. •Please God, I shall never cease to be grateful for what you, and your people may do for me." We have already had a couple of words in this dialect, in ch. 5 of lib. 1, but in all likelihood Panurge, who here is Rabelais himself, had not well learned this language till after 1542, for, before that, viz. in Dolet's edition, there is none of this speech.

<sup>6</sup> *St. Trinian.*] The Scotch apostle Ninias or Ninianus, to whom, according to Hector Boethius, l. 7, of his History of Scotland, are ascribed many miracles, which will make his name venerable for ever throughout Great Britain.

"Prust frest frinst sorgdmand strochdi drhds pag brlelang Gravot Chavigny P'omardiere rusth pkaldracg Devinierc pres Nays. Couille kalmuch monach drupp del meupplist rineq drind dodelb up dreht loch mine stz ring jald de vins ders cordelis bur joest stzampenards."<sup>7</sup> Do you speak Christian, said Epistemon, or the buffoon language, otherwise called Patelinois? Nay, it is the puzlatory tongue, said another, which some call Lanternois." Then said Panurge :

"Ileere, ik en sprecke anders geen tael dan kersten taelc: my dunkt noghtans, al en seg ik u niet een wordt, mynen noot verklaert genoeg wat ik begeere: geeft my uyt bermhertigheyt yetz, waar van ik gevoet magh zyn."<sup>8</sup> To which answered Pantagruel, As much of that. Then said Panurge :

"Señor, de tanto hablar yo soy cansado, por que yo suplico a vuestra reverentia que mire a los pœceptos evangelicos, para que ellos movan vuestra reverentia a lo que es de conscientia; y si ellos non bastaren, para mover vuestra reverentia a piedad, yo suplico que mire a la piedad natural, la qual yo creo que le movera como es de razon: y con esso non digo mas."<sup>10</sup> Truly, my friend, said Pantagruel, I doubt not but you can speak divers languages; but tell us that which you would have us to do for you in some tongue, which you conceive we may understand. Then said the companion:

"Min Herre, endog ieg med ingen tunge taledc, ligesom bærn, oc uskellige creatuure: Mine klædebon oc mið legoms magerhed uduiser alliguel klarlig huad ting mig best behof gioris, som er sandelig mad oc dricke: Huorfor forbarme dig ofuer mig, oc befal at giue mig noguet, af huilleket ieg

<sup>7</sup> *Stzampenards.*] Bas-Breton and other provincial dialogues jumbled together.

<sup>8</sup> *Lanternois.*] Language of Catholics, since it mentions monks, particularly the Cordeliers.

<sup>9</sup> *Me gh zyn.*] Low Dutch. "Sir, I speak no language, save that of Christians. Indeed it seems to me needless that I should utter a single word. My condition sufficiently interprets that which I implore. For pity's sake give me something that may bring me to again."

<sup>10</sup> *Non digo mas.*] Spanish. "Señor, I am weary of so much speaking, therefore do I supplicate you to have regard to the precepts of the gospel, that they may move your soul; but if they suffice not to draw forth your worship's charity, I would beseech you to have regard to that inborn compassion which I trust will move you to act as becomes you. And saying this, I hold my peace."

kand slyre min giæendis mage, ligeruiis som mand *Cerbero* en suppe forsetter: Saa skalt du lefue længe oc lycksalig.”<sup>11</sup> I think really, said Eusthenes, that the Goths spoke thus of old, and that, if it pleased God, we would all of us speak so with our tails. Then again said Panurge:

“Adon, scalom lecha: im ischar harob hal hebdeca bimeherah thithen li kikar lehem: chanchat ub laah al Adonai cho nen ral.”<sup>12</sup> To which answered Epistemon, At this time have I understood him very well; for it is the Hebrew tongue most rhetorically pronounced. Then again said the gallant:

“Despota tinyn panagathe, dioti sy my ouk artodotis? horas gar limo analiscomcnon eme athlion, ka en to metaxy me ouk eleis oudamos, zetis de par emou ha ou chre. Ke homos philologi pantes homologousi tote logous te ke remata peritta hyparchin, opote pragma afto pasi delon esti. Enthagar anankei monon logi isin, hina pragmata (hon peri amphisbetounen), me prosphoros epiphcnete.”<sup>13</sup> What? said Carpalim, Pantagruel’s footman, It is Greek, I have understood him. And how? hast thou dwelt any while in Greece? Then said the drole again:

“Agonou dont oussys vous dedagnez algarou: nou den farou zamist vous mariston ulbrou, fousques voubrol tant bredaguez moupreton den goulhoust, daguez daguez non

<sup>11</sup> *Lycksalig.*] Danish. “Sir, though I speak but with a language, like that of babes, or senseless brutes, my vestments and this famished body shew clearly my urgent need of meat and drink. Have compassion therefore upon me, and ordain that somewhat be given me to appease my grumbling belly; like as you would throw a sop to Cerberus; then may you live long and happy.” Every one knows that in ancient times the Goths penetrated as far as Sweden and Denmark. It is this that Epistemon’s pleasantry afterwards is grounded upon.

<sup>12</sup> *Cho nen ral.*] Hebrew. “Grace be with you my Lord, that you may shew kindness unto your seryant, in bestowing upon me a morsel of bread, even as it is written, ‘he that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.’”

<sup>13</sup> *Epiphcnete.*] Greek. “O most excellent of masters, why, and for what cause, do you not grant me a portion of victuals. And why, beholding me thus wretched and consuming with hunger, do you meanwhile shew no compassion towards me, but rather earnestly inquire into this thing and that thing. And this notwithstanding that all men alike who are lovers of wisdom, hold words and discourse as superabundant, when the facts are manifest to every man. For discourse alone is necessary, when things (liable to dispute) are not sufficiently evident.”

cropys fost pardonnoffist nougrou. Agou paston tol nalprissys hourtou los echatonous, prou dhouquys brol pany gou den bascrou noudous caguons goulfren goul oustaroppassou." Methinks I understand him, said Pantagruel; for either it is the language of my country of Utopia,<sup>14</sup> or sounds very like it. And, as he was about to have begun some argument, the companion said:

"Jam toties vos per sacra, perque deos deasque omneis obtestatus sum, ut si qua vos pietas permovet, egestatem meam solaremini, nec hilum proficio clamans et ejulans. Sinite, quæso, sinite, viri impii, quo me fata vocant abire; nec ultra vânis vestris interpellationibus obtundatis, memores veteris illius adagii, quo venter famelicus auriculis carere dicitur."<sup>15</sup> Well, my friend, said Pantagruel, but cannot you speak French? That I can do, Sir, very well,<sup>16</sup> said the companion, God be thanked. It is my natural language and mother tongue; for I was born and bred in my younger years in the garden of France, to wit, Touraine. Then, said Pantagruel, tell us what is your name, and from whence you are come: for, by my faith, I have already stamped in my mind such a deep impression of love towards you, that, if you will condescend unto my will, you shall not depart out of my company, and you and I shall make up another couple of friends, such as Æneas and Achates were. Sir, said the companion, my true and proper Christian name is Panurge, and now I come out of Turkey, to which country I was carried away prisoner at that time, when they went to Metelin with a mischief.<sup>17</sup> And willingly would I relate

<sup>14</sup> *My country of Utopia.*] Upon this footing, if we may acquiesce in what is advanced by the author of the preface of the English Rabelais, this must be downright Gascon; nay, pure, Bearnois language.

<sup>15</sup> *Carere dicitur.*] Latin. "I have already many times conjured you, by whatever is sacred, by all the gods and goddesses, if by any means compassion move you, to relieve my indigence; but neither cries, nor lamentations profit ought. Suffer me, I beseech you, suffer me, O men devoid of pity, to depart, whithersoever the fates may call; and no longer weary me by your vain interrogatories, mindful of that ancient adage,

"Venter famelicus auriculis carere dicitur."

<sup>16</sup> *That I can, &c.*] *Si fais tres-bien seigneur, &c.* Now they go on in French to the end of the chapter.

<sup>17</sup> *When they went to Metelin with a mischief.*] It means when we (the French) went to Metelin. In 1502, in virtue of a jubilee kept that year by the bull whereof a crusade was ordered against the Turks,

unto you my fortunes, which are more wonderful than those of Ulysses<sup>15</sup> were; but, seeing that it pleaseth you to retain me with you, I most heartily accept of the offer, protesting never to leave you, should you go to all the devils in hell. We shall have therefore more leisure at another time, and a fitter opportunity wherein to report them; for at this present I am in a very urgent necessity to feed, my teeth are sharp, my belly empty, my throat dry, and my stomach fierce and burning, all is ready. If you will but set me to work, it will be as good as a balsamum for sore eyes to see me gulch and raven it. For God's sake, give order for it. Then Pantagruel commanded that they should carry him home, and provide him good store of victuals; which being done, he ate very well that evening, and, capon-like, went early to bed, then slept until dinner-time the next day, so that he made but three steps and one leap from the bed to the board.

## CHAPTER X.

*How Pantagruel equitably decided a controversy, which was wonderfully obscure and difficult: whereby, he was reputed to have a most admirable judgment.*

PANTAGRUEL, very well remembering his father's letter and admonitions, would one day make trial of his knowledge. Thereupon in all the Carrefours, that is, throughout all the four quarters, streets, and corners of the city, he set up Conclusions, to the number of nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-four,<sup>1</sup> in all manner of learning, touching in them the whose naval armament had, a little before, appeared off Venice, the French laid siege to Metelin; but being betrayed, it is said, by the Venetians, who gave the Turks passage, these last obliged them to raise the siege, after they had defeated the French, and taken thirty-two of them prisoners, of which number Panurge here alleges himself to be one. See Monstrelet's Chronicle, ann. 1502.

<sup>15</sup> *Than those of Ulysses.*] This mentioning of Ulysses is a very suitable answer to Pantagruel, who had taken from Homer the comparison of their future friendship with that of Æneas and Achates.

<sup>1</sup> *Conclusions to the number of nine thousand, &c.*] John Picus de la Miranda had set up the like to the tune of nine hundred: but it is not those Rabelais animadverts upon in this place; but rather a certain book entitled, "One thousand one hundred fourscore and four questions upon all subjects, with solutions to the said questions, according to the

hardest doubts that are in any science. And first of all, in the Fodder-street<sup>2</sup> he held dispute against all the regents or fellows of colleges, artists or masters of arts, and orators, and did so gallantly, that he overthrew them, and set them all upon their tails. He went afterwards to the Sorbonne, where he maintained argument against all the theologians or divines, for the space of six weeks, from four o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, except an interval of two hours to refresh themselves, and take their repast. And at this were present the greatest part of the lords of the court, the masters of requests, presidents, counsellors, those of the accompts, secretaries, advocates and others: as also the sheriffs of the said town, with the physicians and professors of the canon-law. Amongst which, it is to be remarked, that the greatest part were stubborn jades, and in their opinions obstinate; but he took such course with them, that, for all their ergoes and fallacies, he put their backs to the wall, gravelled them in the deepest questions, and made it visibly appear to the world, that compared to him, they were but monkeys, and a knot of muffled calves. Whereupon every body began to keep a bustling noise, and talk of his so marvellous knowledge, through all degrees of persons in both sexes, even to the very laundresses, brokers, roastmeat-sellers, penknife-makers and others, who, when he past along in the street, would say, This is he! In which he took delight, as Demosthenes the prince of Greek orators, did, when an old crouching wife, pointing at him with her fingers, said, That is the man.<sup>3</sup>

Now at this same very time there was a process or suit in law depending in court between two great lords, of which sage Sydrach." Printed in 8vo at Paris, by Galior du Pré, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. See Drawdus's *Bibliothèque*, l. 2, p. 172.

<sup>2</sup> *The Fodder-street.*] Mention is made of this Fodder-street and the Fodder-schools (schools in the Fodder-street) in chap. 17 of this book and elsewhere. It is still called *Rue du fouarre*, from *foderum*, forage; and it is highly probable Menage's opinion is right, as to the reason of this street's being called the Fodder or Straw-street. He assigns it to straw being used to be sold there for the use of the philosophy-schools which were in that street, and the physic-schools just by; on which straw the scholars used to sit in the poet Dante's time, when public acts were held.

<sup>3</sup> *That is the man*] *At pulchrum est digno monstrari, et dicier:*

one was called my Lord Kissbrecch, plaintiff of one side, and the other my Lord Suckfist,<sup>4</sup> defendant of the other; whose controversy was so high and difficult in law, that the court of parliament could make nothing of it. And, therefore, by the commandment of the king there were assembled four of the greatest and most learned of all the parliaments of France, together with the great counsel, and all the principal regents of the universities, not only of France, but of England also and Italy, such as Jason, Philippus Decius, Petrus de Petronibus, and a rabble of other old Rabbinitists: who being thus met together, after they had<sup>5</sup> thereupon consulted for the space of six and forty weeks, finding that they could not fasten their teeth in it, nor with such clearness understand the case, as that they might in any manner of way be able to right it, or to take up the difference betwixt the two aforesaid parties, it did so grievously vex them, that they most villanously conshit themselves for shame. In this great extremity one amongst them, named Du Douhet,<sup>6</sup> the learnedest of all, and more expert and prudent than any of the rest, whilst one day they were thus at their wit's end, all-to-be-dunced and philogrobolized in their brains, said unto them, We have been here, my masters, a good long space, without doing any thing else than trifle away both our time and money, and can nevertheless find neither brim nor bottom in this matter, for, the more we study about it, the less we understand therein, which is a great shame and disgrace to us, and a heavy burden to our consciences, yea, such, that in my opinion we shall not rid ourselves of it without dishonour, unless we take some

*Hic est.* Pers. Sat. l. I know not whence Rabelais fetches what he says: for, in Diogenes the cynic's life, written by Diogenes Laertius, it appears, indeed, that Diogenes did one day point at that orator with his finger, to show him to some strangers who expressed a great desire to see him; but it was only in mockery of him, and it is no where said, that Demosthenes was pleased with this curiosity of the strangers.

<sup>4</sup> *Suck-fist.*] *Humevesne.* Cotgrave says it signifies one that lays his nose on his next fellow's bum. In which case, it should be, Suck-fizzle not Suckfist. *Vesner*, is to fizzle, according to Rabelais in other places.

<sup>6</sup> *Du Douhet.*] Briane Vollée, Lord of Douhet, near Saintes, counsellor of the parliament of Bourdeaux. Jason, a jurisconsult, who lived at Padua at the end of the 15th century. Decius, a professor of law at Pisa and Pavia, afterwards counsellor at Bourges, under Louis XII.



other course; for we do nothing but doat in our consultations.

See, therefore, what I have thought upon. You have heard much talking of that worthy personage named Master Pantagruel, who hath been found to be learned above the capacity of this present age, by the proofs he gave in those great disputations, which he held publicly against all men. My opinion is, that we send for him, to confer with him about this business; for never any man will compass the bringing of it to an end, if he do it not.

Hereunto all the counsellors and doctors willingly agreed, and, according to that their result, having instantly sent for him, they intreated him to be pleased to canvass the process, and sift it thoroughly, that, after a deep search and narrow examination of all the points thereof, he might forthwith make the report unto them, such as he shall think good in true and legal knowledge. To this effect they delivered into his hands the bags wherein were the writs and pancarts concerning that suit, which for bulk and weight were almost enough to load four great couillard or stoned asses. But Pantagruel said unto them, Are the two lords, between whom this debate and process is, yet living? It was answered him, Yes. To what a devil, then, said he, serve so many paltry heaps, and bundles of papers and copies which you give me? Is it not better to hear their controversy from their own mouths, whilst they are face to face before us, than to read these vile fopperies, which are nothing but trumperies, deceits, diabolical cozenages of Cepola,<sup>6</sup> pernicious slights and subversions of equity? For I am sure, that you, and all those through whose hands this process hath past, have by your devices added what you could to it *pro et contra* in such sort, that, although their difference perhaps was clear and easy enough to determine at first, you have obscured it, and made it more intricate, by the frivolous, sottish, unreasonable and foolish

<sup>6</sup> *Diabolical cozenages of Cepola.*] Cepola is right, and not Scævola, as Menage would have it, under colour that Mutius Scævola invented the while or quirk called by his name Mutiana Cautio. These law-quirks of Bartholomew Cepola have been very much cried out against, because of their teaching how to elude the most express laws, and to perpetuate law-suits *ad infinitum*: but, for all that (ay, and the rather for that) they have been frequently reprinted, and once in 8vo, in Gothic characters, by John Petit, 1508.

reasons and opinions of Accursius,<sup>7</sup> Baldus, Bartolus, de Castro, de Imola, Hippolytus, Panormo, Bertachin, Alexander, Curtius, and those other old mastiffs, who never understood the least law of the Pandects, they being but mere blockheads and great tithe-calves, ignorant of all that which was needful for the understanding of the laws; for, as it is most certain, they had not the knowledge either of the Greek or Latin tongue, but only of the Gothic and Barbarian. The laws, nevertheless, were first taken from the Greeks, according to the testimony of Ulpian, *L. poster. de origine juris*,<sup>8</sup> which we likewise may perceive, by that all the laws are full of Greek words and sentences. And then we find that they are reduced into a Latin style, the most elegant and ornate that whole language is able to afford, without excepting that of any that ever wrote therein, nay, not of Sallust, Varro, Cicero, Seneca, Titus Livius, nor Quintilian. How, then, could these old dotards be able to understand aright the text of the laws, who never in their time had looked upon a good Latin book, as doth evidently enough appear by the rudeness of their style, which is fitter for a chimney-sweeper,<sup>9</sup> or for a cook or a scullion, than for a jurisconsult and doctor in the laws?

Furthermore, seeing the laws are excerpted<sup>10</sup> out of the middle of moral and natural philosophy, how should these fools have understood it, that have, by G—, studied less in philosophy than my mule? In respect of human learning, and the knowledge of antiquities and history, they were truly laden with those faculties as a toad is with feathers. And

<sup>7</sup> *Accursius*, &c.] Celebrated jurists and writers on law, who flourished from the 13th to the 16th century.

<sup>8</sup> *L. poster. de origine juris*.] *Lege posteriori de origine juris*. It is *posteriori* in Dolet's edition, and not *postrema*, as V. H.'s manuscript had corrected the abridged word, *posteri* in the new editions. This law, however, is none of Ulpian's, but Pomponius's, whatever Rabelais says; a particular which has been long since observed by the said V. H. in the margin of his manuscript Rabelais.

<sup>9</sup> *Style——of a chimney-sweeper*.] Slovenly and ridiculous, like a chimney-sweeper all over smut. A style sometimes soaring, sometimes creeping; now high, now low; just as a chimney-sweeper ups and downs it in a chimney, with his long broom, or else in *propre* personâ.

"Ramoner-ci, ramoner-là

La cheminée de haut en bas,"

is the chimney-sweeper's poetical cry in the streets of Paris.

<sup>10</sup> *Excerpted*.] It is in the original extirpated, *extirpées du milieu*, &c. I suppose it is a typographical error. Unless the author plays the rogue.

yet of all this the laws are so full, that without it they cannot be understood, as I intend more fully to shew unto you in a peculiar treatise, which on that purpose I am about to publish. Therefore, if you will that I make any meddling in this process, first, cause all these papers to be burned; secondly, make the two gentlemen come personally before me, and, afterwards, when I shall have heard them, I will tell you my opinion freely, without any feignedness or dissimulation whatsoever.

Some amongst them did contradict this motion, as you know that in all companies there are more fools than wise men, and that the greater part always surmounts the better, as saith Titus Livius, in speaking of the Carthaginians.<sup>11</sup> But the aforesaid Du Douhet held the contrary opinion, maintaining that Pantagruel had said well, and what was right, in affirming that these records, bills of inquests, replies, rejoinders, exceptions, depositions, and other such diableries of truth-intangling writs, were but engines wherewith to overthrow justice, and unnecessarily to prolong such suits as did depend before them: and that, therefore, the devil would carry them all away to hell, if they did not take another course, and proceeded not in times coming according to the prescripts of evangelical and philosophical equity. In fine, all the papers were burned, and the two gentlemen summoned and personally convented. At whose appearance before the court, Pantagruel said unto them, Are you they who have this great difference betwixt you? Yes, my lord, said they. Which of you, said Pantagruel, is the plaintiff? It is I, said my Lord Kissbreech. Go to, then, my friend, said he, and relate your matter unto me from point to point, according to the real truth, or else, by cock's body, if I find you to lie so much as in one word, I will make you shorter by the head, and take it from off your shoulders, to show others, by your example, that in justice and judgment men ought to speak nothing but the truth. Therefore take heed you do not add nor impair anything in the narration of your case. Begin.

<sup>11</sup> *Carthaginians.*] Not Carthagians, as in Dolet's edition. It was a great question among the grammarians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, whether to say *Carthaginensis*, from Carthago, inis; or, *Carthagiensis*; but Politian rejects this last word, which indeed can come from nothing but Carthagus, and would any one be guilty of such a barbarism, as to use it for Carthago?

## CHAPTER XI.

*How the Lords of Kissbreech and Suckfist did plead before Pantagruel without an attorney.*

THEN began Kissbreech in manner as followeth: My Lord, it is true, that a good woman of my house carried eggs to the market to sell. Be covered, Kissbreech, said Pantagruel, Thanks to you, my Lord, said the Lord Kissbreech; but to the purpose. There passed betwixt the two tropics the sum of three pence towards the zenith and a halfpenny, forasmuch as the Riphæan mountains had been that year oppressed with a great sterility of counterfeit gudgeons, and shows without substance, by means of the babbling tattle, and fond fibs, seditiously raised between the gibble-gabblers, and Accursian gibberish-mongers, for the rebellion of the Switzers, who had assembled themselves to the full number of the bum-bees, and myrinidons, to go a-handsel-getting on the first day of the new year, at that very time when they give brevis to the oxen, and deliver the key of the coals to the country-girls, for serving in of the oats to the dogs. All the night long they did nothing else, keeping their hands still upon the pot, but dispatch bulls a-foot, and bulls a-horseback,<sup>1</sup> to stop the boats; for the tailors<sup>2</sup> and seamsters would have made of the stolen shreds and clippings a goodly sagbut to cover the face of the ocean, which then was great with child of a potful of cabbage, according to the opinion of the hay-bundle-makers. But the physicians<sup>3</sup> said,

<sup>1</sup> *Dispatch bulls a foot, and bulls a horse-back.*] In the original it is *despecher bulles de postes à pié, et lacquays à cheval*, i. e. dispatch bulls by foot-posts, and bulls by horse-lackies. This blundering way of speaking is used by Rabelais, on purpose to make this and the next speech of the litigants still more ridiculous. For is it not a sort of bull to say, dispatch posts a-foot (for people go post a horseback) and dispatch lackies a horseback? for lackies are supposed to go only a-foot; it is essential to the idea of a lackey to go a-foot, and no otherwise.

<sup>2</sup> *Tailors.*] *Cousturiers* in French, i. e. sewers, stitchers, from *coudre*, to sew or stitch. They did not begin to be called tailors till about the year 1578. H. Stephens, *Dial du Nov. Lang. Fr. Ital.* page 183. *Tailleur* is a word of better import, as it comes from *tailler*, to cut out, which shows a sort of genius; the stitching part is only manual, or rather digital.

<sup>3</sup> *Physicians.*] *Physiciens* (*les medecins*) who in quality of ecclesiastics, or churchmen (which in old times they used to be, almost throughout Europe,) generally confined their functions to teaching

that by the urine they could discern no manifest sign of the bustard's pace, nor how to cat double-tongued mattocks with mustard, unless the lords and gentlemen of the court should be pleased to give by b. mol. express command to the pox, not to run about any longer, in gleanings up of coppersmiths and tinkers; for the jobbernolls had already a pretty good beginning in their dance of the British jig, called the *estrindore*,<sup>4</sup> to a perfect diapason, with one foot in the fire, and their head in the middle, as good man Ragot was wont to say.

Ha, my masters, God moderates all things, and disposeth of them at his pleasure, so that against unlucky fortune a carter broke his frisking whip, which was all the wind instrument he had. This was done at his return from a little paltry town, even then when Master Antitus<sup>5</sup> of Cresseplots was licentiated, and had passed his degrees in all dullery and blockishness, according to this sentence of the canonists, *Beati dunces, quoniam ipsi stumblaverunt*.<sup>6</sup> But that which

under the name of physic, (i. e. natural philosophy,) the theory of medicine, leaving to lay-men the practical part (*medicaments*.) [See Mezeray, 13th century.] The English still call physicians those whom the French call *les medecins*; and the Germans, *physicus*, *un medecin stipendié*. Which, I suppose, means a free-taking leech, as if we should say *medicus stipendiatus*, or rather, *stipendiarius*: unless it means, such a physician as is paid out of the public treasury, and is to take no fee of the poorer sort; which I am told is the polity of the Dutch government, in all their towns quite throughout the Seven Provinces.

<sup>4</sup> *Estrindore*.] From the Latin *stridor*, belike; in which case it may be a dance of beggarly, booby teeth, chattering (*stridentes*) to get them a heat in frosty weather. Cotgrave says it is a kind of Breton dance, and we all know the boors of Brétagne are boorish enough.

<sup>5</sup> *Antitus*.] A burlesque name for some old doctor, whom Rabelais here ridicules, as no less an ass (*ane*) in sense, than in a headstrong obstinacy (*tetu et enteté*) which three French words, *ane*, *tetu*, *enteté*, make up the word Antitus. It is also consignificative with *maitre Aliboron*, a name by which the French mean (not, as Boyer says, a cunning old fox, but) as Cotgrave says, one that pretends skill in all things; but indeed knows nothing. This signification is confirmed by an epitaph on John Frith, an Englishman, burnt at London in 1533, for writing against purgatory.

“ Ici gist maitre Jean Fritus  
Qui faisoit bien de l'Antitus,  
Et du docteur scientifique.” &c.

It was made by Father Garasse, and is to be seen in his *Rabelais Reformé*, a satire against Peter du Moulin, wherein the Jesuit is very angry at that minister's having read Rabelais, and yet had him by heart, himself, from one end to the other.

<sup>6</sup> *Beati dunces, &c*] In the original, *Beati lourdes, quoniam ipsi*

makes Lent to be so high, by St. Fiacre of Bry, is for nothing else, but that Pentecost never comes, but to my cost ; yet, on afore there, ho ! a little rain stills a great wind ; and we must think so, seeing that the sergeant hath propounded the matter so far above my reach, that the clerks and secondaries could not with the benefit thereof lick their fingers, feathered with ganders, so orbicularly as they were wont in other things to do. And we do manifestly see, that every one acknowledged himself to be in the error, wherewith another hath been charged, reserving only those cases whereby we are obliged to take an ocular inspection in a perspective glass of these things, towards the place in the chimney, where hangeth the sign of the wine of forty girths,\* which have been always counted very necessary for the number of twenty pannels and pack-saddles of the bankrupt protectionaries of five years respite. •Howsoever, at least, he, that would not let fly the fowl before the cheesecakes, ought in law to have *trebuchaverunt*. *Lourdis* is a nick-name for a heavy-headed, dull, silly, ignorant, idiotical Sorbonist ; witness the following epigram of Marot, printed in the Gothic edition of his works, but suppressed in Holland not long ago.

“ De la Sorbonne un Docteur amoureux  
Disoit ung jour à sa Dame rebelle,  
Ainsi que font tous aultres langoureux :  
Je ne puis rien meriter de vous, belle.  
Puis nous prescha que la vie eternelle  
Nous meritons par œuvres et par dietz.  
*Arguo sic.* Si magister Lourdis  
De sa Catin meriter ne peut rien ;  
*Ergo* ne peut meriter paradis,  
Car, pour le moins, paradis la vaut bien.”

In English.

One day an amorous doctor of Sorbone  
Told his fair tyrant, in a languid tone,  
That he could merit nothing at her hands.

Next day he preaches, as the church commands,  
That, by our works and words we so can merit  
As everlasting glory to inherit.

Now, if magister Lourdis, from his Kate  
Can merit nothing, let him cease to prate  
That he can merit heaven ; for surely Kattern  
Compar'd to paradise is but a slattern.

That Catin means Kate, see Richelet's Dict. Catin subst. fem. Nom de fille, petite Catherine.

\* *Wine of forty girths.*] Exceeding good wine, and of so great strength, as to require forty hoops to keep the tub from bursting.

discovered his reason why not, for the memory is often lost in the wayward shoeing. Well, God keep Theobal Mitain from all danger. Then said Pantagruel, Hold there! Ho, my friend, soft and fair, speak at leisure, and soberly, without putting yourself in choler. I understand the case,—go on. Now then, my lord, said Kissbreech, the foresaid good woman, saying her *gaudez* and *audi nos*,<sup>b</sup> could not cover herself with a treacherous back-blow, ascending by the wounds and passions of the privileges of the univrsities, unless by the virtue of a warming-pan she had angelically fomented every part of her body, in covering them with a hedge of garden-beds: then giving in a swift unavoidable thrust very near to the place where they sell the old rags, whereof the painters of Flanders make great use, when they are about neatly to clap on shoes on grasshoppers, locusts, cigals, and such like fly-fowls, so strange to us, that I am wonderfully astonished why the world doth not lay, seeing it is so good to hatch.

Here the Lord of Suckfist would have interrupted him and spoken somewhat, whereupon Pantagruel said unto him, St. ! by St. Anthony's belly, doth it become thee to speak without command? I sweat here with the extremity of labour and exceeding toil I take to understand the proceeding of your mutual difference, and yet thou comest to trouble and disquiet me. Peace, in the devil's name, peace. Thou shalt be permitted to speak thy bellyful, when this man hath done, and no sooner. Go on, said he to Kissbreech, speak calmly, and do not overheat yourself with too much haste.

In perceiving, then, said Kissbreech, that the pragmatistical sanction did make no mention of it, and that the holy Pope to every one gave liberty to fart at his own case, if that the blankets had no streaks, wherein the liars were to be crossed with a ruffian like crew,<sup>c</sup> and the rainbow being newly sharp-

<sup>b</sup> *Gaudez et audi nos.*] *Gaudez*, says Cotgrave, prayers, whereof the papists have divers, beginning with a *gandete*. M. Duchat says, "gaudez et audi nos; certain prayers, most commonly said in great haste, without the least attention." So says Oudin, "gaudees, prehieres senz' attentione. Dict. Fr. Ital.

<sup>c</sup> *Wherein the liars were to be crossed with a ruffian-like crew.*] This is so mutilated and mis-translated, it would distract a man to reach the sense of it. It should be, provided, however poor the people were, they did not cross themselves with a ruffianly crew (*ribauldaille*;) that is, provided people did not laugh at the mystery of transubstantiation,

ened at Milan to bring forth larks, gave his full consent that the good woman should tread down the heel of the hip-gut pangs, by virtue of a solemn protestation put in by the little testiculated or codsted fishes, which, to tell the truth, were at that time very necessary for understanding the syntax and construction of old boots. Therefore John Calf, her cousin gervais once removed, with a log, from the woodstack, very seriously advised her not to put herself into the hazard of quagswagging in the lee, to be scoured with a buck of linen clothes, till first she had kindled the paper. This counsel she laid hold on, because he desired her to take nothing, and throw out, for *Non de ponte vadit, qui cum sapientia cadit*. Matters thus standing, seeing the masters of the chamber of accmpts, or members of that committee, did not fully agree amongst themselves in casting up the number of the Almany whistles, whereof were framed those Spectacles for Princes, which have been lately printed at Antwerp,<sup>10</sup> I must needs think that it makes a bad return of the writ, and that the adverse party is not to be believed *in sacer verbo dotis*.<sup>11</sup> For that having a great desire to obey the pleasure of the king, I armed myself from toe to top with belly furniture, of the soles of good venison-pastics, to go see how my grape-gatherers and vintagers had pinked and cut full of small holes their high coped-caps, to lecher it the better, and play at in and in. And<sup>12</sup> indeed the time was very

like that ruffianly priest of Lorraine, of whom, in ch. 39, of the apology for Herodotus, it is said, that holding in his hand a box of common (unhallowed) wafers (*hostias*) and being puzzled which to take out first, in order to consecrate it at his mass. Ye ruffianly crew (*ribaudaille*), said he, shaking the box very hard, Ye ruffianly crew, which of ye shall be a God to-day? To conclude; the word *ribaudaille* is tantamount here to *ribau*, *ribane*, which Cotgrave renders by hook or crook, will ye nill ye, whether you will or no.

<sup>10</sup> *Spectacles for princes lately printed at Antwerp.*] This book, *Les Lunettes des Princes*, which has been quoted by Borel, is in French verse, and was printed but not for the first time, at Paris, in 1534. The author was John Meschinot, a gentleman of note in the court of Francis, Duke of Bretagne, &c. He flourished in 1500. As for the books being said to be printed at Antwerp (*à Anvers*) it is probably, because it was in verse (a pun upon Anvers and *en vers*.)

<sup>11</sup> *In sacer verbo dotis.*] *In verbo sacerdotis*, Rabelais would say, but he plays the rogue; as if one of us should say, instead of upon a priest's honour, upon a hon priest's our.

<sup>12</sup> *And.*] Read for, according to Douzet; not and, as in the edition 1553.



dangerous in coming from the fair,<sup>13</sup> in so far that many trained bow-men were cast at the muster, and quite rejected, although the chimney-tops were high enough, according to the proportion of the windgalls in the legs of horses, or of the malanders, which in the esteem of expert farriers is no better disease, or else the story of Ronypatifam, or Lamibaudichon,<sup>14</sup> interpreted by some to be the tale of a tub, or of a roasted horse, savours of apocrypha, and is not an authentic history. And by this means there was that year great abundance, throughout all the country of Artois, of tawny buzzing beetles, to the no small profit of the gentlemen-great-stick-faggot-carriers, when they did eat without disdain the cocklicranes, till their belly was like to crack with it again. As for my own part, such is my Christian charity towards my neighbours, that I could wish from my heart every one as good a voice, it would make us play the better at the tennis and the baloon. And truly, my Lord, to express the real truth without dissimulation, I cannot but say, that those petty subtile devices, which are found out in the etymologizing of pattens, would descend more easily into the river of Seine, to serve for ever at the millers' bridge upon the said water, as it was heretofore decreed by the king of the Canarians, according to the sentence or judgment given thereupon, which is to be seen in the registry and records within the clerk's office of this house.

And therefore, my Lord, I most humbly require, that by your Lordship there may be said and declared upon the case what is reasonable, with costs, damages, and interest. Then said Pantagruel, My friend, is this all you have to say? Kissbreech answered yes, my Lord, for I have told you all the *tu autem*, and have not varied<sup>15</sup> at all upon mine honour in so much as one single word. You then, said Pantagruel,

<sup>13</sup> *The fair.*] *Foire* in French, means a fair, and likewise a looseness behind.

<sup>14</sup> *Lamibaudichon.*] Friend Baudichon. It means, belike, some boozing companion. Baudichon is, however, a true name of a family of plough-jobbers, still subsisting in the neighbourhood of Chauvigny in Poitou.

<sup>15</sup> *All the tu autem, and have not varied.*] I have not either omitted or disguised any thing, any more than does a good priest, who conscientiously recites the whole lesson of his breviary, even to these words, *tu autem, Domine.* &c., which are the conclusion, and, as it were, the burden of the ballad. .

my Lord of Suckfist, say what you will, and be brief, without omitting, nevertheless, anything that may serve to the purpose.

## CHAPTER XII.

### *How the Lord of Suckfist pleaded before Pantagruel.*

THEN began the Lord Suckfist in manner as followeth. My Lord, and you my masters, if the iniquity of men were as easily seen in categorical judgment, as we can discern flies in a milk-pot, the world's four oxen had not been so eaten up with rats,<sup>1</sup> nor had so many ears upon the earth been nibbled away so scurvily. For although all that my adversary hath spoken be of a very soft and downy<sup>2</sup> truth, in so much as concerns the letter and history of the factum, yet nevertheless, the crafty slights, cunning subtilties, sly cozenages, and little troubling intanglements are hid under the rose-pot, the common cloak and cover of all fraudulent deceits.

Should I endure, that, when I am eating my pottage equal with the best, and that without either thinking or speaking any manner of ill, they rudely come to vex, trouble, and perplex my brains with that antique proverb, which saith,

He that will in his pottage drink  
When he is dead shall not see one wink.<sup>3</sup> \*

And, good lady, how many great captains have we seen in the day of battle, when in open field the sacrament was distributed in luncheons of the sanctified bread of the confraternity, the more honestly to nod their heads, play on the lute, and crack with their tails, to make pretty little platform leaps, in keeping level by the ground? But now the world is unshackled from the corners of the packs of Leicester.<sup>4</sup> One flies out lewdly and becomes debauched,

<sup>1</sup> *Rats.*] See this explained in the notes on the catalogue of St. Victor's library.

<sup>2</sup> *Downy.*] Though *dumet*, or *duvet*, as it is called in some provinces, means down, or soft feathers, and therefore would make one think, at first, that it alludes to the smooth-tonguedness of the adversary; yet it means exactly to a farthing, as it were, as you would nip off with pincers the down from woollen stuffs.

<sup>3</sup> *Who, &c.*] *Qui bout, &c.* This they say to children to keep them from drinking in their broth, which thus being cooled would do their stomachs no good.

<sup>4</sup> *Leicester* ] *Lucestre* in the original, perhaps corruptly for Leicester.

another, likewise, five, four, and two, and that at such random, that, if the court take not some course therein, it will make as bad a season in matter of gleanings this year, as ever it made, or it will make goblets. If any poor creature go to the stoves to illuminate his muzzle with a cowshard, or to buy winter-boots, and that the serjeants passing by, or those of the watch, happen to receive the decoction of a clyster, or the fecal matter of a close-stool, upon their rustling-wrangling-clutter-keeping masterpieces, should any because of that make bold to clip the shillings and testers, and fry the wooden dishes? Sometimes, when we think one thing, God does another; and when the sun is wholly set, all beasts are in the shade. Let me never be believed again. if I do not gallantly prove it by several people that have seen the light of the day.

In the year thirty and six, buying a Dutch curtail, which was a middle-sized horse, both high and short, of a wool good enough, and dyed in grain, as the goldsmiths assured me, although the notary put an &c. in it, I told really, that I was not a clerk of so much learning as to snatch at the moon with my teeth; but, as for the butter-firkin, where Vulcanian deeds and evidences were sealed, the rumour was, and the report thereof went current, that salt-beef will make one find the way to the wine without a candle,<sup>5</sup> though it were hid in the bottom of a collier's sack, and that with his drawers on he were mounted on a barbed horse furnished with a fronsal, and such arms, thighs, and leg-pieces as are requisite for the well frying and broiling of a swaggering sauciness. Here is a sheep's head, and it is well they make a proverb of this, that it is good to see black cows<sup>6</sup> in burnt wood, when one attains to the enjoyment of his love. I had a consultation upon this point with my masters the clerks, who for resolution concluded in frisc-somorum, that there is nothing like to mowing in the summer and sweeping clean

Packs mean wool-packs. Leicester wool, in Rabelais' time was much valued in France, especially by the people about Rouen. See more in M. Duchat.

<sup>5</sup> *Without a candle.*] Add, at midnight.

<sup>6</sup> *Black cows, &c.*] That is, to feed one's self up with fancies, as nothing else but a strong fancy can persuade one, that in the obscurity of the night he can see black cows in wood burnt in the chimney of the chamber he lies in.

away in water, well garnished with paper, ink, pens, and penknives of Lyons upon the river of Rhone; dolopym dolop of,<sup>7</sup> tarabin tarabas, tut, prut, pish: for, incontinently after that armour begins to smell of garlick, the rust will go near to eat the liver, not of him that wears it; and then do they nothing else but withstand others' courses, and wry-neckedly set up their bristles against one another, in lightly passing over their afternoon's sleep; and this is that which maketh salt so dear. My Lords, believe not when the said good woman had with bird-lime caught the shovellar fowl, the better before a serjeant's witness to deliver the younger son's portion to him, that the sheep's pluck or flog's haslet, did lodge and shrink back in the usurer's purses, or that there could be anything better to preserve one from the cannibals, than to take a rope of onions, knit with three hundred turnips, and a little of a calf's baldern of the best alloy that the alchymists have provided, and that they daub and do over with clay, as also calcinate and burn to dust these pantofles, muff in muff out, mouffin moufflard, with the fine sauce of the juice of the rabble rout,<sup>8</sup> whilst they hide themselves in some petty moldwharp-hole, saving always the little slices of bacon. Now, if the dice will not favour you with any other throw but ambes-ace, and the chance of three at the great end, mark well the ace, then take me your dame, settle her in a corner of the bed, and whisk me her up drille trille, there, there, troureloura la la; which when you have done, take a hearty draught of the best, *despicando grenovillibus*, in despite of the frogs, whose fair coarse bebuskined stockings shall be set apart for the little green geese, or mued goslings, which, fattened in a coop, take delight to sport themselves at the wag-tail game, waiting for the beating of the metal, and heating of the wax by the slaving drivellers of consolation.

Very true it is, that the four oxen which are in debate,

<sup>7</sup> *Dolopym dolop of.*] This is not in Duchat. *Tarabin tarabas* is, according to Cotgrave, an interjection of interruption, like our pish, pish, tut, tut, &c.

<sup>8</sup> *Juice of the rabble-rout.*] *Sauce de raballe.* Cotgrave says *raballe* is a certain root, the juice of which makes pretty sauce. Whence Sir T. U. should fetch his rabble-rout, I cannot guess. M. Duchat says *sauce de raballe* means the juice of a good crabtree cudgel or oaken-plant. A good thrashing. *Raballe* *quasi rebats-le*, beat him and beat him again.

and whereof mention was made, were somewhat short in memory. Nevertheless, to understand the game aright, they feared neither the cormorant nor mallard of Savoy,<sup>9</sup> which put the good people of my country in great hope that their children some time should become very skilful in algorism. Therefore is it, that by a law rubric and special sentence thereof, that we cannot fail to take the wolf, if we make our hedges higher than the wind-mill, whereof somewhat was spoken by the plaintiff. But the great devil did envy it, and by that means put the High Dutch far behind, who played the devils in swilling down and tippling at the good liquor, trink, meen herr, trink, trink, by two of my table men in the corner-point I have gained the lurch. For it is not probable, nor is there any appearance of truth in this saying, that at Paris upon a little bridge the hen is proportionable,<sup>10</sup> and

<sup>9</sup> *Mallard of Savoy.*] By Canard de Savoye, i. e. the mallard or drake of Savoy, Rabelais hints at the Vaudois subject to the Duke of Savoy, and he calls them canards, as being thought to be imbued in the same opinions with the cagots (i. e. hypocrites; also white lepers) or canards of Bearn, who were in old time obliged to wear on their clothes the mark of a goose or duck's foot, because they were looked upon to be equally infected with leprosy and heresy: for which reason, by this mark they were tacitly exhorted to have recourse to the waters of grace, there to wash themselves again and again incessantly, as ducks do. The Scaligerana, letter C. les Chaignards, i. e. the Caignards, are a remnant of the Albigenses, called thus in Dauphiné and in the mountains. These people are very strong in disputation, or understood the gammut, as I take *la game* to mean, aright; so that the surest way to conquer them has always been to disperse them.

<sup>10</sup> *At Paris, upon a little bridge, the hen is proportionable.*] Rabelais' words are—"A Paris, sus petit pont, geline de feurre," i. e. at Paris on the petit pont (a bridge there called the little bridge) barn-door fowls to be sold. Now *geline*, from *gallina* no doubt, is a hen; *feurre*, from the Latin-barbarous *fodrum*, fodder, *pabulum*, is straw: so that *geline de feurre* is the same as *geline de paillier* (*palea*) a straw-heap or chaff-heap fowl; or, as Cotgrave explains it, a dung-hill hen, a hen that is fed at the barn-door. Having thus paved the way for the right understanding of barn-door fowls to be sold on the little bridge at Paris, let us hear what M. Duchat says upon it. This is one of the most ancient cries at Paris, which, in Rabelais' time, being set to music by the famous Jannequin, together with many more the like cries, made a song which was printed with three others of the same musician at Venice, by Jerom Scott, 1550. And this cry signified, that then were sold at Paris, on the petit pont, barn-door fowls, not so fat indeed as crammed ones, but more delicious to eat in some people's opinions. To conclude, these barn-door fowls, which were suffered to run about, and were not cooped up and fed with corn, &c., (pollard, I think we call

were they as copped and high-crested as marish whoops, if veritably they did not sacrifice the printer's puppet-balls at Moreb, with a new edge set upon them by text letters, or those of a swift-writing hand, it is all one to me, so that the head-band of the book breed not moths or worms in it. And put the case, that at the coupling together of the buck-hounds, the little puppies should have waxed proud, before the notary could have given an account of the serving of his writ by the cabalistic art, it will necessarily follow, under correction of the better judgment of the court, that six acres of meadow ground of the greatest breadth will make three butts of fine ink, without paying ready money ; \* considering that, at the funeral of King Charles, we might have had the fathom in open market for one and two, that is, deuce ace. This I may affirm with a safe conscience, upon my oath of wool.

And I see ordinarily in all good bag-pipes, that, when they go to the counterfeiting of the chirping of small birds, by swinging a broom three times about a chimney, and putting his name upon record, they do nothing but bend a cross-bow backwards, and wind a horn, if perhaps it be too hot, and that, by making it fast to a rope he was to draw, immediately after the sight of the letters, the cows were restored to him. Such another sentence after the homeliest manner <sup>11</sup> was pronounced in the seventeenth year, because of the bad government of Louzefougarouse, whereunto it may please the Court to have regard. I desire to be rightly understood ; for truly, I say not, but that in all equity, and with an upright conscience, those may very well be dispossessed, who drink holy water, as one would do a weaver's shuttle, whereof suppositories are made to those that will not resign, but on the terms of ell and tell, and giving of one thing for another. *Tunc*, my Lords, *quid juris pro minoribus* ? For the common custom of the Salic law is such ;

it, from *poularde*, a fat hen,) was the only poultry permitted by the *lex fannia*, to be served up at great men's tables ; perhaps it was frugality which brought it in vogue in the reign of Francis I., who had even prohibited the eating of roast meat for dinner.

<sup>11</sup> After the homeliest manner.] So Cotgrave indeed refers à la *martingale* ; but gives no reason for it. M. Duchat says it may mean at Martinmas, or in the parliament of Provence, the country of the ancient Martegaux.

that the first incendiary or fire-brand of sedition, that flays the cow, and wipes his nose in a full concert<sup>12</sup> of music, without blowing in the cobbler's stitches, should in the time of the night-mare sublimate the penury of his member by moss gathered when people are like to founder themselves at the mass at midnight, to give the estrapade<sup>13</sup> to these white-wines of Anjou, that do gambetta,<sup>14</sup> neck to neck, after the fashion of Brittany,<sup>15</sup> concluding as before with costs, damages, and interests.

After that the Lord of Suckfist had ended, Pantagruel said to the Lord of Kissbreech, My friend, have you a mind to make any reply to what is said? No, my lord, answered Kissbreech; for I have spoke all I intended, and nothing but the truth. Therefore, put an end, for God's sake, to our difference, for we are here at great charge.

### CHAPTER XIII.

*How Pantagruel gave judgment upon the difference of the two Lords.*

THEN Pantagruel, rising up, assembled all the presidents, counsellors, and doctors that were there, and said unto them, Come now, my masters, you have heard, *viva vocis oraculo*, the controversy that is in question; what do you think of it? They answered him, We have indeed heard it, but have not understood the devil so much as one circumstance of the case; and therefore we beseech you, *undá voce*, and in courtesy request you that you would give sentence as you think good, and, *ex nunc prout ex tunc*, we are satisfied with it, and do ratify it with our full consents. Well, my masters, said Pantagruel, seeing you are so well pleased, I will do it:

<sup>12</sup> *Full concert.*] *Plan-chant*, in the French, i. e. plain song. Sir T. U. mistook *planus* for *plenus*.

<sup>13</sup> *To give the estrapade.*] To throw wine down the throat till it stops in the stomach, in like manner as an unhappy wretch under the punishment of the strappade is stopped within a foot or two of the pavement.

<sup>14</sup> *That do gambetta.*] This is hardly to be understood; *qui font la jambette*, means to give a man a trip or foil.

<sup>15</sup> *After the fashion of Brittany.*] Wines which makes those that drink them stumble, as the Bretons throw each other on their backs by a certain trip in wrestling called *jambette* in French; *gambetta* in Italian.

but I do not truly find the case so difficult as you make it. Your paragraph *Caton*, the law *Frater*,<sup>1</sup> the law *Gallus*, the law *Quinque pedum*, the law *Vinum*, the law *Si Dominus*, the law *Mater*, the law *Mulier bona*, the law *Si quis*, the law *Pomponius*, the law *Fundi*, the law *Emptor*, the law *Prator*, the law *Venditor*, and a great many others, are far more intricate in my opinion. After he had spoke this, he walked a turn or two about the hall, plodding very profoundly, as one may think; for he did groan like an ass, whilst they girth him too hard, with the very intensiveness of considering how he was bound in conscience to do right to both parties, without varying or accepting of persons. Then he returned, sat down, and began to pronounce sentence as followeth.

Having seen, heard, calculated, and well-considered of the difference between the Lords of Kissbreech and Suckfist, the Court saith unto them, that in regard of the sudden quaking, shivering, and hoariness of the flickermouse, bravely declining from the estival solstice, to attempt by private means the surprisal of toyish trifles in those, who are a little unwell for having taken a draught too much, through the lewd demeanour and vexation of the beetles,<sup>2</sup> that inhabit the diarodal<sup>3</sup> climate of an hypocritical ape on horseback, bending a cross-bow backwards, the plaintiff truly had just cause to calfet, or with oakum, to stop the chinks of the galleon, which the good woman blew up with wind, having one foot shod and the other bare, reimbursing and restoring to him, low and stiff in his conscience, as many bladder-nuts and

<sup>1</sup> *The law frater, &c.*] We have a commentary by Francis Hotman on some of these laws, and on others likewise, printed in 4to at Lyons, 1564, under the title of Fr. Hotmanus in six, though I can count but five, "*leges obscurissimas, L. gallus, L. vinum, L. frater à fratre, L. eam, quam, L. precibus.*" And although the obscurity of many of these laws, specified by Pantagruel, is naturally enough expressed in these two verses:

"Damnetur frater, damnetur lectaque mater,  
Damnetur gallus, damnetur filius ejus."

Yet have several of the most celebrated lawyers of Germany, France, and Italy, commented, since Hotman, on the law *frater à fratre*, and on the law *gallus*.

<sup>2</sup> *Beetles.*] Read *lucifugous nicticoraces*.

<sup>3</sup> *Diarodal.*] The author's word is *diarhomal*. That is, says the Dutch scholiast, the climate which passes through Rome: seven according to the ancients, nine according to the moderns.



wild pistachios as there is of hair in eighteen cows, with as much for the embroiderer, and so much for that. He is likewise declared innocent of the case privileged from the Knapdardies, into the danger whereof it was thought he had incurred ; because he could not jocundly, and with fulness of freedom, untruss and dung, by the decision of a pair of gloves perfumed with the scent of bum-gunshot, at the walnut tree taper,<sup>4</sup> as is usual in his country of Mirebalais. Slacking, therefore, the top-sail, and letting go the boulin with the brazen bullets, wherewith the mariners did by way of protestation bake in paste-meat, great store of pulse interquilted with the dormouse,<sup>5</sup> whose hawk-bells were made with a puntinaria, after the manner of Hungary or Flanders lace, and which his brother-in-law carried in a pannier, lying near to three chevrons or bordered gules, whilst he was clean out of heart, drooping and crest-fallen, by the too narrow sifting, canvassing, and curious examining of the matter, in the angularly dog-hole of nasty scoundrels, from whence we shoot at the vermiformal popinjay with the flap made of a foxtail.

But in that he chargeth the defendant, that he was a botcher, cheese-cater,<sup>6</sup> and trimmer of man's flesh embalmed,<sup>7</sup> which in the arsisversy swagfall tumble was not found true, as by the defendant was very well discussed.

<sup>4</sup> *Walnut-tree taper.*] *Chandelle de noix.* Nut-lights. In Mirebalais, where tallow is scarcer than nuts, they burn great quantities of nut oil in lamps made like a candlestick.

<sup>5</sup> *Great store of pulse interquilted with the dormouse.*] Here the translator mistakes the river Loire for *loire*, a dormouse. Rabelais' words are *legumaiges du Loire*, pulse of the Loire. There are two rivers of that name in France, or I am much out in my geography, one le Loire, and the other la Loire: the latter running through the heart of France some hundreds of miles together ; the other branching from it, but of no great note or extent.

<sup>6</sup> *Cheese eater.*] Tyrofagucx, from the Greek Τυροφάγος.

<sup>7</sup> *Man's flesh embalmed.*] *Mommie* in French. Belon, speaking of the cedria, or black pitch, which the French call goudron, says it is the thing which anciently the Egyptians made use of to preserve dead bodies, of which is made that drug we call mummy. (See Belon's Singularitez, &c. l. 2, c. 3.) I like the Dutch definition of a mummy much better. "Zékere stoffe gelyk pik, komende van gebalsemde lighaamen uyt Arabia, of zynde uyt Joodenlym gemaakt." That is, a certain stuff like pitch, being the substance of embalmed bodies, from Arabia ; or else made of Jews lime, a bitumen so called ; a fat clammy substance.

The Court, therefore, doth condemn and amerce him in three porringers of curds, well cemented and closed together, shining like pearls, and cod-pieced after the fashion of the country, to be paid unto the said defendant about the middle of August in May. But, on the other part, the defendant shall be bound to furnish him with hay and stubble, for stopping the caltrops of his throat, troubled and impulregafized, with gabardines garbled shufflingly, and friends as before, without costs and for cause.

Which sentence being pronounced, the two parties departed, both contented with the decree, which was a thing almost incredible. For it never came to pass since the great rain, nor shall the like occur in thirteen jubilees hereafter, that two parties, contradictorily contending in judgment, be equally satisfied and well pleased with the definitive sentence.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *For it never came to pass——definitive sentence.*] The edition of Dolet has not these four lines. They were added in that of 1553. The reader will not, I dare say, think it tedious to pursue M. Duchat's recapitulation of the contents of this and the two preceding chapters. Rabelais, says he, has imitated in prose Marot's two wild discourses of a cock and a bull in verse, a sort of poetry which has been justly found fault with by Joachim du Bellay. Here the subject matter is a great law suit, which had lasted several years between two noble personages of the kingdom of France. There had been for a long time a paper war carried on between them, numberless law-pieces had been drawn up on both sides, all the courts had been gone through, and a legion of citations foreign to the point, as the mode then was, had only served to puzzle and darken the affair, instead of unravelling and clearing it up. Both plaintiff and defendant being quite tired out with this way of proceeding, and having heard much talk of Pantagruel and his profound and universal knowledge, they entreated him to examine into the points in dispute between them, and finally decide their suit according to his own opinion, without conferring with any other judge whatsoever. He readily undertook this task, on condition that all the papers that had been drawn up between them being first burnt, the parties themselves would plead their own cause personally before him; since each being certainly best acquainted with his own business, and both of them persons of veracity and integrity, as he supposed them to be, they would relate their matter to him naturally, without anything that was either untrue or not pertinent to the case. Accordingly they appear, and each pleads his own cause; the plaintiff under the name of Kiss-breech, and the defendant under that of Suckfizzle (for that's the meaning of Rabelais' Humevesne) to intimate the mean unworthy part that suitors are oftentimes forced to act. But as in those days (but not since to be sure) the pleadings at the bar were no less obscure, nor less full of trumpery than the writings of the advocates, which is signified by that heap of incoherent stuff and torrent of nonsense on the part both of

As for the counsellors, and other doctors in the law, that were there present, they were all so ravished with admiration at the more than human wisdom of Pantagruel, which they did most clearly perceive to be in him, by his so accurate decision of this so difficult and thorny cause, that their spirits, with the extremity of the rapture, being elevated above the pitch of actuating the organs of the body, they fell into a trance and sudden ecstasy, wherein they stayed for the space of three long hours, and had been so as yet in that condition, had not some good people fetched store of vinegar and rose-water, to bring them again unto their former sense and understanding, for the which God be praised everywhere. And so be it.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

*How Panurge<sup>1</sup> related the manner how he escaped out of the hands of the Turks.*

THE great wit and judgment of Pantagruel was immediately after this made known unto all the world by setting forth his praises in print, and putting upon record this late wonderful proof he hath given thereof amongst the Rolls of the Crown, and Registers of the Palace, in such sort, that everybody began to say, that Solomon, who by a probable guess only, without any further certainty, caused the child to be delivered to its own mother, showed never in his time such a master-piece of wisdom, as the good Pantagruel hath done. Happy are we, therefore, that have him in our country. And, indeed, they would have made him thereupon master of the requests, and president in the court: but he refused all, very graciously thanking them for their offer. For, said plaintiff and defendant, who knew nothing of their affair, except from those writings which they had indeed but too much and too often pored over; hence it comes, that Pantagruel's decree is not a whit more intelligible than either of the pleaders' discourses. Both parties, however, are satisfied with the sentence which he passed, because neither of them saw anything in it that could tend to make him think he had lost his cause.

<sup>1</sup> *How Panurge related, &c.*] All Rabelais' personages are phantasmagoric allegories, but Panurge above all. He is throughout the *πανουργία*,—the wisdom, that is, the cunning of the human animal,—the understanding, as the faculty of means to purposes without ultimate ends, in the most comprehensive sense, and including art, sensuous fancy, and all the passions of the understanding. Coleridge.]

he, there is too much slavery in these offices, and very hardly can they be saved that do exercise them, considering the great corruption that is amongst men. Which makes me believe, if the empty seats of angels be not filled with other kind of people than those, we shall not have the final judgment these seven thousand sixty and seven jubilees<sup>2</sup> yet to come, and so Cusanus<sup>3</sup> will be deceived in his conjecture. Remember that I have told you of it, and given you fair advertisement in time and place convenient.

But, if you have any hogsheds of good wine, I willingly will accept of a present of that. Which they very heartily did do, in sending him of the best that was in the city, and he drank reasonably well, but poor Panurge bibbed and bowsed of it most villanously, for he was as dry as a red-herring, as lean as a rake, and, like a poor, lank, slender cat, walked gingerly as if he had trod upon eggs. So that by some one being admonished, in the midst of his draught of a large deep bowl, full of excellent claret, with these words, —Fair and softly, gossip, you suck as if you were mad. I give thee to the devil, said he, thou hast not found here thy little tippling sippers of Paris, that drink no more than the little bird called a spink or chaffinch, and never take in their beak full of liquor, till they be bobbed on the tails after the manner of the sparrows. O companion, if I could mount up as well as I can get down, I had been long ere this above the sphere of the moon with Empedocles.<sup>4</sup> But I cannot tell what a devil this means. This wine is so good and delicious, that, the more I think thereof, the more I am athirst. I believe that the shadow of my master Pantagruel engendereth the altered and thirsty men, as the moon doth the catarrhs and defluxions. At which word the company began to laugh, which Pantagruel perceiving, said, Panurge, what is that which moves you to laugh so? Sir, said he, I was

<sup>2</sup> *Seven Thousand sixty and seven jubilees.*] It is in the original only thirty-seven jubilees.

<sup>3</sup> *Cusanus.*] Nicolas de Cusa, cardinal, who wrote his conjectures in 1452. He therein supposes, that as the first world perished by a deluge in the 34th jubilee of fifty years, the end of the world would happen in the like 34th jubilee of the Christian era, that is, before the year 1734. I cannot dismiss this article without taking notice that the words beginning, "which makes me believe, &c., to remember I have told you of it, &c.," are not in Dolet's edition, but added in that of 1553.

<sup>4</sup> *With Empedocles.*] See Lucian's *Icaromenippus*.

telling them that these devilish Turks are very unhappy, in that they never drink one drop of wine, and that though there were no other harm in all Mahomet's Alcoran, yet for this one base point of abstinence from wine, which therein is commanded, I would not submit myself unto their law. But now tell me, said Pantagruel, how you escaped out of their hands. By G—, sir, said Panurge, I will not lie to you in one word.

The rascally Turks had broached me upon a spit all larded like a rabbit, for I was so dry and meagre, that, otherwise, of my flesh they would have made but very bad meat, and in this manner began to roast me alive. As they were thus roasting me, I recommended myself unto the divine grace, having in my mind the good St. Lawrence, and always hoped in God that he would deliver me out of this torment. Which came to pass, and that very strangely. For, as I did commit myself with all my heart unto God, crying, Lord God, help me, Lord God, save me, Lord God, take me out of this pain and hellish torture, wherein these traitorous dogs detain me for my sincerity in the maintenance of thy law! the roaster or turn-spit fell asleep by the divine will, or else by the virtue of some good Mercury, who cunningly brought Argus into a sleep for all his hundred eyes. When I saw that he did no longer turn me in roasting, I looked upon him, and perceived that he was fast asleep. Then took I up in my teeth a firebrand by the end where it was not burned, and cast it into the lap of my roaster, and another did I throw as well as I could under a field-couch, that was placed near to the chimney, wherein was the straw-bed of my master turn-spit. Presently the fire took hold in the straw, and from the straw to the bed, and from the bed to the loft, which was planked and sealed with fir, after the fashion of the foot of a lamp. But the best was, that the fire which I had cast into the lap of my poultry roaster burned all his groin, and was beginning to seize upon his cullions, when he became sensible of the danger, for his smelling was not so bad, but that he felt it sooner than he could have seen day-light. Then suddenly getting up, and in a great amazement running to the window, he cried out to the streets as high as he could, *Dal baroth, dal baroth, dal baroth*, which is as much as to say *Fire, fire, fire*. Incontinently turning about, he came

straight towards me, to throw me quite into the fire, and to that effect had already cut the ropes, wherewith my hands were tied, and was undoing the cords from off my feet, when the master of the house hearing him cry fire, and smelling the smoke from the very street where he was walking with some other Bashaws and Mustaphas,<sup>5</sup> ran with all the speed he had to save what he could, and to carry away his jewels.<sup>6</sup> Yet such was his rage, before he could well resolve how to go about it, that he caught the broach whereon I was spitted, and therewith killed my roaster stark dead, of which wound he died there for want of regimen or otherwise; for he ran him in with the spit a little above the navel, towards the right flank, till he pierced the third lappet of his liver, and, the blow slanting upwards from the midriff or diaphragm, through which it had made penetration, the spit passed athwart the pericardium, or capsule of his heart, and came out above at his shoulders, betwixt the spondyls or turning joints of the chine of the back, and the left homoplat, which we call the shoulder-blade.

Truc it is, for I will not lie, that, in drawing the spit out of my body, I fell to the ground near unto the andirons, and so by the fall took some hurt, which indeed had been greater, but that the lardons, or little slices of bacon, wherewith I was stuck, kept off the blow. My bashaw then seeing the case to be desperate, his house burnt without remission, and all his goods lost, gave himself over unto all the devils in hell, calling upon some of them by their names, Grilgoth, Astaroth, Rappalus,<sup>7</sup> and Gribouillis, nine several times.

<sup>5</sup> *Mustaphas.*] *Musaffis* in the French, which does not mean a man's name, but is a common appellative both in the Turkish and Sclavonian tongue for a Mahometan doctor and prophet.

<sup>6</sup> *Jewels.*] Read his effects not jewels. It is indeed *bagues* in French, but that word in the plural means one's whole substance. *Bague*, in the singular, means indeed a jewel; but *bagues* is *le bagage* bag and baggage. [See Cotg.] *Moy, mes gens, et mes bagues.* Myself, my people, and goods.

<sup>7</sup> *Grilgoth, Astaroth, Rappalus.*] Names of devils which seem to preside in conflagrations, ride in the burnings, and direct the flames, where every thing is broiled, (grilled,) roasted, (*assus* and *roti*,) rappareed, ravened and rifled. Gribouillis, which follows, is not in Dofet's edition, but in that of 1553. It is, says M. Duchat, a corruption of *griboury*, which Ouden renders *il bau folletto farfadello, demonio*. [*Bau, bau*, in Italian, is our bo-peep. *Folletto*, our robin Good-fellow: innocent merry devils.] *Gribouillis* means something truculent, and alludes

Which when I saw, I had above five penny-worth of fear, dreading that the devils would come even then to carry away this fool, and, seeing me so near him, would perhaps snatch me up too. I am already, thought I, half roasted, and my lardons will be the cause of my mischief; for these devils are very liquorous of lardons, according to the authority which you have of the philosopher Jamblicus, and Murmault, in the Apology of Bossutis, adulterated *pro magistros nostros*.<sup>8</sup> But for my better security I made the sign of the cross, crying, *Hagios, athanatos, ho theos*, and none came. At which my rogue bashaw, being very much aggrieved, would, in transpiercing his heart with my spit, have killed himself, and to that purpose had set it against his breast, but it could not enter, because it was not sharp enough. Whereupon I, perceiving that he was not like to work upon his body the effect which he intended, although he did not spare all the force he had to thrust it forward, came up to him and said, Master Bugrino, thou dost here but trifle away thy time, or rashly lose it, for thou wilt never kill thyself as thou doest. Well, thou mayest hurt or bruise somewhat within thee,<sup>9</sup> so as to make thee languish all thy life-time most pitifully amongst the hands of the chirurgeons; but, if thou wilt be counselled by me, I will kill thee clear out-right, so that thou shalt not so much as feel it, and trust me, for I have killed a great many others, who have found themselves very well after it. Ha, my friend, said he, I prithee do so, and for thy pains I give thee my budget; take, here it is, there are six hundred scraphs in it and some fine diamonds, and most excellent rubies. And where are they, said Epistemon? By St. John, said Panurge, they are a good way both to grilling and boiling. But enough of these diabolical cook-ruffians. Pray God send me bread; French bread, if beggars may be choosers; and the devil may keep his cooks to himself!

<sup>8</sup> *The apology, &c.*] Read *de bossutis et contrefactis*, not adulterated, *pro magistros nostros*. John Murmault, or Murmellius of Ruremonde, whose name was up in 1513: this man, who was perhaps *bossu* (hulch-backed) or otherwise *contrefait*, as the French say (deformed,) had belike written some apology for himself and brethren, in answer to some satire which charged them with being bacon-nimmers, neck-writhers, and men, for the most part, of as ill-contrived minds as bodies.

<sup>9</sup> *Thou mayest hurt or bruise somewhat, &c.*] In the French it is *bien te blesseras quelque hurte*, i. e., thou mayest wound thyself in some place. *Quelque hurte* is the same as *quelque part*. *Hurte* does

hence, if they always keep going. But where is the last year's snow? This was the greatest care that Villon the Parisian poet took. Make an end, said Pantagruel, that we may know how thou didst dress thy bashaw. By the faith of an honest man, said Panurge, I do not lie in one word. I swaddled him in a scurvy swathel-binding, which I found lying there half burnt, and with my cords tied him royster-like both hand and foot, in such sort that he was not able to wince; then past my spit through his throat, and hanged him thereon, fastening the end thereof at two great hooks or cramp-irons, upon which they did hang their halberds; and then, kindling a fair fire under him, did flame you up my Milourts, as they use to do dry herrings in a chimney. With this, taking his budget, and a little javelin that was upon the aforesaid hooks, I ran away a fair gallop-rake, and God he knows how I did smell my shoulder of mutton.

When I came down into the street, I found every body came to put out the fire with store of water, and seeing me so half-roasted, they did naturally pity my case, and threw all their water upon me, which, by a most joyful refreshing of me, did me very much good. Then did they present me with some victuals, but I could not eat much, because they gave me nothing to drink but water after their fashion. Other hurt they did me none, only one little villanous Turkey knob-breasted rogue came thieftiously to snatch away some of my lardons,<sup>10</sup> but I gave him such a sturdy thump and sound rap on the fingers<sup>11</sup> with all the weight of my javelin, that he came no more the second time. Shortly after this, there came towards me a pretty young Corinthian wench,<sup>12</sup> who brought me a box full of conserves, of round

not mean our English hurt, but a place: from the German *ort*, in Latin *locus*, from whence the Latin-barbarous *ortare*. See more of this in Duchat, Cotgrave, and others.

<sup>10</sup> *Little villanous, &c.*] Turks love bacon, the more because it is prohibited meat. Under this drolling tale Rabelais rubs up a certain Sorbonist, who wanted to have our author burnt for a heretic. As for the fellow that snatched at the bacon, being hump-breasted, not hump-backed, Rabelais says that of him, because such a one, resembling a lean fowl, wanted some bacon to lard and repair that leanness, as the breasts of lean capons and chickens are served.

<sup>11</sup> *Gave a sound rap, &c.*] *Donner dronos*. A Toulouse phrase. See it prettily descanted upon by Duchat.

<sup>12</sup> *Corinthian wench.*] Of the same disposition with those Corinthian females of antiquity, who, in the prol. to l. 3. are said to be so



Mirabolan plums, called emblicks, and looked upon my poor robin with an eye of great compassion, as it was flea-bitten and pinked with the sparkles of the fire from whence it came, for it reached no farther in length, believe me, than my knees. But note, that this roasting cured me entirely of a sciatica, whereunto I had been subject above seven years before, upon that side, which my roaster, by falling asleep, suffered to be burnt.

Now, whilst they were busy about me, the fire triumphed, never ask how? For it took hold on above two thousand houses, which one of them espying cried out, saying, By Mahoom's belly, all the city is on fire, and we do nevertheless stand gazing here, without offering to make any relief. Upon this every one ran to save his own; for my part, I took my way towards the gate. When I was got upon the knap of a little hillock, not far off, I turned me about as did Lot's wife, and, looking back, saw all the city burning in a fair fire, whereat I was so glad, that I had almost beshit myself for joy. But God punished me well for it. How? said Pantagruel. Thus, said Panurge; for when with pleasure I beheld this jolly fire, jesting with myself, and saying, —Ha! poor flies, ha! poor mice, you will have a bad winter of it this year, the fire is in your recks, it is in your bed-straw,—out came more than six, yea more than thirteen hundred and eleven dogs,<sup>13</sup> great and small, altogether out of the town, flying away from the fire. At the first approach they ran all upon me, being carried on by the scent of my lecherous half-roasted flesh, and had even then devoured me in a trice, if my good angel had not well inspired me with the instruction of a remedy, very sovereign against the toothache. And wherefore, said Pantagruel, wert thou afraid of the toothache, or pain of the teeth? Wert thou not cured of thy rheums? By Palm Sunday, said Panurge, is there any greater pain of the teeth, than when the dogs stout-hearted, that, though they were ever so prudish or old, yet would they furbish up the hairless, &c. See Erasmus's adages in the word *Corinthiari*.

<sup>13</sup> *More than thirteen hundred and eleven dogs, &c.*] Among the Turks, except some very small and exceedingly pretty dogs of Malta or Poland, belonging to women of the first rank, all the other dogs have no particular owners, but run about the streets: but the other dogs above-mentioned have as much care taken of them, and are dressed as fine as the master or mistress that owns them.

have you by the legs? But on a sudden, as my good angel directed me, I thought upon my lardons, and threw them into the midst of the field amongst them. Then did the dogs run, and fight with one another at fair teeth, which should have the lardons. By this means they left me, and I left them also bustling with, and hairing one another. Thus did I escape frolic and lively, grammercy roastmeat and cookery.

## CHAPTER XV.

*How Panurge showed a very new way to build the walls of Paris.*

PANTAGRUEL, one day to refresh himself of his study, went a walking towards St. Marcel's suburbs, to see the extravagancy of the Gobeline building, and to taste of their spiced bread. Panurge was with him, having always a flagon under his gown, and a good slice of gammon of bacon; for without this he never went, saying, that it was as a yeoman of the guard to him, to preserve his body from harm. Other sword carried he none: and, when Pantagruel would have given him one, he answered, that he needed none, for that it would but heat his milt. Yea, but, said Epistemon, if thou shouldst be set upon, how wouldst thou defend thyself? With great brodikin blows,<sup>1</sup> answered he, provided thrusts were forbidden. At their return, Panurge considered the walls of the city of Paris, and in derision said to Pantagruel, See what fair walls are here!<sup>2</sup> O how strong they are, and well fitted to keep geese in a mew or coop to fatten

<sup>1</sup> *With great brodikin blows, provided thrusts were forbidden.*] It means he would defend himself with kicking (for *brodequin* is a buskin or boot) provided rapiers, i. e. long small swords (*estocs*, tucks) were forbidden. For, against such a weapon, which could reach him at a distance, his kicking would have done him no service.

<sup>2</sup> *See what fair walls are here!*] The Emperor Charles V. with his army, threatening Paris in 1544; then, and not before, the French began to fortify it, and repair the walls thereof, which, it seems by what Panurge says, were become so ruinous, a young goose might easily have got over them, if it had not mewed, i. e. cast its feathers; for that is the meaning of the French word *mue* (from whence we have it, or rather both of us, from the Latin *muto*.) *Mue* likewise signifies a coop, as Sir T. U. interprets it here: O how strong these walls are, and well fitted to keep geese in a coop to fatten them! Which of these two constructions is most correct, I must leave to the reader's own judgment: our author's words are, "O que fortes sont ces murailles, et bien en point pour garder les oisons en mue!"

them ! By my beard they are competently scurvy for such a city as this is ; for a cow with one fart would go near to overthrow above six fathoms of them. O my friend, said Pantagruel, dost thou know what Agesilaus said, when he was asked, Why the great city of Lacedemon was not inclosed with walls ? Lo here, said he, the walls of the city ! in showing them the inhabitants and citizens thereof, so strong, so well-armed, so expert in military discipline ; signifying thereby, that there is no wall but of bones,<sup>3</sup> and that towns and cities cannot have a surer wall, nor better fortification, than the prowess and virtue of the citizens and inhabitants. ' So is this city so strong, by the great number of warlike people that are in it, that they care not for making any other walls. Besides, whosoever would go about to wall it, as Strasburg, Orleans,<sup>4</sup> or Ferrara, would find it almost impossible, the cost and charges would be so excessive. Yea, but, said Panurge, it is good, nevertheless, to have an outside of stone, when we are invaded by our enemies. were it but to ask, Who is below there ? As for the enormous expense, which you say would be needful for undertaking the great work of walling this city about, if the gentlemen of the town will be pleased to give me a good rough cup of wine, I will show them a pretty, strange, and new way, how they may build them good cheap. How ? said Pantagruel. Do not speak of it, then, answered Panurge, and I will tell it you. I see that the *sine quo nons*, callibistris,<sup>5</sup> or contrapunctums of the women of this country are

<sup>3</sup> *There is no wall but of bones.*] It is literally so indeed ; but it is a Gallicism, and means, there is no wall like that of bones, *il n'est muraille que de os*, i. e. the inhabitants of a town are themselves the best walls.

<sup>4</sup> *Orleans.*] The strong walls of Orleans were razed by order of the court, soon after the peace of 1562. The walls of Ferrara were not only high and strong, but flanked with towers and good bastions, which, after it came into the pope's hands, were greatly augmented and enlarged, instead of being suffered to go to decay.

<sup>5</sup> *Callibistris.*] Why *callibistri* (for that is the singular of *calubistris*) should signify a woman's tufted honours, I know not, unless it comes from the Greek Καλλιῶτονος, *pulchros racemos habens*. M. Duchat says nothing to it, thinking it a ticklish point perhaps. M. le Roux, in his Dictionary of *pawh* words, says it means *le centre de l'amour ou la nature d'une femme. le temple de Venus*. Oudin likewise confines the word to a woman's secret parts, *natura della donna* ; but Rabelais uses the same for a monk's pudenda likewise in the next chapter. To return to M. Duchat, he tells us, he has read of a woman, who having, by her

cheaper than stones. Of them should the walls be built, ranging them in good symmetry by the rules of architecture, and placing the largest in the first ranks, then sloping downwards ridgeways, like the back of an ass. The middle-sized ones must be ranked next, and last of all the least and smallest. This done, there must be a fine little interlacing of them, like points of diamonds, as is to be seen in the great tower of Bourges, with a like number of the nudinudos, nilnisistandos, and stiff bracmards, that dwell in amongst the claustral codpieces. What devil were able to overthrow such walls? There is no metal like it to resist blows, in so far that, if culverin-shot<sup>6</sup> should come to graze upon it, you would incontinently see distil from thence the blessed fruit of the great pox, as small as rain. Beware, in the name of the devils, and hold off. Furthermore, no thunderbolt or lightning would fall upon it. For, why? They are all either blest or consecrated. I see but one inconveniency in it. Ho, ho, ha, ha, ha! said Pantagruel, and what is that? It is, that the flies would be so liquorish of them, that you would wonder, and they would quickly gather there together, and there leave their ordure and excretions, and so all the work would be spoiled. But see how that might be remedied; they must be wiped and made rid of the flies with fair fox-tails, or good great viedazes, which are ass-pizzles, of Provence. And to this purpose I will tell you, as we go to supper, a brave example set down by *Frater Lubinus, libro de computationibus mendicantium*.

last will and testament, left the Franciscans of Amiens a piece of land called callibistry, those good fathers put the following epitaph under their great church porch.

“Cy git Louison la conturiere,  
Qui par devotion singuliere  
Laissa aux cordeliers d'icy  
Son si joly callibistry.”

In English.

Here lies the seamstres Louison,  
Who so well lov'd the myst'ry,  
She left the friars of this town  
Her pretty callibistry.

<sup>6</sup> *Culverin-shot*.] Here Rabelais is too licentious for me to explain his quibbling upon the words *couille-vrines et coulevrine et le couillon d'un levrier*, &c. M. Duchat makes the application thereof to the incest, as it is called, of the monks and nuns, in their amours. See therefore Duchat himself, for I must hasten to other matters.

In the time that the beasts did speak, which is not yet three days since, a poor lion, walking through the forest of Bieure, and saying his own little private devotions, past under a tree, where there was a roguish collier gotten up to cut down wood, who, seeing the lion, cast his hatchet at him, and wounded him enormously in one of his legs, whereupon the lion halting, he so long toiled and turmoiled himself in roaming up and down the forest to find help, that at last he met with a carpenter, who willingly looked upon his wound, cleansed it as well as he could, and filled it with moss, telling him that he must wipe his wound well, that the flies might not do their excrements in it, whilst he should go search for some yarrow or millefoil, commonly called the carpenter's herb. The lion being thus healed, walked along in the forest; at what time a sempiternous crone and old hag was picking up and gathering some sticks in the said forest, who, seeing the lion coming towards her, for fear fell down backwards, in such sort, that the wind blew up her gown, coats, and smock, even as far as above her shoulders. Which the lion, perceiving, for pity ran to see, whether she had taken any hurt by the fall; thereupon, considering her how do you call it, said, O poor woman, who hath thus wounded thee? Which words, when he had thus spoken, he espied a fox, whom he called to come to him, saying, Gossip Reynard, ha, hither, hither, and for cause! When the fox was come, he said unto him, My gossip and friend, they have hurt this good woman here between the legs most villanously, and there is a manifest solution of continuity. See how great a wound it is, even from the tail up to the navel, in measure four, nay full five handfulls and a-half. This is the blow of an hatchet, I doubt me, it is an old wound; and therefore that the flies may not get into it, wipe it lustily well and hard, I prithee, both within and without: thou hast a good tail, and long. Wipe, my friend, wipe, I beseech thee, and in the meanwhile I will go get some moss to put into it; for thus ought we to succour and help one another. Wipe it hard, thus, my friend, wipe it well, for this wound must be often wiped, otherwise the party cannot be at ease. Go to, wipe well, my little gossip, wipe, God hath furnished thee with a tail, thou hast a long one, and of a bigness proportionable, wipe hard, and be not weary. A good wiper, who, in wiping continually, wipeth with his

wipard, by wasps shall never be wounded. Wipe, my pretty minion, wipe my little bully, I will not stay long. Then went he to get store of moss; and, when he was a little way off, he cried out in speaking to the fox thus, Wipe well still, gossip, wipe, and let it never grieve thee to wipe well, my little gossip, I will put thee into service to be wiper to Don Pedro de Castille, wipe, only wipe, and no more. The poor fox wiped as hard as he could, here and there, within and without; but the false old trot did so fizzle and foist, that she stunk like a hundred devils, which put the poor fox to a great deal of ill-case, for he knew not to what side to turn himself, to escape the unsavoury perfume of this old woman's postern blasts. And whilst to that effect he was shifting hither and thither, without knowing how to shun the annoyance of those unwholesome gusts, he saw that, behind, there was yet another hole, not so great as that which he did wipe, out of which came this filthy and infectious air. The lion at last returned, bringing with him of moss more than eighteen packs would hold, and began to put into the wound, with a staff which he had provided for that purpose, and had already put in full sixteen packs and a half, at which he was amazed. What a devil? said he, this wound is very deep, it would hold above two cart loads of moss. The fox, perceiving this, said unto the lion, O gossip lion, my friend, I pray thee, do not put in all thy moss there, keep somewhat, for there is here another little hole, that stinks like five hundred devils; I am almost choked with the smell thereof, it is so pestiferous and im-poisoning.

Thus must these walls be kept from the flies, and wages allowed to some for wiping of them. Then said Pantagruel, How dost thou know that the privy parts of women are at such a cheap rate? For in this city there are many virtuous, honest, and chaste women besides the maids. *Et ubi prenus?*<sup>7</sup> said Panurge. I will give you my opinion of it, and that upon certain and assured knowledge. I do not brag, that I have bum-basted four hundred and seventeen, since I came into this city, though it be but nine days ago; but this very morning I met with a good fellow, who in a

<sup>7</sup> A French barbarism on the Latin for "Où les prenez-vous?" Where do you find them? *Wilkes.*]

wallet, such as *Æsop's* was, carried two little girls, of two or three years old at the most, one before, and the other behind. He demanded alms of me, but I made him answer, that I had more cods than pence. Afterwards I asked him, Good man, these two girls, are they maids? Brother, said he, I have carried them thus these two years, and in regard of her that is before, whom I see continually, in my opinion she is a virgin; nevertheless, I will not put my finger in the fire for it; as for her that is behind, doubtless I can say nothing.

Indeed, said Pantagruel, thou art a gentle companion, I will have thee to be apparelled in my livery. And therefore caused him to be clothed most gallantly according to the fashion that then was, only that Panurge would have the codpiece of his breeches three feet long, and in shape square, not round; which was done, and was well worth the seeing. Oftentimes was he wont to say, that the world had not yet known the emolument and utility that is in wearing great codpieces; but time would one day teach it them, as all things have been invented in time. God keep from hurt, said he, the good fellow whose long codpiece or braguet hath saved his life! God keep from hurt him, whose long braguet hath been worth to him in one day one hundred threescore thousand and nine crowns! God keep from hurt him, who by his long braguet hath saved a whole city from famine! And, by God, I will make a book of the commodity of long bragquets, when I shall have more leisure. And indeed he composed a fair great book with figures; but it is not printed as yet that I know of.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### *Of the qualities and conditions of Panurge.*

PANURGE was of a middle stature, not too high nor too low, and had somewhat an aqueline nose, made like the handle of a razor. He was at that time five and thirty years old, or thereabouts, fine to gild like a leaden dagger,—for he was a notable cheater and cony-catcher,—he was a very gallant and proper man of his person, only that he was a little lecherous, and naturally subject to a kind of disease, which at that time they called lack of money,—it is an incomparable grief, yet, notwithstanding, he had threescore and three tricks to come by it at his need, of which the most honourable and most ordinary was in manner of thieving, secret

purlaining, and filching, for he was a wicked lewd rogue, a cozenor, drinker, roysterer, rover, and a very dissolute and debauched fellow, if there were any in Paris; otherwise, and in all matters else, the best and most virtuous man in the world; and he was still contriving some plot, and devising mischief against the serjeants and the watch.

At one time he assembled three or four especial good hacksters and roaring boys; made them in the evening drink like Templars, afterwards led them till they came under St. Genevieve, or about the college of Navarre, and, at the hour that the watch was coming up that way, which he knew by putting his sword upon the pavement, and his ear by it, and, when he heard his sword shake, it was an infallible sign that the watch was near at that instant,—then he and his companions took a tumbrel or dung-cart, and gave it the brangle, hurling it with all their force down the hill, and so overthrew all the poor watchmen like pigs, and then ran away upon the other side; for in less than two days he knew all the streets, lanes, and turnings in Paris, as well as his *Deus det.*<sup>1</sup>

At another time he laid in some fair place where the said watch was to pass, a train of gunpowder, and, at the very instant that they went along, set fire to it, and then made himself sport to see what good grace they had in running away, thinking that St. Anthony's fire had caught them by the legs. As for the poor masters of arts, he did prosecute them above all others. When he encountered with any of them upon the street, he would never fail to put some trick or other upon them, sometimes putting the bit of a fried turd in their graduate hoods, at other times pinning on little fox-tails, or hare-ears behind them, or some such other roguish prank. One day that they were appointed all to meet in the Fodder-street, (Sorbonne,) he made a Borbonnesa tart, or filthy and slovenly compound, made of store of garlick, of assafoetida, of castoreum, of dog's turds very warm, which he steeped, tempered, and liquified in the corrupt matter of pocky boils, and pestiferous botches; and, very early in the morning, therewith anointed all the pavement, in such sort, that the devil could not have endured it, which made all these good people there to lay up their gorges, and vomit what was upon their stomachs before all the world, as if they had flayed the fox; and ten or twelve of them died

<sup>1</sup> *Deus det.*] Latin grace after meat.



of the plague, fourteen became lepers, eighteen grew lousy, and above seven and twenty had the pox, but he did not care a button for it. He commonly carried a whip under his gown, wherewith he whipped without remission the pages, whom he found carrying wine to their masters, to make them mend their pace. In his coat he had about six and twenty little fobs and pockets always full, one with some lead-water, and a little knife as sharp as a glover's needle, wherewith he used to cut purses: another with some kind of bitter stuff, which he threw into the eyes of those he met: another with clotburs, penned with little geese' or capons' feathers, which he cast upon the gowns and caps of honest people, and often made them fair horns, which they wore about all the city, sometimes all their life. Very often also upon the women's French hoods would he stick in the hind-part somewhat made in the shape of a man's member. In another, he had a great many little horns full of fleas and lice, which he borrowed from the beggars of St. Innocent, and cast them with small canes or quills to write with, into the necks of the daintiest gentlewomen that he could find, yea, even in the church; for he never seated himself above in the choir, but always sat in the body of the church amongst the women, both at mass, at vespers, and at sermon. In another, he used to have good store of hooks and buckles, wherewith he would couple men and women together, that sat in company close to one another, but especially those that wore gowns of crimson taffaties, that, when they were about to go away, they might rend all their gowns. In another, he had a squib furnished with tinder, matches, stones to strike fire, and all other tackling necessary for it. In another, two or three burning glasses, wherewith he made both men and women sometimes mad, and in the church put them quite out of countenance; for he said, that there was but an antistrophe, or little more difference than of a literal inversion between a woman, *folle a la messe* and *molle a la fesse*; that is, foolish at the mass, and of a pliant buttock.

In another, he had a good deal of needles and thread, wherewith he did a thousand little devilish pranks. One time, at the entry of the palace unto the great hall, where a certain grey friar or cowdelier was to say mass to the counsellors, he did help to apparel him, and put on his vestments; but in the accoutreing of him, he sewed on his

alb, surplice or stole, to his gown and shirt, and then withdrew himself, when the said lords of the court, or counselors came to hear the said mass. But when it came to the *Ite, missa est*,<sup>2</sup> that the poor Frater would have laid by his stole or surplice, as the fashion then was, he plucked off withal both his frock and shirt, which were well sewed together, and thereby stripping himself up to the very shoulders, showed his *bel vedere* to all the world, together with his Don Cypriano,<sup>3</sup> which was no small one, as you may imagine. And the friar still kept hauling, but so much the more did he discover himself, and lay open his back-parts, till one of the lords of the court said, How now, what's the matter? will this fair father make us here an offering of his tail to kiss it? Nay, St. Anthony's fire kiss it for us! From henceforth it was ordained that the poor fathers should never disrobe themselves any more before the world, but in their vestry-room, or sextry, as they call it; especially in the presence of women, lest it should tempt them to the sin of longing and inordinate desire. The people then asked, why it was, the friars had so long and large genitories? The said Panurge resolved the problem very neatly, saying, That which makes asses to have such great ears is, that their dams did put no biggins on their heads, as d'Alliaco mentioneth in his suppositions.<sup>4</sup> By the like reason, that which makes the genitories or generation-tools of those fair fraters so long, is, for that they wear no bottomed breeches,<sup>5</sup> and therefore their jolly member, having no impediment, hangeth dangling at liberty, as far as it can reach, with a wiggle-waggle down to their knees, as women carry their

<sup>2</sup> *When it came to the Ite, missa est.*] The mass never ends with *ite, missa est*, but during the octaves, or at festivals that have nine lessons. At other times, it concludes with *benedicamus domino*, or *requiescant in pace*.

<sup>3</sup> *His Don Cypriano.*] *Son callibistry*, in French. See this word explained in the preceding chapter.

<sup>4</sup> *D'Alliaco in his suppositions.*] He rubs up the Sorbonists, in the person of Peter d'Ally, a doctor of Paris, Archbishop of Cambray, and Cardinal, who died in 1425.

<sup>5</sup> *Bottomed breeches.*] The rule of St. Francis forbids them wearing any. And therefore, in the book *De Cagotis Tollendis*, which, a little lower, l. 3, ch. 8, Rabelais ascribes to Justinian, the same Rabelais, who hated all mendicant friars, makes that emperor say, that the *summum bonum* of states consisted in *braguibus* and *braguctis*, that is, in not maintaining or feeding such people as wear no breeches or drawers, and consequently have no codpieces.

paternoster beads. And the cause wherefore they have it so correspondingly great is, that in this constapt wig-wagging the humours of the body descend into the said member. For, according to the legists, agitation and continual motion is cause of attraction.

Item, he had another pocket full of itching powder, called stone-allum, whereof he would cast some into the backs of those women whom he judged to be most beautiful and stately, which did so ticklishly gall them, that some would strip themselves in the open view of the world, and others dance like a cock upon hot embers, or a drumstick on a tabour. Others again ran about the streets, and he would run after them. To such as were in the stripping vein he would very civilly come to offer his attendance, and cover them with his cloak, like a courteous and very gracious man.

Item, in another he had a little leather bottle full of old oil, wherewith, when he saw any man or woman in a rich new handsome suit, he would grease, smutch, and spoil all the best parts of it under colour and pretence of touching them, saying, this is good cloth, this is good satin, good taffaties: Madam, God give you all that your noble heart desireth! You have a new suit, pretty sir;—and you a new gown, sweet mistress, God give you joy of it, and maintain you in all prosperity! And with this would lay his hand upon their shoulder, at which touch such a villanous spot was left behind, so enormously engraven to perpetuity in the very soul, body and reputation, that the devil himself could never have taken it away. Then upon his departing, he would say, Madam, take heed you do not fall, for there is a filthy great hole before you, whereinto if you put your foot, you will quite spoil yourself.

Another he had all full of euphorbium, very finely pulverized. In that powder did he lay a fair handkerchief, curiously wrought, which he had stolen from a pretty sempstress of the palace, in taking away a louse from off her bosom, which he had put there himself, and, when he came into the company of some good ladies, he would trifle them into a discourse of some fine workmanship of bone-lace, and then immediately put his hand into their bosom, asking them, And this work, is it of Flanders, or of Hainault?<sup>6</sup> and then drew out his handkerchief, and said, Hold, hold, hold, look

<sup>6</sup> See Moliere's *Tartufe*, Act III., Scene 3.]

what work here is, it is of Foutignan or of Fontarabia,—and, shaking it hard at their nose, made them sneeze for four hours without ceasing. In the meanwhile he would fart like a horse, and the women would laugh and say, How now, do you fart, Panurge? No, no, Madam, said he, I do but tune my tail to the plain song of the music, which you make with your nose. In another he had a picklock, a pelican, a cramp-iron, a crook and some other iron tools, wherewith there was no door nor coffer which he could not pick open. He had another full of little cups, wherewith he played very artificially, for he had his fingers made to his hand, like those of Minerva or Arachne, and had heretofore cried treacle. And when he changed a teston, cardecu, or any other piece of money, the changer had been more subtle than a fox, if Panurge had not at every time made five or six sols, (that is some six or seven pence,) vanish away invisibly, openly and manifestly, without making any hurt or lesion, whereof the changer should have felt nothing but the wind.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*How Panurge gained the pardons, and married the old women, and of the suit in law which he had at Paris.*

ONE day I found Panurge very much out of countenance, melancholic, and silent, which made me suspect that he had no money, whereupon I said unto him, Panurge, you are sick, as I do very well perceive by your physiognomy, and I know the disease. You have a flux in your purse; but take no care. I have yet seven pence half-penny, that never saw father nor mother, which shall not be wanting, no more than the pox in your necessity. Whereunto he answered me, Well, well,—for money, one day I shall have but too much; for I have a philosopher's stone, which attracts money out of men's purses, as the adamant doth iron. But will you go with me to gain the pardons? said he. By my faith, said I, I am no great pardon-taker in this world,—if I shall be any such in the other, I cannot tell; yet let us go, in God's name, it is but one farthing more or less. But, said he, lend me then a farthing upon interest. No, no, said I, I will give it you freely and from my heart. *Grates vobis dominos*, said he.

So we went along, beginning at St. Gervase, and I got the pardons at the first box only, for in those matters very

little contenteth me. Then did I say my suffrages, and the prayers of St. Brigid; but he gained them at all the boxes, and always gave money to ever one of the pardoners. From thence we went to our Lady's church, to St. John's, to St. Anthony's, and so to the other churches, where there was a bank of pardons. For my part, I gained no more of them; but he at all the boxes kissed the relics, and gave at every one. To be brief, when we were returned, he brought me to drink at the castle-tavern, and there he showed me ten or twelve of his little bags full of money, at which I blest myself, and made the sign of the cross, saying, Where have you recovered so much money in so little time? Unto which he answered me, that he had taken it out of the basins of the pardons. For in giving them the first farthing, said he, I put it in with such slight of hand, and so dexterously, that it appeared to be a three-pence, thus with one hand I took three-pence,<sup>1</sup> nine-pence, or six-pence at the least, and with the other as much, and so through all the churches where we have been. Yea, but said I, you damn yourself like a snake,<sup>2</sup> and are withal a thief and sacrilegious person. True,

<sup>1</sup> *With one hand I took, &c.*] Erasmus's Colloquies, in the chapter entitled, Peregrinatio religionis ergo. Ogygius. "Imo, vero sunt quidam adeo dediti Sanctissimæ Virgini, ut dum simulant se se munus imponere altari, mira dexteritate suffurentur quod alius posuerat."

<sup>2</sup> *Like a snake.*] Wrong. It is in the original, *Vous vous damnez comme une serpe*. *Une serpe* does not mean a snake, (though *un serpent* does,) but a wood-cleaver's bill, used in lopping or cutting small wood; or a vine-dresser's pruning knife: so to damn one's self like a pruning-knife is, to go as surely to the devil as a pruning-knife to the lopping of a vine-branch, or as M. Duchat explains it, to plunge one's self into the jaws of hell, head foremost, as a wood-feller, when he will work no longer, throws his bill into the bottom of his basket; *hotte*; wide at the top and narrow at bottom. See this explanation confirmed, l. 3, c. 22.

The expression of *damné comme une serpe*, seems to be misunderstood by Duchat, Sir T. Urquhart, Motteaux, &c. Duchat explains it, *C'est se précipiter en Enfer tête baissée, ou la tête la première, comme un bucheron jetté sa serpe dans le fond de sa hotte, lorsqu'il ne veut plus travailler*, l. 2, c. 17. Sir T. Urquhart translates it, *You damn yourself like a snake*, which is nonsense. Motteaux agrees pretty much with Duchat; he thinks it is *to go as surely to the devil, as a pruning-knife to the lopping of a vine branch*. But Rabelais seems to me to have explained this much better himself in another place. It is in l. 5, c. 46.

Aussi seras-tu, beste immonde,  
 Damné comme une male serpe  
 Et je serai, comme une herpe  
 Sauvé en paradis guallard.

said he, in your opinion, but I am not of that mind ; for the pardoners do give me it, when they say unto me, in presenting the relics to kiss, *Centuplum accipies*, that is, that for one penny I should take a hundred ; for *accipies* is spoken according to the manner of the Hebrews, who use the future tense instead of the imperative, as you have in the law, *Diliges Dominum*; that is, *Dilige*. Even so, when the pardon-bearer says to me, *Centuplum accipies*, his meaning is *Centuplum accipe* ; and so doth Rabbi Kimy, and Rabbi Aben Ezra expound it, and all the Massorets, *et ibi Bartholus*. Moreover, Pope Sixtus<sup>3</sup> gave me fifteen hundred francs, of yearly pension, which in English money is a hundred and fifty pounds, upon his ecclesiastical revenues and treasure, for having cured him of a cankerous botch, which did so torment him, that he thought to have been a cripple by it all his life. Thus I do pay myself at my own hand, for otherwise I get nothing, upon the said ecclesiastical treasure. Ho, my friend, said he, if thou didst know what advantage I made, and how well I feathered my nest, by the pope's bull of the crusade, thou wouldest wonder exceedingly. It was worth to me above six thousand florins ; in English coin six hundred pounds. And what a devil is become of them ? said I ; for of that money thou hast not one half-penny. They returned from whence they came, said he ; they did no more but change their master.

But I employed at least three thousand of them, that is, three hundred pounds English, in marrying,—not young virgins ; for they find but too many husbands,—but great old sempiternous trots, which had not so much as one tooth in their heads ; and that out of the consideration I had, that *Serpe*, or, as the French write it now, *Sarpe*, is a hedgebill, and *une malc serpe*, a bad or blunt hedgebill. The sense is, *you shall be damn'd as much as a hedger damns his blunt hedgebill* ; and the opposition of the *harp* is very much in Rabelais' manner. Panurge says *Friar John* shall be damn'd like a blunt hedgebill, and *he* shall be say'd, as merry as a harp in the hands of an angel in paradise. *Damné comme une serpe* occurs a third time in Rabelais l. 3, c. 22, in the same sense.—*Wilkes*.]

<sup>3</sup> *Pope Sixtus, &c.*] Sixtus IV., the same whom, in chap. 30, Epistemon says he saw in hell anointer of those that have the pox. “ Sed et recentioribus temporibus Sixtus pontifex maximus, Romæ nobile admodum lupanar extruxit,” says Agrippa of the same pope, in his “ Vanit. Scient. cap. de lenonia :” which is nothing less than sufficient to authorize what Panurge says ; but Sixtus had been a Franciscan friar, and that was enough to set Rabelais against him.

these good old women had very well spent the time of their youth in playing at the close-buttock-game to all corners, serving the foremost first, till no man would have any more dealing with them. And by G—, I will have their skincoat shaken once yet before they die. By this means, to one I gave a hundred florins, to another six score, to another three hundred, according to that they were infamous, detestable, and abominable. For, by how much the more honourable and execrable they were, so much the more must I needs have given them, otherwise the devil would not have jum'd them. Presently I went to some great and fat wood-porter, or such like, and did myself make the match. But, before I did show him the old hags, I made a fair muster to him of the crowns, saying, Good fellow, see what I will give thee, if thou wilt but condescend to duffle, dinfredaille, or lecher it one good bout. Then began the poor rogues to gape like old mules, and I caused to be provided for them a banquet, with drink of the best, and store of spiceries, to put the old women in rut and heat of lust. To be short, they occupied all like good souls; only, to those that were horribly ugly and ill-favoured, I caused their head to be put within a bag to hide their face.<sup>4</sup>

Besides all this, I have lost a great deal in suits of law. And what law-suits couldest thou have? said I; thou hast neither house nor lands. My friend, said he, the gentlewo-

<sup>4</sup> Rabelais in this pastime of *Parurge's*, alludes to a passage in Herodotus, book i. sec. 196, describing a custom prevalent in the villages round Babylon. "Once in every year whatever maidens were of a marriageable age, they used to collect together and bring in a body to one place; around them stood a crowd of men. Then a crier having made them stand up one by one, offered them for sale, beginning with the most beautiful; and when she had been sold for a large sum, he put up another who was next in beauty. They were sold on condition that they should be married. Such men among the Babylonians as were rich and desirous of marrying, used to bid against one another and purchase the handsomest. But such of the lower classes as were desirous of marrying, did not require a beautiful form, but were willing to take the plainer damsels with a sum of money. For when the crier had finished selling the handsomest of the maidens, he made the ugliest stand up, or one that was a cripple, and put her up to auction, for the person who would marry her with the least sum, until she was adjudged to the man who offered to take the smallest sum. This money was obtained from the sale of the handsome maidens; and thus the beautiful ones portioned out the ugly and the crippled.]

men of this city had found out, by the instigation of the devil of hell, a manner of high-mounted bands, and neckerchiefs for women, which did so closely cover their bosoms, that men could no more put their hands under. For they had put the slit behind, and those neckcloths were wholly shut before, whereat the poor sad contemplative lovers were much discontented. Upon a fair Tuesday, I presented a petition to the court, making myself a party against the said gentlewomen, and showing the great interest that I pretended therein, protesting that by the same reason, I would cause the codpiece of my breeches to be sewed behind, if the court would not take order for it. In sum, the gentlewomen put in their defences, showed the grounds they went upon, and constituted their attorney for the prosecuting of the cause. But I pursued them so vigorously, that by a sentence of the court it was decreed those high neckcloths should be no longer worn, if they were not a little cleft and open before; but it cost me a good sum of money. I had another very filthy and beastly process against the dung-farmer called Master Fifi and his deputies, that they should no more read privily the pipe, punchcon, nor quart of sentences;<sup>5</sup> but in fair full day, and that in the Fodder schools, in face of the Arrian<sup>6</sup> sophisters; where I was ordained to pay the charges, by reason of some clause mistaken in the relation of the sergeant. Another time I framed a complaint to the court against the mules of the presidents, counsellors, and others, tending to this purpose, that, when in the lower court of the palace they left them to champ on their bridles, some bibs were made for them by the counselors' wives, that with their drivelling they might not spoil the pavement; to the end that the pages of the palace might play upon it with their dice, or at the game of coxbody, at their own ease, without spoiling their breeches at the knees. And for this I had a fair decree; but it cost me dear. Now reckon up what expense I was at in little banquets, which

<sup>5</sup> *Sentences.*] He refers to the different books of the famous Peter Lombard's *Sentences*; which are grown so common, by the numberless editions thereof, and withal so little esteemed by many, that the night-men (gold-finders) had it in their power, for some time past, to read the book from one end to the other, by means of the bum-fodder fragments of it which they found in the houses of office.

<sup>6</sup> *Arrian sophisters.*] Read *artitian*, i. e. masters of arts. A vast difference.



from day to day I made to the pages of the palace. And to what end? said I. My friend, said he, thou hast no pastime at all in this world. I have more than the king, and if thou wilt join thyself with me, we will do the devil together. No, no, said I, by St. Adauras,<sup>7</sup> that will I not, for thou wilt be hanged one time or other. And thou, said he, wilt be interred some time or other. Now, which is most honourable, the air or the earth? Ho, grosse pecore!

Whilst the pages are at their banqueting, I keep their mules, and to some one I cut the stirrup-leather of the mounting side, till it hung by a thin strap or thread, that when the great puff-guts of the counsellor or some other hath taken his swing to get up, he may fall flat on his side like a porker, and so furnish the spectators with more than a hundred francs' worth of laughter. But I laugh yet further, to think how at his home-coming the master-page is to be whipped like green rye, which makes me not to repent what I have bestowed in feasting them. In brief, he had, as I said before, threescore and three ways to acquire money, but he had two hundred and fourteen to spend it, besides his drinking.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*How a great scholar of England would have argued against Pantagruel, and was overcome by Panurge.*

IN that same time, a certain learned man, named Thaumast, hearing the fame and renown of Pantagruel's incomparable knowledge, came out of his own country of England with an intent only to see him, to try thereby, and prove, whether his knowledge in effect was so great as it was reported to be. In this resolution, being arrived at Paris, he went forthwith unto the house of the said Pantagruel, who was lodged in the palace of St. Denis, and was then walking in the garden thereof with Panurge, philosophizing after the

<sup>7</sup> By St. Adauras.] I fancy that as *aura* signifies the air, and particularly the air we breathe, Rabelais invented this saint, as a patron to preserve one from being suspended in the air, and from having the vitals stopped there. And indeed the quibble is not amiss, when, in speaking to a man that will one day come to be hanged, the person speaking affects to swear by St. Adauras, as much as to say "*vacuas pendebis ad auras*." In short, what Panurge says here, is taken from Plutarch's discourse, proving, that nothing but vice can render a man unhappy.

fashion of the Peripatetics. At his first entrance he startled, and was almost out of his wits for fear, seeing him so great, and so tall. Then did he salute him courteously as the manner is, and said unto him, Very true it is, saith Plato, the prince of philosophers,<sup>1</sup> that, if the image and knowledge of wisdom were corporeal and visible to the eyes of mortals, it would stir up all the world to admire her. Which we may the rather believe, that the very bare report thereof, scattered in the air, if it happen to be received into the ears of men, who, for being studious, and lovers of virtuous things, are called philosophers, doth not suffer them to sleep nor rest in quiet, but so pricketh them up, and sets them on fire, to run unto the place where the person is, in whom the said knowledge is said to have built her temple, and uttered her oracles. As it was manifestly shown unto us in the queen of Sheba, who came from the utmost borders of the East and Persian sea, to see the order of Solomon's house, and to hear his wisdom; in Anarcharsis, who came out of Scythia, even unto Athens, to see Solon;<sup>2</sup> in Pythagoras, who travelled far to visit the memphitical vaticinators;<sup>3</sup> in Plato, who went a great way off to see the magicians of Egypt, and Architas of Tarentum; in Apollonius Tyaneus, who went as far as unto Mount Caucasus, passed along the Scythians, the Massagetes, the Indians, and sailed over the great river Phison, even to the Brachmans to see Hiarchas;<sup>4</sup> as likewise unto Babylon, Chaldea, Media, Assyria, Parthia, Syria, Phœnicia, Arabia, Palestina, and Alexandria, even unto Æthiopia, to see the Gymnosophists. The like example have we of Titus Livius,<sup>5</sup> whom to see and hear, divers studious persons came to Rome, from the confines of France and Spain. I dare not reckon myself in the number of those so excellent persons, but well would be called studious, and a lover, not only of learning, but of learned men also. And indeed, having heard the report of your so inestimable knowledge,

<sup>1</sup> *Very true it is, saith Plato, &c.*] Thaumast speaks after Erasmus, in his colloquy entitled Diluculum.

<sup>2</sup> *Unto Athens, to see Solon.*] Ælian l. 5, De Varia Historia.

<sup>3</sup> *Memphitical vaticinators.*] See Pythagoras's life by Porphyry, n. 9, Kuster's edition.

<sup>4</sup> *To see Hiarchas.*] This is taken from Philostratus, l. 2, last ch. of Apollonius's Life.

<sup>5</sup> *Titus Livius.*] See Pliny the younger, l. 2, Ep. 3. All this has been very faithfully copied by Theodosius Valentinian, a Frenchman, p. 4 of his "*Amant ressuscité de la mort d'Amour*," printed in 1518.

I have left my country, my friends, my kindred, my house, and am come thus far, valuing as nothing the length of the way, the tediousness of the sea, nor strangeness of the land, and that only to see you, and to confer with you about some passages in philosophy, of geomancy, and of the cabalistic art, whereof I am doubtful, and cannot satisfy my mind ; which if you can resolve, I yield myself unto you for a slave henceforward, together with all my posterity ; for other gift have I none, that I can esteem a recompence sufficient for so great a favour. I will reduce them into writing, and to-morrow publish them to all the learned men in the city, that we may dispute publicly before them.

But see in what manner I mean that we shall dispute. I will not argue *pro et contra*, as do the sottish sophisters of this town, and other places. Likewise I will not dispute after the manner of the academics by declamation ; nor yet by numbers, as Pythagoras was wont to do, and as Picus de la Mirandula did of late at Rome. But I will dispute by signs only, without speaking, for the matters are so abstruse, hard, and arduous, that words proceeding from the mouth of man will never be sufficient for unfolding of them to my liking. May it, therefore, please your magnificence to be there, it shall be at the great hall of Navarre, at seven o'clock in the morning. When he had spoke these words, Pantagruel very honourably said unto him, Sir, of the graces that God hath bestowed upon me, I would not deny to communicate unto any man to my power. For whatever comes from him is good, and his pleasure is, that it should be increased, when we come amongst men worthy and fit to receive this celestial manna of honest literature. In which number, because that in this time, as I do already very plainly perceive, thou holdest the first rank, I give thee notice, that at all hours thou shalt find me ready to condescend to every one of thy requests, according to my poor ability ; although I ought rather to learn of thee, than thou of me. But, as thou hast protested, we will confer of thy doubts together, and will seek out the resolution, even unto the bottom of that undrainable well, where Heraclitus says the truth lies hidden.<sup>6</sup> And I do highly commend the manner of arguing

<sup>6</sup> *Heraclitus, &c.*] Rabelais talks after the same manner, l. 3, chap. 35, contrary to the received opinion, that this was Democritus's saying.

which thou hast proposed, to wit, by signs without speaking; for by this means thou and I shall understand one another well enough, and yet shall be free from that clapping of hands, which these blockish sophisters make,<sup>7</sup> when any of the arguers hath gotten the better of the argument. Now to-morrow I will not fail to meet thee at the place and hour that thou hast appointed, but let me entreat thee, that there be not any strife or uproar between us, and that we seek not the honour and applause of men, but the truth only. To which Thaumast answered, The Lord God maintain you in his favour and grace, and, instead of my thankfulness to you, pour down his blessings upon you, for that your highness and magnificent greatness hath not disdained to descend to the grant of the request of my poor baseness. So farewell till to-morrow! Farewell, said Pantagruel.

Gentlemen, you that read this present discourse, think not that ever men were more elevated and transported in their thoughts, than all this night were both Thaumast and Pantagruel; for the said Thaumast said to the keeper of the house of Cluny, where he was lodged, that in all his life he had never known himself so dry as he was that night. I think, said he, that Pantagruel held me by the throat. Give order, I pray you, that we may have some drink, and see that some fresh water be brought to us, to gargle my palate. On the other side, Pantagruel stretched his wits as high as he could, entering into very deep and serious meditations, and did nothing all that night but dote upon, and turn over the book of Bede, *De Numeris et signis*; Plotin's book, *De Incenarrabilibus*; the book of Proclus, *De Magia*; the book of Artemidorus, *περί ὀνειροκριτικῶν*; of Anaxagoras, *περί Σημείων*; Dinarius, *περί Ἀστρονῶν*; the books of Philistion; Hipponax,

<sup>7</sup> *This clapping of hands which these blockish sophisters make.*] In the Sorbonne, during the continuance of the solemn act called Sorbonica, Ramus, in his discourse of the reformation of the University of Paris, in 1452, says; "Franciscanus quidam, abhinc annos centum post cardinalis Tottevillei reformationem clamores quæstionares amplificavit, totumque diem unum discipulis contra altercantibus respondit nullo iudice adhibito, præter strepitum pedum et manuum plausum, quo quæstiones altercantium disceptarentur. Hic actus Sorbonica dicta est, atque in memoriam gloriamque robusti et valentis altercatoris Franciscani adhuc prima Sorbonica concessa est." See Men. D. Etym. at the word *Sorbonique*.

περὶ Ἀνεκφωνητῶν, and a rabble of others, so long, that Panurge said unto him :

My lord, leave all these thoughts and go to bed ; for I perceive your spirits to be so troubled by a too intensive bending of them, that you may easily fall into some quotidian fever with this so excessive thinking and plodding. But, having first drunk five and twenty or thirty good draughts, retire yourself and sleep your fill, for in the morning I will argue against and answer my master the Englishman, and, if I drive him not *ad metam non loqui*, then call me knave. Yet, but, said he, my friend Panurge, he is marvellously learned, how wilt thou be able to answer him ? Very well, answered Panurge ; I pray you talk no more of it, but let me alone. Is any man so learned as the devils are ? No, indeed, said Pantagruel, without God's especial grace. Yet for all that, said Panurge, I have argued against them, gravelled and blanked them in disputation, and laid them so squat upon their tails, that I made them look like monkies. Therefore, be assured, that to-morrow I will make this vain-glorious Englishman to skite vinegar\* before all the world. So Panurge spent the night with tippling amongst the pages, and played away all the points of his breeches at *primus et secundus*, and at peck point, in French called *La Vergette*. Yet, when the appointed time was come, he failed not to conduct his master Pantagruel to the appointed place, unto which, believe me, there was neither great nor small in Paris but came, thinking with themselves that this devilish Pantagruel, who had overthrown and vanquished in dispute all these doting fresh-water sophisters, would now get full payment and be tickled to some purpose. For this Englishman is a terrible bustler, and horrible coil-

\* *Skite or shite vinegar.*] In the next succeeding chapter, Thaumast with great toil and vexation of spirit rose up, but in rising let a great baker's fart, for the bran came after. [We say a brewer's fart, grains and all] and pissing withal very strong vinegar, stunk like all the devils in hell. To shite vinegar, piss vinegar, is to be forced to do all in one's breeches. These two fecal substances, i. e. the solids and the fluids being mixed together are called vinegar, because they bear some similitude to vinegar, when jumbled with that thick, muddy sediment, which is as it were the mother of it. A covetous huncks is also called a vinegar pisser, either because his urine does as it were serve him for vinegar, or because it is as hard for him to part with his money as to piss vinegar.

keeper. We will see who will be the conqueror, for he never met with his match before.

Thus all being assembled, Thaumast staid for them; and then, when Pantagruel and Panurge came into the hall, all the school-boys, professors of arts, senior-sophisters, and bachelors, began to clap their hands, as their scurvy custom is. But Pantagruel cried out with a loud voice, as if it had been the sound of a double cannon, saying, Peace, with a devil to you, peace! By G—, you rogues, if you trouble me here, I will cut off the heads of every one of you. At which words they remained all daunted and astonished like so many ducks, and durst not so much as cough, although they had swallowed fifteen pounds of feathers. Withal, they grew so dry with this only voice, that they laid out their tongues a full half foot beyond their mouths, as if Pantagruel had salted all their throats. Then began Panurge to speak, saying to the Englishman, Sir, are you come hither to dispute contentiously in those propositions you have set down, or otherwise but to learn and know the truth? To which answered Thaumast, Sir, no other thing brought me hither but the great desire I had to learn, and to know, that of which I have doubted all my life long, and have neither found book nor man able to content me in the resolution of those doubts which I have proposed. And, as for disputing contentiously, I will not do it, for it is too base a thing, and therefore leave it to those sottish sophisters, who, in their disputes do not search for the truth, but for contradiction only and debate. Then, said Panurge, If I, who am but a mean and inconsiderable disciple of my master, my lord Pantagruel, content and satisfy you in all and everything, it were a thing below my said master, wherewith to trouble him. Therefore is it fitter that he be chairman, and sit as a judge and moderator of our discourse and purpose, and give you satisfaction in many things, wherein perhaps I shall be wanting in your expectation. Truly, said Thaumast, it is very well said, Begin then. Now you must note, that Panurge had set at the end of his long codpiece a pretty tuft of red silk, as also of white, green, and blue, and within it had put a fair orange.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *And within it had put a fair orange.*] Designed for some lady. Such was the gallantry of the French at that time, and so continued

## CHAPTER XIX.

*How Panurge put to a non-plus the Englishman, that argued by signs.*

EVERYBODY then taking heed, and hearkening with great silence, the Englishman lift up on high into the air his two hands severally, clenching in all the tops of his fingers together, after the manner, which, *à la Chinonnesse*, they call the hen's arse, and struck the one hand on the other by the nails four several times. Then he, opening them, struck the one with the flat of the other, till it yielded a clashing noise, and that only once. Again, in joining them as before, he struck twice, and afterwards four times in opening them. Then did he lay them joined, and extended the one towards the other, as if he had been devoutly to send up his prayers unto God. Panurge suddenly lifted up in the air his right hand, and put the thumb thereof into the nostril of the same side, holding his four fingers straight out, and closed orderly in a parallel line to the point of his nose, shutting the left eye wholly, and making the other wink with a profound depression of the eye-brows and eyelids. Then lifted he up his left hand, with hard wringing and stretching forth his four fingers, and elevating his thumb, which he held in a line directly correspondent to the situation of his right hand, with the distance of a cubit and a half between them. This done, in the same form he abased towards the ground both the one and the other hand. Lastly, he held them in the midst, as aiming right at the Englishman's nose! And if Mercury,—said the Englishman. There Panurge interrupted him, and said, You have spoken, Mask.<sup>1</sup>

almost to the end of the sixteenth century. Louis Guyon, l. 2, c. 6, of his various readings, where he speaks of the manner how the French dressed in those days: Their breeches were so close, there could be no pockets made in them: but instead thereof they had a swinging codpiece, with two wings on each side, which they fastened with points, on either side one; and within this large space, which was between the said two points, shirt and codpiece, they put their handkerchiefs, an apple, an orange, or other fruit, as also their purse, &c., and it was not at all uncivil, when they were at table, to make a present of the fruit, which they had for some time kept in their codpiece, any more than it is now a days to offer fruit out of one's pockets.

<sup>1</sup> *You have spoken, Mask.*] To speak, when before-hand it was agreed to argue only by signs, is to be guilty of the same fault as one in a masking-habit, who, after he had been at a great deal of pains to be disguised, makes himself known by his speech.

Then made the Englishman this sign. His left hand all open he lifted up into the air, then instantly shut into his fist the four fingers thereof, and his thumb extended at length he placed upon the gristle of his nose. Presently after, he lifted up his right hand all open, and all open abased and bent it downwards, putting the thumb thereof in the very place where the little finger of the left hand did close in the fist, and the four right hand fingers he softly moved in the air. Then contrarily he did with the right hand what he had done with the left, and with the left what he had done with the right.

Panurge, being not a whit amazed at this, drew out into the air his trismegist codpiece with the left hand, and with his right drew forth a truncheon of a white ox-rib, and two pieces of wood of a like form, one of black ebony, and the other of incarnation Brazil, and put them betwixt the fingers of that hand in good symmetry; then knocking them together, made such a noise as the lepers of Brittany use to do with their clapping clickets, yet better resounding, and far more harmonious, and with his tongue contracted in his mouth did very merrily warble it, always looking fixedly upon the Englishman. The divines, physicians, and chirurgeons, that were there, thought that by this sign he would have inferred that the Englishman was a leper. The counsellors, lawyers, and decretalists conceived that, by doing this, he would have concluded some kind of mortal felicity to consist in leprosy, as the Lord maintained heretofore.

The Englishman for all this was nothing daunted, but, holding up his two hands in the air, kept them in such form, that he closed the three master fingers in his fist, and passing his thumbs through his indicial, or foremost and middle fingers, his auricular or little fingers remained extended and stretched out, and so presented he them to Panurge. Then joined he them so, that the right thumb touched the left, and the left little finger touched the right. Hereat Panurge, without speaking one word, lifted up his hands and made this sign.

He put the nail of the forefinger of his left hand to the nail of the thumb of the same, making in the middle of the distance as it were a buckle, and of his right hand shut up all the fingers into his fist, except the forefinger, which he



often thrust in and out through the said two others of the left hand. Then stretched he out the forefinger, and middle finger or medical of his right hand, holding them asunder as much as he could, and thrusting them towards Thaumast. Then did he put the thumb of his left hand upon the corner of his left eye, stretching out all his hand like the wing of a bird, or the fin of a fish, and, moving it very daintily this way and that way, he did as much with his right hand upon the corner of his right eye. Thaumast began then to wax somewhat pale, and to tremble, and made him this sign.

With the middle finger of his right hand he struck against the muscle of the palm or pulp, which is under the thumb. Then put he the forefinger of the right hand in the like buckle of the left, but he put it under and not over, as Panurge did. Then Panurge knocked one hand against another, and blowed in his palm, and put again the forefinger of his right hand into the overture or mouth of the left, pulling it often in and out. Then held he out his chin, most intently looking upon Thaumast. The people there, who understood nothing in the other signs, knew very well that therein he demanded, without speaking a word to Thaumast—What do you mean by that? In effect, Thaumast then began to sweat great drops, and seemed to all the spectators a man strangely ravished in high contemplation. Then he bethought himself, and put all the nails of his left hand against those of his right, opening his fingers as if they had been semicircles, and with this sign lifted up his hands as high as he could. Whereupon Panurge presently put the thumb of his right hand under his jaws, and the little finger thereof in the mouth of the left hand, and in this posture made his teeth to sound very melodiously, the upper against the lower. With this Thaumast, with great toil and vexation of spirit, rose up, but in rising he let a great baker's fart, for the bran came after; and pissing withal very strong vinegar, stunk like all the devils in hell. The company began to stop their noses; for he had conskited himself with mere anguish and perplexity. Then lifted he up his right hand, clenching it in such sort, that he brought the ends of all his fingers to meet together, and his left hand he laid flat upon his breast. Whereat Panurge drew out his long cod-piece with his tuft, and stretched it forth a cubit and a half, holding it in the air

with his right hand, and with his left took out his orange, and, casting it up into the air seven times, at the eighth he hid it in the fist of his right hand, holding it steadily up on high, and then began to shake his fair codpiece, showing it to Thaumast.

After that, Thaumast began to puff up his two cheeks like a player on a bagpipe, and blew as if he had been to puff up a pig's bladder. Whereupon Panurge put one finger of his left hand in his nockandrow, by some called St. Patrick's hole, and with his mouth sucked in the air, in such a manner as when one eats oysters in the shell, or when we sup up our broth. This done, he opened his mouth somewhat, and struck his right hand flat upon it, making therewith a great and a deep sound, as if it came from the superficies of the midriff, through the trachean artery, or pipe of the lungs; and this he did for sixteen times: but Thaumast did always keep blowing like a gosse. Then Panurge put the forefinger of his right hand into his mouth, pressing it very hard to the muscles thereof; then he drew it out, and withal made a great noise, as when little boys shoot pellets out of the pot-cannons made of the hollow sticks of the branch of an elder tree, and he did it nine times.

Then Thaumast cried out, Ha, my Masters, a great secret. With this he put in his hand up to the elbow, then drew out a dagger that he had, holding it by the point downwards. Whereat Panurge took his long codpiece, and shook it as hard as he could against his thighs; then put his two hands intwined in manner of a comb upon his head, laying out his tongue as far as he was able, and turning his eyes in his head, like a goat that is ready to die. Ha, I understand, said Thaumast, but what? making such a sign that he put the haft of his dagger against his breast, and upon the point thereof the flat of his hand, turning in a little the ends of his fingers. Whereat Panurge held down his head on the left side, and put his middle finger into his right ear, holding up his thumb bolt upright. Then he crost his two arms upon his breast, and coughed five times, and at the fifth time he struck his right foot against the ground. Then he lift up his left arm, and closing all his fingers into his fist, held his thumb against his forehead, striking with his right hand six times against his breast. But Thaumast, as not content

therewith, put the thumb of his left hand upon the top of his nose, shutting the rest of his said hand, whereupon Panurge set his two master-fingers upon each side of his mouth, drawing it as much as he was able, and widening it so, that he showed all his teeth, and with his two thumbs plucked down his two eye-lids very low, making therewith a very ill-favoured countenance, as it seemed to the company.

## CHAPTER XX.

*How Thaumast relateth the virtues and knowledge of Panurge.*

THEN Thaumast rose up, and, putting off his cap, did very kindly thank the said Panurge, and with a loud voice said unto all the people that were there—My lords, gentlemen and others, at this time may I to some good purpose speak that evangelical word, *Et ecce plus quàm Salomon hic!* You have here in your presence an incomparable treasure, that is, my lord Pantagruel, whose great renown hath brought me hither, out of the very heart of England, to confer with him about the insoluble problems, both in magic, alchemy, the cabala, geomancy, astrology and philosophy, which I had in my mind. But at present I am angry even with fame itself, which I think was envious to him, for that it did not declare 'the thousandth part of the worth that indeed is in him.' You have seen how his disciple only hath satisfied me,<sup>1</sup> and hath told me more than I asked of him. Besides, he hath opened unto me, and resolved other inestimable doubts, wherein I can assure you he hath to me discovered the very true well, fountain, and abyss of the encyclopædia

<sup>1</sup> *His disciple only hath satisfied me.*] We are not to look for any mysteries in these odd signs and gestures, wherein the dispute between Thaumast and Panurge is made to consist. Our author's sole aim was to turn into ridicule the pretended science of signs and numbers taught by the venerable Bede, and too much esteemed of by Thaumast, an Englishman, as well as Bede himself. Rabelais allots this task to the waggish Panurge, who, for one sign which the other makes him, gives him two in return, and those the most out of the way ones that could be. Accursius has enlivened his Gloss de Orig. Juris, with such another monkey-like scene, which he says did actually pass, in ancient Rome, between a certain Greek philosopher and a fool, who was set up against him by the Romans. To all the Grecian's mysterious signs, the fool returned very whimsical ones, which, in like manner as here by Thaumast, were taken by the philosopher for so many learned answers to all his doubts and objections.

of learning ; yea, in such a sort, that I did not think I should ever have found a man that could have made his skill appear in so much as the first elements of that, concerning which we disputed by signs, without speaking either word or half word. But, in fine, I will reduce into writing that which we have said and concluded, that the world may not take them to be fooleries, and will thereafter cause them to be printed, that every one may learn as I have done. Judge, then, what the master had been able to say, seeing the disciple hath done so valiantly ; *Non est discipulus super magistrum*. Howsoever, God be praised, and I do very humbly thank you, for the honour that you have done us at this act. God reward you for it eternally ! The like thanks gave Pantagruel to all the company, and going from thence, he carried Thaumast to dinner with him : and believe that they drank as much as their skins could hold, or, as the phrase is, with unbuttoned bellies, (for in that age they made fast their bellies with buttons,<sup>2</sup> as we do now the collars of our doublets or jerkins,) even till they neither knew where they were, nor whence they came. Blessed Lady, how they did carouse it, and pluck, as we say, at the kid's leather ;<sup>3</sup> and flagons to trot, and they to toot, Draw, give, page, some wine here, reach hither, fill with a devil, so ! There was not one but did drink five-and-twenty or thirty pipes. Can you tell how ? Even *sicut terra sine aqua* ; for the weather was hot, and, besides that, they were very dry. In matter of the exposition of the propositions set down by Thaumast, and the signification of the signs, which they used in their disputation, I would have set them down for you, according to their own relation, but I have been told

<sup>2</sup> *They made fast their bellies with buttons, &c.*] Rabelais means your fair, round, out-strutting bellies, anciently cased in doublets long enough to reach to their groin.

<sup>3</sup> *Pluck——at the kid's leather.*] Quaff'd it. This expression is used in Dauphiné and other provinces where they put their wine in kid skins. Cotgrave says, "tirer au chevroton," to eat or drink exceeding much, also to vomit through that excess : "vomitare il pasto," as Oudin says in his Fr. Ital. Dict. Corderius uses it likewise for disbursing of money. There's another signification in Duchat, which would please such as delight in falconry, as it shows how to make their hawks discharge their phlegm which otherwise might choke them. Which I have not time to translate. You may see something like it, and full as good, in our English books of country gentlemen's recreations.

that Thaumast made a great book of it, imprinted at London, wherein he hath set down all, without omitting anything, and, therefore, at this time I do pass by it.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### *How Panurge was in love with a Lady of Paris.*

PANURGE began to be in great reputation in the city of Paris, by means of this disputation, wherein he prevailed against the Englishman, and from thenceforth made his codpiece to be very useful to him. To which effect he had it pinked with pretty little embroideries after the Romanesca fashion. And the world did praise him publicly, in so far that there was a song made of him, which little children did use to sing, when they were to fetch mustard. He was withal made welcome in all companies of ladies and gentlemen, so that at last he became presumptuous, and went about to bring to his lure one of the greatest ladies in the city. And, indeed, leaving a rabble of long prologues and protestations, which ordinarily these dolent contemplative lent-lovers make, who never meddle with the flesh, one day he said unto her, Madam, it would be a ~~very~~ great benefit to the commonwealth, delightful to you, honourable to your progeny, and necessary for me, that I cover you for the propagating of my race; and believe it, for experience will teach it you. The lady at this word thrust him back above a hundred leagues, saying, You mischievous fool, is it for you to talk thus unto me? Whom do you think you have in hand? Be gone, never to come in my sight again; for, if one thing were not, I would have your legs and arms cut off. Well, said he, that were all one to me, to want both legs and arms, provided you and I had but one merry bout together, at the brangle-buttock-game; for here within is,—in showing her his long codpiece,—Master John Thursday,<sup>1</sup> who will play you such an antic, that you shall feel the sweetness thereof even to the very marrow of your bones. He is a gallant, and doth so well know how to find out all the corners, creeks, and ingrained inmates in your carnal trap, that after him there needs no broom, he'll sweep so

<sup>1</sup> *John Thursday.*] A musician and dancing master, supposed to be the inventor of an antique-dance, called the Hussarde.

well before, and leave nothing to his followers to work upon. Whereunto the lady answered, Go, villain, go. If you speak to me one such word more, I will cry out, and make you to be knocked down with blows. Ha, said he, you are not so bad as you say,—no, or else I am deceived in your physiognomy. For sooner shall the earth mount up into the heavens, and the highest heavens descend into the hells, and all the course of nature be quite perverted, than that, in so great beauty and neatness as in you is, there should be one drop of gall or malice. They say, indeed, that hardly shall a man ever see a fair woman, that is not also stubborn. Yet that is spoke only of those vulgar beauties; but your's is so excellent, so singular, and so heavenly, that I believe nature hath given it you as a paragon, and master-piece of her art, to make us know what she can do, when she will employ all her skill, and all her power. There is nothing in you but honey, but sugar, but a sweet and celestial manna. To you it was, to whom Paris ought to have adjudged the golden apple, not to Venus, no, nor to Juno, nor to Minerva, for never was there so much magnificence in Juno, so much wisdom in Minerva, nor so much comeliness in Venus, as there is in you. O heavenly gods and goddesses! How happy shall that man be to whom you will grant the favour to embrace her, to kiss her, and to rub his bacon with her's! By G—, that shall be I, I know it well; for she loves me already her belly full, I am sure of it; and so was I predestinated to it by the fairies. And, therefore, that we lose no time, put on, thrust out your gammons!—and would have embraced her, but she made as if she would put out her head at the window, to call her neighbours for help. Then Panurge on a sudden ran out, and, in his running away, said, Madam, stay here till I come again, I will go call them myself, do not you take so much pains. Thus went he away, not much caring for the repulse he had got, nor made he any whit the worse cheer for it. The next day he came to the church, at the time she went to mass. At the door he gave her some of the holy water, bowing himself very low before her. Afterwards he kneeled down by her very familiarly, and said unto her, Madam, know that I am so amorous of you, that I can neither piss nor dung for love. I do not know, lady, what you mean,

but if I should take any hurt by it, how much you would be to blame! Go, said she, go, I do not care, let me alone to say my prayers. I, but, said he, equivocate upon this; *a Beaumont le viconte*. I cannot, said she. It is, said he, *a beau con le vit mont*. And upon this, pray to God to give you that which your noble heart desireth, and I pray you give me these patenotres. Take them, said she, and trouble me no longer. This done, she would have taken off her patenotres, which were made of a kind of yellow stone called Cestrin,<sup>2</sup> and adorned with great spots of gold, but Panurge nimbly drew out one of his knives, wherewith he cut them off<sup>4</sup> very handsomely, and while he was going away to carry them to the brokers, he said to her, Will you have my knife? No, no, said she. But, said he, to the purpose. I am at your commandment, body and goods, tripes and bowels.

In the meantime, the lady was not ver, well content with the want of her patenotres, for they were one of her implements to keep her countenance by in the church; then thought with herself, this bold flouting roister is some giddy, fantastical, light-headed fool of a strange country. I shall never recover my patenotres again. What will my husband say? He will no doubt be angry with me. But I will tell him, that a thief hath cut them off from my hands in the church, which he will easily believe, seeing the end of the riband left at my girdle. After dinner Panurge went to see her, carrying in his sleeve a great purse full of palace-crowns, called counters,<sup>3</sup> and began to say unto her, Which of us two loveth other best, you me, or I you? Whercunto she answered, As for me, I do not hate you; for, as God

<sup>2</sup> *Cestrin*.] A kind of yellow stone, whereof praying-beads are made, says Cotgrave. Menage says it is a sort of wood used for that purpose by the Portuguese. M. Duchat takes it to be the *lignum aloes*, of which the bowl was made, that served for the device of the tenth ship of Pantagruel: jovial convoy, l. 4, c. 1.

<sup>3</sup> *Palace-crowns, called counters*.] In France, from time immemorial, the officers of the Palais have used counters in making their calculations of taxes, and in the declaration of issues and disbursements: as in the cofferers and other accompts here, counters are used before the barons of the exchequer. They were called "*Écus de Palais*," because one side was anciently stamped with the escutcheon of France.

commands, I love all the world. But to the purpose, said he; are you not in love with me? I have, said she, told you so many times already, that you should talk so no more to me, and, if you speak of it again, I will teach you, that I am not one to be talked unto dishonestly. Get you hence packing, and deliver me my patenotres, that my husband may not ask me for them.

How now, madam, said he, your patenotres? Nay, by mine oath, I will not do so, but I will give you others. Had you rather have them of gold well enamelled in great round knobs, or after the manner of love-knots, or, otherwise, all massive, like great ingots, or, if you had rather have them of ebony, of jacinth, or of grained gold, with the marks of fine torquises, or fair topazes, marked with fine sapphires, or of balue rubies, with great marks of diamonds of eight and twenty squares? No, no, all this is too little. I know a fair bracelet<sup>4</sup> of fine emeralds, marked with spotted ambergris, and at the buckle a Persian pearl as big as an orange. It will not cost above five-and-twenty thousand ducats. I will make you a present of it, for I have ready coin enough, and withal he made a noise with his counters as if they had been French crowns.

Will you have a piece of velvet, either of the violet colour, or of crimson dyed in grain, or a piece of broached or crimson satin? Will you have chains, gold, tablets, rings? You need no more but say, Yes,—so far as fifty thousand ducats may reach, it is but as nothing to me. By the virtue of which words he made the water come in her mouth: but she said unto him, No, I thank you, I will have nothing of you. By G—, said he, but I will have somewhat of you; yet shall it be that which shall cost you nothing, neither shall you have a jot the less, when you have given it. Hold, (showing his long codpiece,) this is Master John Goodfellow, that asks for lodging,—and with that would have embraced her, but she began to cry out, yet not very loud. Then Panurge put off his counterfeit garb, changed his false visage, and said unto her, You will not then otherwise let me do a little? A turd for you! You do not deserve so much good,

<sup>4</sup> *Braccelet.*] Read chaplet, i. e. a pair of beads to pray by: bracelet is another thing. *Unge chapelet* in French is the same as patenotres (beads) the very thing in question, which has been so often mentioned.



nor so much honour; but, by G—, I will make the dogs ride you; and with this he ran away as fast as he could, for fear of blows, whereof he was naturally fearful."

## CHAPTER XXII.

*How Panurge served a Parisian Lady a trick that pleased her not very well.*

Now you must note, that the next day was the great festival of Corpus Christi, called the Sacre, wherein all women put on their best apparel, and on that day the said lady was clothed in a rich gown of crimson satin, under which she wore a very costly white velvet petticoat.

The day of the eve, called the vigil, Panurge searched so long of one side and another, that he found a hot or salt<sup>1</sup> bitch, which, when he had tied her with his girdle, he led to his chamber, and fed her very well all that day and night. In the morning thereafter he killed her, and took that part of her which the Greek geomancers<sup>2</sup> know, and cut it into several peeces, as small as he could. Then carrying it away as close as might be, he went to the place where the lady was to come along, to follow the procession, as the custom is upon the said holy day; and, when she came in, Panurge sprinkled some holy water on her, saluting her very courteously. Then, a little while after she had said her petty devotions, he sat down close by her upon the same bench, and gave her this roundelay, in writing, in manner as followeth.

### A ROUNDELAY.

For this one time, that I to you my love  
Discovered, you did too cruel prove,  
To send me packing, hopeless, and so soon,  
Who never any wrong to you had done,  
In any kind of action, word, or thought;  
So that, if my suit lik'd you not, you ought  
T' have spoke more civilly, and to this sense,  
My friend be pleased to depart from hence,  
For this one time.

<sup>1</sup> *Hot or salt.*] *Orgoose* in the original: from the Greek *ὄργανον*. (Galen in aph. 22, l. 1.) "Aprettere impatienter," says Robertson's Lexicon.

<sup>2</sup> *Greek geomancers.*] Rabelais means Galen. l. 1, aph. 22.

What hurt do I, to wish you to remark  
 With favour and compassion, how a spark  
 Of your great beauty hath inflam'd my heart  
 With deep affection, and that, for my part,  
 I only ask, that you with me would dance  
 The brangle gay in feats of dalliance,  
 For this one time.

And, as she was opening this paper to see what it was, Panurge very promptly and lightly scattered the drug that he had upon her in divers places,<sup>3</sup> but especially in the plaits of her sleeves, and of her gown. Then said he unto her, Madam, the poor lovers are not always at ease. As for me, I hope that those heavy nights, those pains and troubles, which I suffer for love of you, shall be deduction to me of so much pain in purgatory; yet, at the least, pray to God to give me patience in my misery. Panurge had no sooner spoke this, but all the dogs that were in the church came running to this lady with the smell of the drugs that he had strewed upon her, both small and great, big and little, all came, laying out their member, smelling to her, and pissing every where upon her, it was the greatest villany<sup>4</sup> in the world. Panurge made the fashion of driving them away; then took his leave of her, and withdrew himself into some chapel or oratory of the said church, to see the sport; for these villanous dogs did compass all her habiliments, and left none of her attire unbesprinkled with their staling, in so much that a tall greyhound pissed upon her head, others in her sleeves, others on her crupper-piece, and the little ones pissed upon her pattens; so that all the women that were round about her had much ado to save her. Whereat Panurge very heartily laughing, he said to one of the lords of the city, I believe that same lady is hot, or else that some greyhound hath covered her lately. And when he saw that all the dogs were flocking about her, yarring at the retardment of their access to her, and every way keeping such a coil with her, as they were wont to do about a proud or salt

<sup>3</sup> Upon her in divers places.] Had she perceived him serving her so, she would have taken it for a piece of gallantry only in a lover; the ladies in these days using much perfume, and suffering themselves to be perfumed, it is likely, by their sparks.

<sup>4</sup> Villany.] Read filthiness; properly *villaine* in French.

bitch, he forthwith departed from thence, and went to call Pantagruel, not forgetting, in his way along all the streets, through which he went, where he found any dogs, to give them a bang with his foot, saying, Will you not go with your fellows to the wedding? Away, hence, avaunt, avaunt, with a devil avaunt! And, being come home, he said to Pantagruel, Master, I pray you, come and see all the dogs of the country, how they are assembled about a lady, the fairest in the city, and would duffle<sup>5</sup> and line her. Whereunto Pantagruel willingly condescended, and saw the mystery, which he found very pretty and strange.<sup>6</sup> But the best was at the procession, in which were seen above six hundred thousand and fourteen dogs about her, which did very much trouble and molest her, and whithersoever she past, those dogs that came afresh, tracing her footsteps, followed her at her heels, and pissed in the way wherever her gown had touched. All the world stood gazing at this spectacle, considering the countenance of those dogs, who, leaping up, got about her neck, and spoiled all her gorgeous accoutrements, for the which she could find no remedy, but to retire unto her house, which was a palace.<sup>7</sup> Thither she went, and the dogs after her; she ran to hide herself, but the chambermaids could not abstain from laughing. When she was entered into the house, and had shut the door upon herself, all the dogs came running, of half a league round, and did so well bepiss the gate of her house, that there they made a stream with their urine, wherein a duck might have very well swam, and it is the same current that now runs at St. Victor,<sup>8</sup> in which Gobelins

<sup>5</sup> *Duffle*, &c.] *Jocquetter* in Rabelais. Either from *jugum* or *jocus*.

<sup>6</sup> *And saw the mystery which he found very pretty and strange.*] The mystery, that is, the farce. It was a common saying, *jouer les mysteres*, to play or act the mysteries, i. e. to represent the mysteries of religion on the stage by way of farce, which were often diverting enough for their simplicity. See Bayle's Dict. in the article of *Dassouci*. One of these farces, entitled, "The Mystery of the Old Testament," was played at Paris: and the "Mystery of the Passion," another piece of the same kind, presented *moult triumpamment* (mighty triumphantly) at Angers, was printed in 4to, in 97 chaps. containing 253 leaves, at Paris, by Philip le Noir, in 1532.

<sup>7</sup> *Palace.*] *Hôtel* in French. People of quality's houses are called *hotels* not *maisons*, in France.

<sup>8</sup> *Runs at St. Victor.* At the time spoken of, by Rabelais, the small river of Bievre, which comes from the village of that name, used to run

dyeth scarlet, by the specifical virtue of these piss-dogs,<sup>9</sup> as our master Doribus<sup>10</sup> did heretofore preach publicly. So may God help you, a mill would have ground corn with it. Yet not so much as those of Basacle at Toulouse.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*How Pantagruel departed from Paris, hearing news that the Dipsodes had invaded the land of the Amaurots; and the cause wherefore the leagues are so short in France.*

A LITTLE while after, Pantagruel heard news, that his father Gargantua had been translated<sup>1</sup> into the Land of the Fairies by Morgue, as heretofore were Ogier and Arthur; as also, that, the report of the translation being spread abroad, that the Dipsodes had issued out beyond their borders, with inroads, had wasted a great part of Utopia, and at that very time had besieged the great city of the Amaurots. Whereupon, departing from Paris, without bidding any man farewell, for the business required diligence, he came to Rouen.

into the Seine at Paris by a postern-gate or back-door of St. Victor, where the traces of it are still remaining. Now it enters the Seine a little below that abbey.

<sup>9</sup> *Specifical virtues of these piss-dogs.*] In failure of dog-piss, other urine will serve. "Parisius quando purpura præparatus, tunc artifices invitant Germanicos milites et studiosos, qui libenter bibunt: et eis præbent largiter optimum vinum, ea conditione, ut postea, urinam reddant in illam lanam. Sic enim audiui a studioso Parisiensi." Joann. Manlii, libellus medicus, page 765 of his common-places. Francfort edition, 1568, 8vo. To conclude; piss-dogs (*pisse chiens*) means pissing-dogs, dogs that do nothing but piss.

<sup>10</sup> *Our Master Doribus.*] In all likelihood the same master d'Oris . . . mentioned by Beza in his Ecclesiastical Hist. ann. 1531. "Depuis étant venu à Sancerre," &c. Then coming to Sancerre, &c., one Mr. d'Oris. . . a famous inquisitor of the faith, was so highly delighted with the good wine they had given him to pacify him, that he affirmed publicly in the pulpit at Bourges, that the inhabitants of Sancerre were a very good sort of people.

<sup>1</sup> *Translated, &c.*] The fairy Morgue kept the good King Arthur, her brother, in the castle of Avalon, where that prince quietly enjoyed all the pleasures of that enchanted place. Ogier the Dane, happening to be rambling that way, was invited in, by his good friend the fairy, and was entertained by her in a yet more agreeable manner. But, as the pagans had taken the opportunity of Ogier's absence, to seize on Jerusalem and Babylon, just such an opportunity here prompts the Dipsodes to lay siege to the city of the Amaurots.

Now Pantagruel in his journey, seeing that the leagues of that little territory about Paris called France,<sup>2</sup> were very short, in regard of those of other countries, demanded the cause and reason of it from Panurge, who told him a story which Marotus of the Lac, monachus,<sup>3</sup> set down in the Acts of the Kings of Canarre, saying, that in old times countries were not distinguished into leagues, miles, furlongs, nor parasanges, until that King Pharamond divided them, which was done in manner as followeth. The said king chose at Paris, a hundred fair, gallant, lusty, brisk young men, all resolute and bold adventurers in Cupid's duels, together with a hundred comely, pretty, handsome, lovely, and well complexioned wenches of Picardy; all of which he caused to be well entertained, and highly fed, for the space of eight days. Then, having called for them, he delivered to every one of the young men his wench, with store of money to defray their charges, and this injunction besides, to go unto divers places here and there. And, wheresoever they should biscot and thrum their wenches, that they setting a stone there, it should be counted for a league. Thus went away those brave fellows and sprightly blades most merrily, and because they were fresh, and had been at rest, they very often jummed and franfreuchled at almost every field's end, and this is the cause why the leagues about Paris are so short. But when they had gone a great way, and were now as weary as poor devils, all the oil in their lamps being almost spent, they did not chink and dufflè so often, but contented themselves, (I mean for the men's part,) with one scurvy, paltry bout in a day, and this is that which makes the leagues in Brittany, Delances, Germany, and other more remote countries so long. Other men give other reasons for it, but this seems to me of all others the best. To which Pantagruel willingly adhered. Parting from Rouen, they arrived at Honfleur.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Called France.*] Called l'Isle de France; I suppose Sir T. U. would have said. Rabelais says only, *les lieues de France*, the leagues of France, not a word of that little territory about Paris called France.

<sup>3</sup> *Marotus du Lac, monachus, &c.*] The reason here given, why the leagues differ, being an original story, it follows, that this Marotus is no other than Master Francis himself. The quality of monk cannot be disputed him, and as he took the name of Marotus, perhaps out of friendship to Marot, so it may be that he took the surname of du Lac, only by way of allusion to the romance of Lancelot of the Lake.

<sup>4</sup> *Honfleur.*] A small town in Normandy, over-against Harfleur.

where they took shipping, Pantagruel, Panurge, Epistemon, Eusthenes, and Carpalim.

In which place, waiting for a favourable wind, and caulking their ship, he received from a lady of Paris, whom he had formerly kept, and entertained a good long time, a letter directed on the outside thus,—To the best beloved of the fair women, and least loyal of the valiant men.

P. N. T. G. R. L.<sup>5</sup>

## CHAPTER XXIV.

*A letter which a messenger brought to Pantagruel from a lady of Paris, together with the exposition of a posy written in a gold ring.*

WHEN Pantagruel had read the superscription, he was much amazed, and therefore demanded of the said messenger the name of her that had sent it. Then opened he the letter, and found nothing written in it, nor otherwise inclosed, but only a gold ring, with a square table diamond. Wondering at this, he called Panurge to him, and showed him the case. Whereupon Panurge told him, that the leaf of paper was written upon, but, with such cunning and artifice, that no man could see the writing at the first sight. Therefore, to find it out, he set it by the fire, to see if it was made with sal ammoniac soaked in water. Then put he it into the water, to see if the letter was written with the juice of tithymalle. After that he held it up against the candle, to see if it was written with the juice of white onions.

The history of King Charles VII., falsely attributed to Alain Chartier, calls this Harfleu; and Honnefleu the other, which Dolet's edition calls Homnefleu, and Beza's Ecclesiastical History Hondefleur. Since it appears by this that the origin of the name of these two towns, and especially the latter, is not well known even to the French themselves, the reader perhaps will not be displeased to see here what H. Ottius thought of it, in his Franco-Gallia, where he easily proves that a great number of French words come from the German. See here, therefore, how he expresses himself in that little book, p. 66, of the Basle edition, 1670. "Op," says he, "apud Caletos Harflutum, Harfleu, Harfluss, ab influxu maris: ex alia parte Hinfutum, Hinfleut, Belg. Hinfut, Germ. Hinfloss, à refluxu." This was Andrew du Chêne's thought long before him.

<sup>5</sup> P. N. T. G. R. L. The inscription on the ring was Hebrew. The name of Pantagruel appears, accordingly, written without vowels, after the manner of the Hebrews, who use points instead of vowels.

Then he rubbed one part of it with the oil of nuts, to see if it were written with the lee of a fig-tree, and another part of it with the milk of a woman giving suck to her eldest daughter, to see if it was written with the blood of red toads, or green earth frogs. Afterwards he rubbed one corner with the ashes of a swallow's nest, to see if it were not written with the dew that is found within the herb alcakengy,<sup>1</sup> called the winter-cherry. He rubbed, after that, one end with car-wax, to see if it were not written with the gall of a raven. Then did he dip it into vinegar, to try if it was not written with the juice of the garden spurge. After that he greased it with the fat of a bat or flittermouse, to see if it was not written with the sperin of a whale, which some call amber-gris. Then put it very fairly into a basin full of fresh water, and forthwith took it out, to see whether it was written with stone-allum. But after all experiments, when he perceived that he could find out nothing, he called the messenger and asked him, Good fellow, the lady that sent thee hither, did she not give thee a staff to bring with thee? thinking that it had been according to the conceit, whereof Aulus Gellius maketh mention. And the messenger answered him, No, Sir. Then Panurge would have caused his head to be shaven, to see whether the lady had written upon his bald pate, with the hard lye whereof soap is made; that which she meant; but, perceiving that his hair was very long, he forbore, considering that it could not have grown to so great a length in so short a time.

Then he said to Pantagruel, Master, by the virtue of G—, I cannot tell what to do or say in it. For, to know whether there be anything written upon this or no, I have made use of a good part of that which Master Francisco di Nianto, the Tuscan,<sup>2</sup> sets down, who had written the manner of reading letters that do not appear; that which Zoroaster

<sup>1</sup> *Within the herb alcakengy, &c.*] The original says, within the apples called *alicacabut*.

<sup>2</sup> *Master Francisco di Nianto, the Tuscan*] Nobody in France knows anything of this man, or the book which Rabelais ascribes to him. As our author, in the year 1536, was at Rome for some time, it is possible, says Duchat, that either there, or on the road, he might have lit on Messere Francisco di Nianto, or at least his work. (The name of Nianto seems to me to be a banter; for it means Mr. Nobody, from *Neante* in Italian.)

published, *Peri Grammaton acriton*; and Calphurnius Bassus,<sup>3</sup> *De Literis illegibilibus*. But I can see nothing, nor do I believe that there is anything else in it than the ring. Let us, therefore, look upon it. Which when they had done, they found this in Hebrew written within, *Lama sabachthani*;<sup>4</sup> whereupon they called Epistemon, and asked him what that meant? To which he answered, that they were Hebrew words, signifying, Wherefore hast thou forsaken me? Upon that Panurge suddenly replied, I know the mystery. Do you see this diamond? It is a false one. This, then, is the exposition of that which the lady means, *Diamant faux*, that is, false lover,<sup>5</sup> why hast thou forsaken me? Which interpretation Pantagruel presently understood, and withal remembering, that at his departure, he had not bid the lady farewell, he was very sorry, and would fain have returned to Paris, to make his peace with her. But Epistemon put him in mind of Æneas's departure from Dido, and the saying of Heraclitus of Tarentum, That, the ship being at anchor, when need requireth, we must cut the cable rather than lose time about untying of it,—and that he should lay aside all other thoughts, to succour the city of his nativity, which was then in danger. And, indeed, within an hour after that, the wind arose at the north-north-west, wherewith they hoisted sail, and put out, even into the main sea, so that within few days, passing by Porto Sancto, and by the Madeiras, they went ashore in the Canary islands. Parting from thence, they passed by Capo-bianco, by Senega, by Capo-verde, by Gambra, by Sagres, by Melli, by the Cap di Buona Speranza, and set ashore again in the kingdom of

<sup>3</sup> *Calphurnius Bassus*.] This is a sham name for another man, and the treatise *De Literis Illegibilibus* merely imaginary. See Vossius the father, l. 1. of his *Latin Historians*, c. 22, upon this subject.

<sup>4</sup> *Lama sabachthani*.] The profane application of *Lama sabachthani*, is properly of the Italian genius, and accordingly Rabelais took it from the 41st novel of Massuccio Salernitano. James Gohori, half author, half translator, of some of the volumes of *Amadis*, has foisted into the third this same rebus, which is not in the Spanish original, and which Rabelais could not have seen in the translation, it not being published till after his death.

<sup>5</sup> *False lover, &c.*] It should be, Say, false lover, &c. *Di, amant faux*. Sir T. U. by leaving out the word say, and not giving the words, either at length, as thus, *diamant faux*, false diamond, or as it is divided, *di, amant faux*, say, false lover, leaves the reader quite at a loss about the meaning of all this.



Melinda. Parting from thence, they sailed away with a tramontane or northerly wind, passing by Meden,<sup>6</sup> by Uti, by Uden,<sup>7</sup> by Gelasem, by the Isles of the Fairies, and along the kingdom of Achory, till at last they arrived at the port of Utopia, distant from the city of the Amaurots three leagues and somewhat more.

When they were ashore, and pretty well refreshed, Pantagruel said, Gentlemen, the city is not far from hence, therefore were it not amiss, before we set forward, to advise well what is to be done, that we be not like the Athenians, who never took counsel until after the fact. Are you resolved to live and die with me? Yes, Sir, said they all, and be as confident of us as of your own fingers. Well, said he, there is but one thing that keeps my mind in great doubt and suspense, which is this, that I know not in what order nor of what number the enemy is, that layeth siege to the city; for, if I were certain of that, I should go forward, and set on with the better assurance. Let us, therefore, consult together, and bethink ourselves by what means we may come to this intelligence. Whereunto they all said, Let us go thither and see, and stay you here for us; for this very day, without further respite, do we make account to bring you a certain report thereof.

Myself, said Panurge, will undertake to enter into their camp,<sup>8</sup> within the very midst of their guards, unespied by their watch, and merrily feast and lecher it at their cost, without being known of any, to see the artillery and the tents of all the captains, and thrust myself in with a grave and magnificent carriage, amongst all their troops and companies, without being discovered. The devil would not be able to peck me out with all his circumventions, for I am of the race of Zopyrus.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Meden.*] Such another country, says the Dutch scholiast, as *Medamothi* in l. 1. ch. 2; that is to say, no country at all, for that's the English of *Μηδὲν* and *Μηδαμότεν*. Rabelais created these places himself.

<sup>7</sup> *By Uti, by Uden.*] Again, countries framed, at pleasure, over a bottle; no such places or things, in *rerum naturâ*. 'Ουδὲν 'Ουτι, nullities in English.

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<sup>9</sup> *Zopyrus.*] The friend of Darius; he cut off his nose and ears, to cause the besieged Babylonians to believe that he was the victim of the King of Persia, and thus to become master of their secrets.]

And I, said Epistemon, know all the plots and stratagems of the valiant captains, and warlike champions of former ages, together with all the tricks and subtleties of the art of war. I will go, and, though I be detected and revealed, I will escape, by making them believe of you whatever I please, for I am of the race of Sinon.<sup>10</sup>

I, said Eusthenes, will enter and set upon them in their trenches, in spite of their sentries, and all their guards; for I will tread upon their bellies, and break their legs and arms, yea, though they were every bit as strong as the devil himself, for I am of the race of Hercules.

And I, said Carpalian, will get in there, if the birds can enter, for I am so nimble of body, and light withal, that I shall have leaped over their trenches, and ran clean through all their camp, before that they perceive me; neither do I fear shot, nor arrow, nor horse, how swift soever, were he the Pegasus of Perseus or Pacolet,<sup>11</sup> being assured that I shall be able to make a safe and sound escape before them all, without any hurt. I will undertake to walk upon the ears of corn, or grass in the meadows, without making either of them do so much as bow under me, for I am of the race of Camilla the Amazon.<sup>12</sup>

## CHAPTER XXV.

*How Panurge, Carpalim, Eusthenes, and Epistemon, the gentlemen attendants of Pantagruel vanquished and discomfited six hundred and threescore horsemen very cunningly.*

As he was speaking this, they perceived six hundred and threescore light horsemen, gallantly mounted, who made an outride thither, to see what ship it was that was newly arrived in the harbour, and came in a full gallop to take them if they had been able. Then said Pantagruel, My lads, retire yourselves into the ship, here are some of our enemies coming apace, but I will kill them here before you like beasts, although they were ten times so many; in the meantime, withdraw yourselves, and take your sport at it. Then

<sup>10</sup> *Sinon.*] The Greek, by whose treachery the besiegers of Troy, obtained admission within its walls, in the bowels of the wooden horse.]

<sup>11</sup> *Pacolet.*] A wonderful horse, used a long time by the hero of the romance of Valentine and Orson.

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answered Panurge, No, Sir, there is no reason that you should do so, but, on the contrary, retire you unto the ship, both you and the rest, for I will alone here discomfit them ; but we must not linger, come, set forward. Whereunto the others said, It is well advised, Sir, withdraw yourself, and we will help Panurge here, so shall you know what we are able to do. Then said Pantagruel, Well, I am content, but, if that you be too weak, I will not fail to come to your assistance. With this Panurge took two great cables of the ship, and tied them to the kempstock or capstan which was on the deck towards the hatches, and fastened them in the ground, making a long circuit, the one further off, the other within that. Then said he to Epistemon, Go aboard the ship, and, when I give you a call, turn about the capstan upon the orlop diligently, drawing unto you the two cable ropes ; and said to Fasthenes, and to Carpalim, My bullies, stay you here, and offer yourselves freely to your enemies. Do as they bid you, and make as if you would yield unto them, but take heed that you come not within the compass of the ropes,—be sure to keep yourselves free of them. And presently he went aboard the ship, and took a bundle of straw, and a barrel of gunpowder, strewed it round about the compass of the cords, and stood by with a brand of fire, or match lighted in his hand. Presently came the horsemen with great fury, and the foremost ran almost home to the ship, and, by reason of the slipperiness of the bank, they fell, they and their horses, to the number of four and forty ; which the rest seeing, came on, thinking that resistance had been made them at their arrival. But Panurge said unto them, My masters, I believe that you have hurt yourselves, I pray you pardon us, for it is not our fault, but the slipperiness of the sea-water, that is always unctuous ; we submit ourselves to your good pleasure. So said likewise his two other fellows, and Epistemon that, was upon the deck. In the meantime Panurge withdrew himself, and seeing that they were all within the compass of the cables, and that his two companions were retired, making room for all those horses which came in a crowd, thronging upon the neck of one another to see the ship, and such as were in it, cried out on a sudden to Epistemon, Draw, draw ! Then began Epistemon to wind about the capstan, by doing whereof the two

cables so entangled and impestered the legs of the horses, that they were all of them thrown down to the ground easily, together with their riders. But they seeing that, drew their swords, and would have cut them; whereupon Panurge set fire to the train, and there burnt them all up like damned souls, both men and horses, not one escaping save one alone, who, being mounted on a fleet Turkey coursers, by mere speed in flight got himself out of the circle of the ropes. But when Carpalim perceived him, he ran after him, with such nimbleness and celerity, that he overtook him in less than a hundred paces; then leaping close behind him upon the crupper of his horse, clasped him in his arms, and brought him back to the ship.

This exploit being ended, Pantagruel was very jovial, and wondrously commended the industry of these gentlemen, whom he called his fellow-soldiers, and made them refresh themselves, and feed well and merrily upon the sea-shore, and drink heartily with their bellies upon the ground, and their prisoner with them, whom they admitted to that familiarity: only that the poor devil was somewhat afraid that Pantagruel would have eaten him up whole, which, considering the wideness of his mouth, and capacity of his throat, was no great matter for him to have done; for he could have done it as easily as you would eat a small comfit, he showing no more in his throat than would a grain of millet-seed in the mouth of an ass.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*How Pantagruel and his company were weary in eating still salt meats: and how Carpalim went a hunting to have some venison.*

THUS as they talked and chatted together,<sup>1</sup> Carpalim said, And by the belly of St. Quenet, shall we never eat any venison? This salt meat makes me horribly dry. I will go and fetch you a quarter of one of those horses which we have burned; it is well roasted already. As he was rising up to go about it, he perceived under the side of a wood a fair great roe-buck, which came out of his fort, as I conceive,

<sup>1</sup> *Thus as they talked, &c.]* Read, Thus as they junketed together; *banquetoient*, not *quaquetoient*.

at the sight of Panurge's fire. Him did he pursue and run after with as much vigour and swiftness, as if it had been a bolt out of a cross-bow, and caught him in a moment; and whilst he was in his course, he with his hands took in the air four great bustards, seven bitterns, six and twenty grey partridges, two and thirty red-legged ones, sixteen pheasants, nine woodcocks, nineteen herons, two and thirty cushats and ring-doves; and with his feet killed ten or twelve leverets and rabbits, which were then at relief,<sup>2</sup> and pretty big withal, eighteen rails in a knot together, with fifteen young wild boars, two little beavers, and three great foxes. So, striking the kid with his falchion athwart the head, he killed him, and, bearing him on his back, he in his return took up his hares, rails, and young wild boars, and, as far off as he could be heard, cried out, and said Panurge, my friend, vinegar, vinegar!<sup>3</sup> Then the good Pantagruel, thinking he had fainted, commanded them to provide him some vinegar; but Panurge knew well that there was some good prey in hands, and forthwith showed unto noble Pantagruel, how he was bearing upon his back a fair roc-buck, and all his girdle bordered with hares. Then immediately did Epistemon make, in the name of the nine muses, nine antique wooden spits,<sup>4</sup> Eusthenes did help to flay, and Panurge placed two great cuirassier saddles in such sort, that they served for andirons, and, making their prisoner to be their cook, they roasted their venison by the fire, wherein the horsemen were burned; and, making great cheer with a good deal of vinegar, the devil a one of them did forbear from his victuals,—it was a triumphant and incomparable spectacle to see how they ravened and devoured. Then said Pantagruel, Would to God, every one of you had two pairs of little anthem or sa-

<sup>2</sup> Which were then at relief.] *Hors de page* does not mean out a feeding, but about three quarters old, almost full grown. *Hors de page* properly signifies, out of a state of servitude: thus Louis XI. of France (I think it was) used to say, he would put the kings of France *hors de page*, i. e., he would make them arbitrary; as our King James I. threatened, he would break the neck of parliaments.

<sup>3</sup> Vinegar, vinegar.] It is still in Languedoc a custom among hunters to cry out to one another Vinegar, as soon as they have shot a hare, because the true sauce for that creature is vinegar.

<sup>4</sup> Nine antique wooden spits.] The ancients used to roast their meat on wooden spits, either hazel or sorb-apple-tree. Virgil, l. 2, of his *Georgics*; "pinguiusque in veribus torrebimus exta columnis."

cring bells,<sup>5</sup> hanging at your chin, and that I had at mine the great clocks of Rennes,<sup>6</sup> of Poitiers, of Tours, and of Cambray, to see what a peal they would ring with the wagging of our chaps. But, said Panurge, it were better we thought a little upon our business, and by what means we might get the upper hand of our enemies. That is well remembered said Pantagruel. Therefore spoke he thus to the prisoner, My friend, tell us here the truth, and do not lie to us at all, if thou wouldest not be flayed alive, for it is I that eat the little children. Relate unto us, at full the order, the number, and the strength of the army. To which the prisoner answered, Sir, know for a truth, that in the army there are three hundred giants, all armed with armour of proof,<sup>7</sup> and wonderful great. Nevertheless, not fully so great as you, except one that is their head, named Loup-garou, who is armed from head to foot with Cyclopal anvils. Furthermore, one hundred threescore and three thousand foot, all armed with the skins of hobgoblins, strong and valiant men;<sup>8</sup> eleven thousand four hundred men at arms or cuirassiers; three thousand six hundred double cannons, and harque-

<sup>5</sup> *Sacring bells.*] Hawk's bells. There is a bird of prey called a sacre.

<sup>6</sup> *Rennes.*] Noël de la Fail, author of the tales of Eutrapel, who was a Breton, and counsellor of the parliament of Rennes, boasts much of the great clock at Rennes, which, perhaps, has nothing remarkable more than many others, except the name of Françoise carved on it by King Francis I. with his own hand. There is round it also this inscription.

“ Je suis nommée Dame Françoise,  
Qui cinquante mil livres poise :  
Et si de tant ne me croyez,  
Descendez moy, et me poisez.”

In English,  
Dame Frances is my name ; I weigh  
Full fifty thousand pound :  
If you distrust what I do say,  
Pray, weigh me on the ground.

<sup>7</sup> *Armour of proof.*] Armed with free-stone, it should be ; *armez de pierre de taille*. On which M. Duchat observes, this pleasant fancy is in the romance of Mabriant, ch. 31, where Roland having heard strange things concerning Mabriant's marvellous *cuirasse*, By St. Denis, cries he, let him be armed with free-stone, I'll enter the lists with him to-morrow.

<sup>8</sup> *Strong and valiant men.*] Enchanted by their wearing hobgoblin skins, which rendered them impenetrable both to sword and musket. The German word *vest*, which, in French signifies strong, is said of a soldier who wears some sort of a magic spell about him.



busiers without number; fourscore and fourteen thousand pioneers; one hundred and fifty thousand whores, fair like goddesses (that is for me, said Panurge,) whereof some are Amazons, some Lionnoises, others Parissiennes, Taurangelles, Angevines, Poictevines, Normands, and High Dutch—there are of them of all countries, and all languages.

Yea, but, said Pantagruel, is the king there? Yes, Sir, said the prisoner, he is there in person, and we call him Anarchus, King of the Dipsodes, which is as much as to say thirsty people, for you never saw men more thirsty, nor more willing to drink; and his tent is guarded by the giants. It is enough said Pantagruel, Come, brave boys, are you resolved to go with me? To which Panurge answered, God confound him that leaves you! I have already bethought myself how I will kill them all like pigs, and so that the devil one leg of them shall escape.<sup>9</sup> But I am somewhat troubled about one thing. And what is that? said Pantagruel. It is, said Panurge how I shall be able to set forward to the justling and bragmardising of all the whores that be there this afternoon, in such sort, that there escape not one unbumped by me, breasted and jummed after the ordinary fashion of man and woman in the Venetian conflict. Ha, ha, ha, ha, said Pantagruel.

And Carpalim said, The devil take these sink-holes, if, by G—, I do not bumbast some one of them. Then said Eusthenes, What, shall not I have any, whose spaces, since we came from Rouen, were never so well wound up, as that my needle could mount to ten or eleven o'clock, till now, that I have it hard, stiff, and strong, like a hundred devils? Truly, said Panurge, thou shalt have of the fattest, and of those that are most plump, and in the best case.

How now, said Epistemon, every one shall ride, and I must lead the ass? the devil take him that will do so. We will make use of the right of war, *Qui potest capere, capiat*. No, no, said Panurge, but tie thine ass to a crook, and ride as the world doth. And the good Pantagruel laughed at all this, and said unto them, You reckon without your host. I am much afraid, that, before it be night, I shall see you in such taking, that you will have no great stomach to ride,

<sup>9</sup> *The devil one leg of them, &c.*] If any one thinks to get away, I'll ham-string him at least.

but more like to be rode upon, with sound blows of pike and lance. Baste, said Epistemon, enough of that! I will not fail to bring them to you, either to roast or boil, to fry or put in paste. They are not so many in number as were in the army of Xerxes, for he had thirty hundred thousand fighting men, if you will believe Herodotus and Trogus Pompeius, and yet Themistocles with a few men overthrew them all. For God's sake, take you no care for that. Cobsmunny, cobsmunny, said Panurge, my codpiece alone shall suffice to overthrow all the men: and my St. Sweephole,<sup>10</sup> that dwells within it, shall lay all the women squat upon their backs. Up then, my lads, said Pantagruel, and let us march along.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

*How Pantagruel set up one trophy in memorial of their valour, and Panurge another in remembrance of the hares. How Pantagruel likewise with his sarts begat little men, and with his figs little women: and how Panurge broke a great staff over two glasses.*

BEFORE we depart hence, said Pantagruel, in remembrance of the exploit that you have now performed, I will in this place erect a fair trophy. Then every man amongst them, with a fair joy, and fine little country songs, set up a huge big post, whereunto they hanged a great cuirassier saddle, the fronsal of a barbed horse, bridle-bosses, bully-pieces for the knees, stirrup-leathers, spurs, stirrups, a coat of mail, a corslet tempered with steel, a battle-axe, a strong, short, and sharp horseman's sword, a gantlet, a horseman's mace, gushet-armour for the arm-pits, leg-harness, and a gorget, with all other furniture needful for the decoration of a triumphant arch, in sign of a trophy. And then Pantagruel, for an eternal memorial, wrote this victorial Ditton, as followeth.

Here was the prowess made apparent of  
Four brave and valiant champions of proof,  
Who, without any arms but wit, at once,  
Like Fabius, or the two Scipions,

<sup>10</sup> *St. Sweephole.*] St. Balletrou. Rabelais here wanted a name which might be analogous to the subject he's treating of; he therefore chose that of Balletrou, i. e., *balatrou*: *balai de trou*. *Balai* is a besom or broom: *trou* a hole.

Burnt in a fire six hundred and threescore  
 Crablice, strong rogues ne'er vanquished before.  
 By this each King may learn, Rook, Pawn, and Knight,  
 That slight is much more prevalent than might.

For victory,  
 As all men see,  
 Hangs on the ditty  
 Of that committee,  
 Where the great God  
 Hath his abode.

Nor doth he to it strong and great men give,  
 But to his elect, as we must believe ;  
 Therefore shall he obtain wealth and esteem,  
 Who through faith doth put his trust in him.

Whilst Pantagruel was writing these foresaid verses, Panurge halved and fixed upon a great stake the horns of a roe-buck, together with the skin, and the right forefoot thereof,<sup>1</sup> the ears of three leverets, the chine of a cony, the jaws of a hare, the wings of two bustards, the feet of four quest-doves, a bottle or borracho full of vinegar, a horn wherein to put salt, a wooden spit, a larding stick, a scurvy kettle full of holes, dripping pan to make sance in, an earthen salt-cellar, and a goblet of Beauvois.<sup>2</sup> Then, in imitation of Pantagruel's verses and trophy, wrote that which followeth ;

<sup>1</sup> *The right fore-foot thereof.* ] It should be the two fore-legs thereof, for that is the true construction of "les pieds droitz du vant du chevreuil : to prove which, thus says M. Duchat : *drouit*, from the Latin *directus*, does not here signify the *dexter* of the Latins, but the rectilinear figure of the foot conjoined with, and holding by, the leg of that creature. "Et leurs pieds estoient pieds droitz," and their feet were straight feet, we read in Ezekiel's vision, ch. 1, v. 7, upon which word Calvin has this note : "Quantum attinet ad rectitudinem, ego refero non tantum ad pedes, sed ad ipsa crura. Perinde est igitur ac si dixisset (propheta) stetisse animalia illa quemadmodum solent homines." In which he has been followed by Mess. des Marais. *Pedes recti*, says the Latin Bible in that place, which means their legs stood upright like a man's when he is standing. One of these fore-legs of a stag, that's killed in hunting, is always in France presented to the chief man of the company.

<sup>2</sup> *A goblet of Beauvois* ] The crockery ware of Beauvois is not very extraordinary ; the clay about Savigni and Lerolles, with which it is made, being none of the best.

Here four brave toppers sitting on their bums,  
With flagons, nobler noise than drums,  
Cargus'd it, bous'd it, toss'd the liquor,  
Each seem'd a Bacchus-priest, or vicar :  
Hares, conics, bustards, pigs were brought 'em,  
With jugs and pipkins strew'd about 'em ;  
For trophy-spoils to each good fellow,  
That is hereafter to be mellow.

In every creed,  
'Tis on all hands agreed,  
And plainly confest ;  
When the weather is hot,  
That we stick to the pot,  
And drink o' the best.

First note, that in your bill of fare,  
Sauce he provided for the rare.  
But vinegar the most extol ;  
'Tis of an hare the very soul.

Then said Pantagruel, Come, my lads, let us begone, we have staid here too long about our victuals ; for very seldom doth it fall out, that the greatest eaters do the most martial exploits. There is no shadow like that of flying colours, no smoke like that of horses, no clattering like that of armour. At this Epistemon began to smile, and said, There is no shadow like that of the kitchen, no smoke like that of pasties, and no clattering like that of goblets. Unto which answered Panurge, There is no shadow like that of curtains, no smoke like that of women's breasts, and no clattering like that of ballocks. Then forthwith rising up he gave a fart, a leap, and a whistle, and most joyfully cried out aloud, Ever live Pantagruel ! When Pantagruel saw that, he would have done as much ; but with the fart that he let, the earth trembled nine leagues about, wherewith and with the corrupted air, he begot above three and fifty thousand little men, ill-favoured dwarfs, and with one fig that he let, he made as many little women, crouching down, as you shall see in divers places, which never grow but like cows' tails, downwards, or, like the Limosin radishes, round. How now, said Panurge, are your farts so fertile and fruitful ? By G—,

here be brave farted men,<sup>3</sup> and fished women, let them be married together, they will beget fine hornets and dorflies.<sup>4</sup> So did Pantagrue, and called them pygmies. Those he sent to live in an island thereby, where since that time they are increased mightily. But the cranes make war with them continually,<sup>5</sup> against which they do most courageously defend themselves; for these little ends of men and dandiprats, (whom in Scotland they call whiplandles, and knots of a tar-barrel,) are commonly very testy and choleric: the physical reason whereof is, because their heart is near their turd.<sup>6</sup>

At this same time, Panurge took two drinking glasses that were there, both of one bigness, and filled them with water up to the brim, and set one of them upon one stool, and the other upon another, placing them about five feet from one another. Then he took the staff of a javelin, about five feet and a half long, and put it upon the two glasses, so that the two ends of the staff did come just to the brims of the glasses. This done, he took a great stake or billet of wood, and said to Pantagrue, and to the rest, My Masters, behold how easily we shall have the victory over our enemies; for, just as I shall break this staff here upon these glasses, without either breaking or crazing of them, nay, which is more, without spilling one drop of the water that is within them, even so shall we break the heads of our Dipsodes, without receiving any of us any

<sup>3</sup> *Farted men.*] *Savates d'hommes.* Dwarfs, demi-men, candles-end-men, bits of men, half-men, as a *savate* is but half a shoe.

<sup>4</sup> *Hornets and dorflies.*] Inasmuch as themselves were sprung from corruption.

<sup>5</sup> *Cranes make war, &c.*] Homer said it first, and Aristotle after him, l. 8, c. 12, of animals; but it is an odd kind of reason la Bruiere Champier gives for this enmity of the pygmies against the cranes; it is because those birds carry away their provisions from them. "Pygmæi," says he, "pro frugibus adversus grues dimicabant. Nam et tantillos homunculos mitioribus alimentis uti natura docuit et voluit."

<sup>6</sup> *Their heart is near their turd.*] The edition of P. Estiard, Lyons 1573, has spleen instead of turd; but in all the ancient ones it is turd. Melancthon, in J. Manlius's *Common Places*, p. 251, c. "de ira ejusque moderatione: scitis proverbium Germanicum-Kleinen leuten ligt der dreck nahe beim hertzen; id est, parvi homines citò irascuntur. Stomachus ideò indignationem significat, quia biliosis statim ascendit bilis in orificium ventriculi, vel stomachi; ibique statim exæstuat illis qui sunt ὀξύχολοι, seu præcipitis iræ. Deinde non est magna distantia ab orificio ventriculi ad cor, cæteris paribus." (Those German words verbatim are, little men's hearts lie near their turd.)

wound, or loss in our person or goods. But, that you may not think there is any witchcraft in this, hold, said he to Eusthenes, strike upon the midst as hard as thou canst with this log. Eusthenes did so, and the staff broke in two pieces, and not one drop of water fell out of the glasses. Then, said he, I know a great many such other tricks, let us now therefore march boldly, and with assurance.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

*How Pantagruel got the victory very strangely over the Dipsodes, and the Giants.*

AFTER all this talk, Pantagruel took the prisoner to him, and sent him away, saying, Go thou unto thy king in his camp, and tell him tidings of what thou hast seen, and let him resolve to feast me to-morrow about noon ; for as soon as my galleys shall come, which will be to-morrow at furthest, I will prove unto him by eighteen hundred thousand fighting men, and seven thousand giants, all of them greater than I am, that he hath done foolishly and against reason, thus to invade my country. Wherein Pantagruel feigned that he had an army at sea. But the prisoner answered, that he would yield himself to be his slave, and that he was content never to return to his own people, but rather with Pantagruel to fight against them, and for God's sake besought him, that he might be permitted so to do. Whereunto Pantagruel would not give consent, but commanded him to depart thence speedily, and be gone, as he had told him, and to that effect gave him a box full of euphorbium, together with some grains of the black camelcon thistle, steeped into aqua vitæ, and made up into the condiment of a wet sucket, commanding him to carry it to his king, and say unto him, that, if he were able to eat one ounce of that without drinking after it, he might then be able to resist him, without any fear or apprehension of danger.

The prisoner then besought him with joint hands, that in the hour of the battle he would have compassion upon him. Whereat Pantagruel said unto him, After that thou hast delivered all unto the king, put thy whole confidence in God, and he will not forsake thee ; because, although for my part I be mighty, as thou mayest see, and have an infinite num-

ber of men in arms, I do nevertheless trust neither in my force nor in mine industry, but all my confidence is in God my protector, who doth never forsake those that in him do put their trust and confidence. This done, the prisoner requested him, that he would be contented with some reasonable composition for his ransom. To which Pantagruel answered, that his end was not to rob nor ransom men, but to enrich them, and reduce them to total liberty. Go thy way, said he, in the peace of the living God, and never follow evil company, lest some mischief befall thee. The prisoner being gone, Pantagruel said to his men, Gentlemen, I have made this prisoner believe that we have an army at sea, as also, that we will not assault them till to-morrow at noon, to the end that they, doubting of the great arrival of our men, may spend this night in providing and strengthening themselves, but in the mean time my intention is, that we charge them about the hour of the first sleep.

Let us leave Pantagruel here with his apostles,<sup>1</sup> and speak of King Anarchus and his army. When the prisoner was come, he went unto the king, and told him how there was a great giant come, called Pantagruel, who had overthrown, and made to be cruelly roasted, all the six hundred and nine and fifty horsemen, and he alone escaped to bring the news. Besides that, he was charged by the said giant to tell him, that the next day, about noon, he must make a dinner ready for him, for at that hour he was resolved to set upon him. Then did he give him that box wherein were those confitures. But, as soon as he had swallowed down one spoonful of them, he was taken with such a heat in the throat, together with an ulceration in the flap of the top of the wind-pipe, that his tongue peeled with it, in such sort, that, for all they could do unto him, he found no ease at all, but by drinking only without cessation; for as soon as ever he took

<sup>1</sup> *Pantagruel here with his apostles.*] It is *apostoles* in Rabelais. They were but ten or a dozen in number. Besides, in respect of the great multitude of the enemy, these might consider them rather as ambassadors who were come to sue for peace, than people that were preparing to attack them. Tigranes, in the life of Lucullus, written by Plutarch, did in the same light look upon the small body of Romans, who, but a few hours after, beat his numerous army. As for the word *apostole*, it is an old word, and anciently meant the pope; but here it means *an apostle*, a person sent.

the goblet from his head, his tongue was on fire, and therefore they did nothing but still pour in wine into his throat with a funnel. Which when his captains, bashaws, and guard of his body did see, they tasted of the same drugs, to try whether they were so thirst-procuring and alterative or no. But it so befel them as it had done their king, and they plied the flagon so well, that the noise ran throughout all the camp, how the prisoner was returned,—that the next day they were to have an assault,—that the king and his captains did already prepare themselves for it, together with his guards, and that with carousing lustily, and quaffing as hard as they could. Every man, therefore, in the army began to tipple, ply the pot, swill, and guzzle it as fast as they could. In sum, they drunk so much, and so long, that they fell asleep like pigs, all out of order throughout the whole camp.

Let us now return to the good Pantagruel, and relate how he carried himself in this business. Departing from the place of the trophies, he took the mast of their ship in his hand like a pilgrim's staff, and put within the top of it<sup>2</sup> two hundred and seven and thirty punchcons of white wine of Anjou, the rest was of Rouen, and tied up to his girdle the bark all full of salt, as easily as the Lanskenets carry their little panniers, and so set onward on his way with his fellow soldiers. When he was come near to the enemy's camp, Panurge said unto him, Sir, if you would do well, let down this white wine of Anjou from the scuttle of the mast of the ship, that we may all drink thereof, like Bretons.<sup>3</sup>

Hereunto Pantagruel very willingly consented, and they drank so neat, that there was not so much as one poor drop left, of two hundred and seven and thirty punchcons, except one boracho or leathern bottle of Tours, which Panurge filled for himself, for he called that his vademecum, and some scurvy lees of wine in the bottom, which served him instead of vinegar. After they had whittled and curried the can pretty handsomely, Panurge gave Pantagruel to eat

<sup>2</sup> *Top of it.*] *La hune.* Scuttle, a sort of cage, round the top of the mast.

<sup>3</sup> *Like Bretons.*] Like the people of Bretagne, who are such lovers of this good white wine, that though it grows about Verron in Anjou, it is called Vin Breton, because they engross it to themselves in a manner, and by their good-wills nobody else should carry away a drop of it.



some devilish drugs, compounded of lithotripton, which is a stone-dissolving ingredient, nephrocatacticon, that purgeth the reins, the marmalade of quincees, called codipiac, a confection of cantharides, which are green flies breeding on the tops of olive-trees, and other kinds of diuretic or piss-procuring simples. This done, Pantagruel said to Carpalim, Go into the city, scrambling like a cat up against the wall, as you can well do, and tell them, that now presently they come out, and charge their enemies as rudely as they can, and, having said so, come down, taking a lighted torch with you, wherewith you shall set on fire all the tents and pavilions in the camp. then cry as loud as you are able with your great voice, and then come away from thence. Yea, but, said Carpalim, were it not good to cloy all their ordnance? No, no, said Pantagruel, only blow up all their powder. Carpalim, obeying him, departed suddenly, and did as he was appointed by Pantagruel, and all the combatants came forth that were in the city, and, when he had set fire in the tents and pavilions, he passed so lightly through them, and so highly and profoundly did they snort and sleep, that they never perceived him. He came to the place where their artillery was, and set their munition on fire. But here was the danger. The fire was so sudden, that poor Carpalim had almost been burnt. And, had it not been for his wonderful agility, he had been fried like a roasting pig. But he departed away so speedily, that a bolt or arrow out of a crossbow could not have had a swifter motion. When he was clear of their trenches, he shouted aloud, and cried out so dreadfully, and with such amazement to the hearers, that it seemed all the devils of hell had been let loose. At which noise the enemies awaked, but can you tell how? Even no less astonished than are monks at the ringing of the first peal to matins, which in Lusunnois is called rubballock.

In the meantime Pantagruel began to sow the salt that he had in his bark, and, because they slept with an open gaping mouth, he filled all their throats with it, so that these poor wretches were by it made to cough like foxes, crying, Ha. Pantagruel, how thou addest greater heat to the firebrand<sup>4</sup> that

<sup>4</sup> *Greater heat to the firebrand.*] We are of ourselves but too thirsty. Why wilt thou then, by thy drugs, still increase our thirst? This expression, which is of Poictou, is equivalent to the Latin *Titio ad ignem*.

is in us! Suddenly Pantagruel had will to piss, by means of the drugs which Panurge had given him, and pissed amidst the camp so well and so copiously, that he drowned them all, and there was a particular deluge, ten leagues round about, of such considerable depth, that the history saith, if his father's great mare had been there, and pissed likewise, it would undoubtedly have been a more enormous deluge than that of Deucalion; for she did never piss, but she made a river, greater than is either the Rhone, or the Danube. Which those that were come out of the city seeing, said, They are all cruelly slain, see how the blood runs along. But they were deceived in thinking Pantagruel's urine had been the blood of their enemies;<sup>5</sup> for they could not see but by the light of the fire of the pavilions, and some small light of the moon.

The enemies, after that they were awaked, seeing on one side the fire in the camp, and on the other the inundation of the urinal deluge, could not tell what to say, nor what to think. Some said, that it was the end of the world, and the final judgment, which ought to be by fire. Others again thought that the sea-gods, Neptune, Proteus, Triton, and the rest of them, did persecute them, for that indeed they found it to be like sea-water and salt.

O who were able now condignly to relate how Pantagruel did demean himself against the three hundred giants! O my Muse, my Calliope, my Thalia, inspire me at this time, restore unto me my spirits; for this is the logical bridge of asses! Here is the pitfall, here is the difficulty, to have ability enough to express the horrible battle that was fought. Ah, would to God that I had now a bottle of the best wine that ever those drank, who shall read this so veridical history.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*How Pantagruel discomfited the three hundred Giants armed with free-stone, and Loupgarot their Captain.*

THE giants seeing all their camp drowned, carried away their King Anarchus upon their backs, as well as they could, out of the fort, as Æneas did his father Anchises, in the

<sup>5</sup> *The blood of their enemies.*] The Moabites fell into the same mistake in ch. 3, of the Book of Kings.

time of the conflagration of Troy. When Panurge perceived them, he said to Pantagruel, Sir, yonder are the giants coming forth against you, lay on them with your mast gallantly like an old fencer; for now is the time that you must show yourself a brave man and an honest. And for our part we will not fail you. I myself will kill to you a good many boldly enough; for why, David killed Goliath very easily, and then this great lecher Eusthenes, who is stronger than four oxen, will not spare himself. Be of good courage, therefore, and valiant, charge amongst them with point and edge, and by all manner of means. Well, said Pantagruel, of courage I have more than for fifty francs, but let us be wise, for Hercules first never undertook against two. That is well cacked, well scummered, said Panurge, do you compare yourself with Hercules? You have, by G—, more strength in your teeth, and more scent in your bum, than ever Hercules had in all his body and soul. So much is a man worth as he esteems himself. Whilst they spake these words, behold Loupgarou was come with all his giants, who, seeing Pantagruel in a manner alone, was carried away with temerity and presumption, for hopes that he had to kill the good man. Whereupon he said to his companions the giants, You wenchers of the low country,<sup>1</sup> by Mahoom,<sup>2</sup> if any of you undertake to fight against these men here, I will put you cruelly to death. It is my will, that you let me fight single. In the meantime you shall have good sport to look upon us.

Then all the other giants retired with their king, to the place where the flagons stood, and Panurge and his comrades with them, who counterfeited those that have had the pox, for he writhed about his mouth, shrunk up his fingers, and with a harsh and hoarse voice said unto them, I forsake—od, fellow-soldiers, if I would have it to be believed, that we make any war at all. Give us somewhat to eat with you, while our masters fight against one another. To this the king and giants jointly condescended, and accord-

<sup>1</sup> *You wenchers of the low country, &c.*] In contradistinction to the gentry and nobility, who live in strong buildings situated on high places.

<sup>2</sup> *By Mahoom.*] By Mahomet. This oath, which in our old romances is used by the Saracens, is still very frequent in the mouths of the Languedocians, in things which they would not be understood to affirm seriously.

ingly made them to banquet with them. In the meantime Panurge told them the follies of Turpin, the examples of St. Nicholas,<sup>3</sup> and the tale of a tub. Loupgarou then set forward towards Pantagruel, with a mace all of steel, and that of the best sort, weighing nine thousand seven hundred quintals, and two quartercons, at the end whereof were thirteen pointed diamonds, the least whereof was as big as the greatest bell of Our Lady's church at Paris,—there might want perhaps the thickness of a nail, or at most, that I may not lie, of the back of those knives which they call cut-lugs or ear-cutters, but for a little off or on, more or less, it is no matter,—and it was enchanted in such sort, that it could never break, but contrarily all, that it did touch, did break immediately. Thus, then, as he approached with great fierceness and pride of heart, Pantagruel, casting up his eyes to heaven, recommended himself to God with all his soul, making such a vow as followeth.

O thou Lord God, who hast always been my protector, and my saviour, thou seest the distress wherein I am at this time. Nothing brings me hither but a natural zeal, which thou hast permitted unto mortals, to keep and defend themselves, their wives and children, country and family, in case thy own proper cause were not in question, which is the faith; for in such a business thou wilt have no coadjutors, only a catholic confession and service of thy word, and hast forbidden us all arming and defence. For thou art the Almighty, who in thine own cause, and where thine own business is taken in hand, canst defend it far beyond all that we can conceive, thou who hast thousand thousands of hundreds of millions of legions of angels, the least of which is able to kill all mortal men, and turn about the heavens and earth at his pleasure, as heretofore it very plainly appeared in the army of Sennacherib. If it may please thee, therefore, at this time to assist me, as my whole trust and confidence is in thee alone, I vow unto thee, that in all countries

<sup>3</sup> *The examples of St. Nicholas.*] In placing here the examples or historical passages of the legend of St. Nicholas, the author shews what credit he gave to that legend. The fables of Turpin mean the lying history which Archbishop Turpin left concerning the Emperor Charlemagne, and one of these fables is, that one day the sun stood still, to give that hero all the time that was necessary to finish the destruction of the mighty army of the Saracens.

whatsoever, wherein I shall have any power or authority, whether in this of Utopia, or elsewhere, I will cause thy holy gospel to be purely, simply, and entirely preached, so that the abuses of a rabble of hypocrites<sup>4</sup> and false prophets, who by human constitutions, and depraved inventions, have impoisoned all the world, shall be quite exterminated from about me.

This vow was no sooner made, but there was heard a voice from heaven, saying, *Hoc fac et vinces*: that is to say, Do this, and thou shalt overcome. Then Pantagruel seeing that Loupgarou with his mouth wide open was drawing near to him, went against him boldly, and cried out as loud as he was able, Thou diest, villain,<sup>5</sup> thou diest! purposing by his horrible cry to make him afraid, according to the discipline of the Lacedæmonians. Withal, he immediately cast at him out of his bark, which he wore at his girdle, eighteen cags, and four bushels of salt, 'wherewith he filled both his mouth, throat, nose, and eyes. At this Loupgarou was so highly incensed, that, most fiercely setting upon him,

<sup>4</sup> *Hypocrites.*] Surely, when Rabelais wrote this, he was not reconverted to the Roman church.

<sup>5</sup> *Villain.*] Read, slave, for that is the true meaning of the word *villain*, which is the antithesis of the word gentleman, and primarily signifies (not always a knave, as with us, but) a bond-man, or one of servile condition. A French author, quoted by Cotgrave, affirms, that the gentlemen of France term *vilains* all farmers, husbandmen, ploughmen, and generally all yeomen, how free soever their condition or tenures be; and that country gentlemen term so all citizens, burghers, and inhabitants of walled towns. Hence also it comes to signify a churl, carle, boor, clown; a miser, a knave, varlet, and any base-humoured, ill-born, and worse-bred bumpkin: but all these are no more than the secondary meanings of the word villain. To come to M. Duchat: he observes upon the word *ribaud*, here likewise used by Rabelais, that it is synonymous to *paillard*, in the signification wherein Loupgarou just before had called *paillars de plat pais* his companions, born and bred like him, in the plains where corn grows (and consequently where there is store of chaff and straw (*paille*) whence *paillard* :) so that instead of you wenchers of the low-country, as Sir T. U. translates it, it should have been, you clowns of the flat or low country; for *paillard* does not there absolutely mean a whoremaster, though I confess it is generally so understood, and *paillarderie* is used in that sense in the Bible; though strictly, as it comes from *paille*, straw, it means to haunt thatched bawdy-houses; tumbling in the straw, or upon straw-beds; bitch-hunting-it in barns. So *ribaud* does not signify only a ruffian, or a lecher, but likewise a labouring man of a big body, strong limbs, and hard constitution; a tough whoreson.

he thought even then with a blow of his mace to have beat out his brains. But P<sup>an</sup>tagruel was very nimble, and had always a quick foot, and a quick eye, and therefore, with his left foot did he step back one pace, yet not so nimbly, but that the blow, falling upon the bark, broke it in four thousand, four score and six pieces, and threw all the rest of the salt about the ground. Pantagruel, seeing that, most gallantly displayed the vigour of his arms, and according to the art of the axe, gave him with the great end of his mast a home-thrust a little above the breast; then, bringing along the blow to the left side, with a slash struck him between the neck and shoulders. After that, advancing his right foot, he gave him a push upon the couillions, with the upper end of his said mast, wherewith breaking the scuttle, on the top thereof, he spilt three or four punchcons of wine that were left therein.

Upon that, Loupgarou thought that he had pierced his bladder, and that the wine that came forth had been his urine. Pantagruel, being not content with this, would have doubled it by a side-blow; but Loupgarou, lifting up his mace, advanced one step upon him, and with all his force would have dashed it upon Pantagruel, wherein, to speak the truth, he so sprightly carried himself, that, if God had not succoured the good Pantagruel, he had been cloven from the top of his head to the bottom of his milt. But the blow glanced to the right side, by the brisk nimbleness of P<sup>an</sup>tagruel, and his mace sank into the ground above three-score and thirteen feet, through a huge rock, out of which the fire did issue greater than nine thousand and six tons.<sup>6</sup> Pantagruel, seeing him busy about plucking out his mace, which stuck in the ground between the rocks, ran upon him, and would have clean cut off his head, if by mischance his mast had not touched a little against the stock of Loupgarou's mace, which was enchanted, as we have said before. By this means his mast broke off about three handfuls above his hand, wherewith he stood amazed like a bell-founder, and cried out, Ah, Panurge, where art thou? Panurge, seeing that, said to the king and the giants, by G—, they will hurt one another, if they be not parted. But the giants were as merry

<sup>6</sup> *Nine thousand and six tons.*] An expression taken from the manner of measuring the capacity or burthen of merchant ships, by the ton.

as if they had been at a wedding. Then Carpalim would have risen from thence to help his master; but one of the giants said unto him, by Golfarin the nephew of Mahoom, if thou stir hence, I will put thee in the bottom of my breeches, instead of a suppository, which cannot choose but do me good. For in my belly I am very costive, and cannot well cagar<sup>7</sup> without gnashing my teeth, and making many filthy faces. Then Pantagrue, thus destitute of a staff, took up the end of his mast, striking athwart and alongst upon the giant, but he did him no more hurt than you would do with a flip upon a smith's anvil. In the meantime Loupgarou was drawing his mace out of the ground, and, having already plucked it out, was ready therewith to have struck Pantagrue, who, being very quick in turning, avoided all his blows, in taking only the defensive part in hand, until on a sudden he saw, that Loupgarou did threaten him with these words, saying, Now, villain, will not I fail to chop thee as small as minced meat, and keep thee henceforth from ever making any more poor men athirst! Then, without any more ado, Pantagrue struck him such a blow with his foot against the belly, that he made him fall backwards, his heels over his head,<sup>8</sup> and dragged him thus along at flay-buttock above a flight-shot. Then Loupgarou cried out, bleeding at the throat, Mahoom, Mahoom, Mahoom, at which noise all the giants arose to succour him. But Panurge said unto them, Gentlemen, do not go, if you will believe me; for our master is mad, and strikes athwart and alongst, he cares not where; he will do you a mischief. But the giants made no account of it, seeing that Pantagrue had never a staff.

And when Pantagrue saw those giants approach very near unto him, he took Loupgarou by the two feet, and lift up his body like a pike in the air, wherewith it being harnished with anvils, he laid such heavy load amongst those giants armed with freestone, that, striking<sup>9</sup> them down as a mason doth little knes of stones, there was not one of them that stood before him, whom he threw not flat to the ground.

<sup>7</sup> *Cagar.*] Spanish. To do that which the king himself can't get another to do for him.

<sup>8</sup> *His heels over his head.*] This strange battle between Pantagrue and Loupgarou is almost wholly imitated from ch. 6, of vol. 2, of *Perceforest*, where Sir Lyonnel uses much the same play against the giant with the golden mane, whose head he did at last cut off.

And by the breaking of this stony armour there was made such a horrible rumble, as put me in mind of the butter-tower of St. Stephen's at Bourges, when it melted before the sun.<sup>9</sup> Panurge, with Carpalim and Eusthenes, did cut in the meantime the throats of those that were struck down, in such sort, that there escaped not one. Pantagruel to any man's sight was like a mower, who with his scythe, which was Loupgarou, cut down the meadow-grass, to wit, the giants; but, with this fencing of Pantagruel's, Loupgarou lost his head, which happened when Pantagruel struck down one whose name was Riflandouille or Pudding-plunderer, who was armed cap-a-pie with Grison-stones,<sup>10</sup> one chip whereof splintering abroad cut off Epistemon's neck clean and fair. For otherwise the most part of them were but lightly armed with a kind of sandy brittle stone, and the rest with slates.<sup>11</sup> At last, when he saw that they were all dead, he threw the body of Loupgarou, as hard as he could, against the city, where falling like a frog upon his belly, in the great piazza thereof, he with the said fall killed a singed he-cat, wet she-cat, a farting duck, and a bridled goose.

### CHAPTER XXX.

*How Epistemon, who had his head cut off,<sup>1</sup> was finely healed by Panurge, and of the news which he brought from the devils, and of the damned people in hell.*

THIS gigantal victory being ended, Pantagruel withdrew

<sup>9</sup> *Melted before the sun.*] Melted and sunk in at high noon, as if it had been butter.

<sup>10</sup> *Grison-stones.*] A sort of hard, sparkling, brownish grey, long-lasting free-stone, fit to pave with, says Cotgrave, at the word *gres*; of which the grison is a species, says Duchat; adding that the grison is very common about Poitiers. Cotgrave says the grison is a kind of free-stone, soft when it is taken out of the quarry, but afterwards grows very hard. (So does the stone dug out of the quarries about Bath in Somersetshire.)

<sup>11</sup> *Lightly armed, &c.*] With a stone called tuff, which Cotgrave describes thus: a kind of white sand, or soft and brittle stone, oftentimes covering or lying in flakes, on good soil. Duchat says it is a stone of Poitou, porous, spongy, and light. He adds, that in Languedoc they call tuff, that sort of stone which is generated in some places, of the gravel which is cast thither by the wheels of water mills, which stand pretty thick on some rivers of that country.

<sup>1</sup> *Who had his head cut off.*] *Qui avoit la coupe testée, not la teste*



himself to the place of the flagons, and called for Panurge and the rest, who came unto him safe and sound, except Eusthenes, whom one of the giants had scratched a little in the face, whilst he was about the cutting of his throat, and Epistemon, who appeared not at all. Whereat Pantagruel was so aggrieved, that he would have killed himself. But Panurge said unto him, Nay, Sir, stay a while, and we will search for him amongst the dead, and find out the truth of all. Thus as they went seeking after him, they found him stark dead, with his head between his arms all bloody. Then Eusthenes cried out, Ah, cruel death! hast thou taken from me the perfectest amongst men? At which words Pantagruel rose up with the greatest grief that ever any man did see, and said to Panurge, Ha, my friend, the prophecy of your two glasses, and the javelin staff, was a great deal too deceitful. But Panurge answered, My dear bullies all, weep not one drop more, for, he being yet all hot, I will make him as sound as ever he was. In saying this, he took the head, and held it warm foregainst his codpiece, that the wind might not enter into it. Eusthenes and Carpalim carried the body to the place where they had banqueted, not out of any hope that ever he would recover, but that Pantagruel might see it.

Nevertheless Panurge gave him very good comfort, saying, If I do not heal him, I will be content to lose my head, which is a fool's wager. Leave off, therefore, crying, and help me. Then cleansed he his neck very well with pure white wine, and, after that, took his head, and into it synapised some powder of diamerdis,<sup>2</sup> which he always carried about him in one of his bags.<sup>3</sup> Afterwards he anointed it *coupée*. Upon which M. Duchat observes, there is a child's play, which at Metz they call *coupe teste*; at which play, which in English may be called the heading or beheading, the lad that is headed, as they call it, does but sink his head into his bosom, and the rest leap over him. M. Duchat thinks this was what made Rabelais use that term here, to express an accident, which Epistemon got over almost as easily as a child beheaded at the boys' play.

<sup>2</sup> Powder of diamerdis.] *Confettionne di salvia selvatica*. A confection of wild sage: also *merda*, says the Fr. and Ital. Dict. of Oudin, in letter D. In this last sense of *merda*, Cotgrave interprets diamerdis, a confection of turds, pilgrim's salve; the double-entendre is the better, because sage is really good to consolidate wounds withal.

<sup>3</sup> Bags.] *Faques*. Mcnage had remarked at this place of his Rabelais,

with I know not what ointment, and set it on very just, vein against vein, sinew against sinew, and spondyl against spondyl, that he might not be wry-necked,—for such people, he mortally hated.<sup>1</sup> This done, he gave it round about some fifteen or sixteen stitches with a needle, that it might not fall off again, then on all sides, and every where, he put a little ointment on it, which he called resuscitative.

Suddenly Epistemon began to breathe, then opened his eyes, yawned, sneezed, and afterwards let a great household fast. Whereupon Panurge said, Now, certainly, he is healed,—and therefore gave him to drink a large full glass of strong white wine, with a sugared toast. In this fashion was Epistemon finely healed, only that he was somewhat hoarse for above three weeks together, and had a dry cough of which he could not be rid, but by the force of continual drinking. And now he began to speak, and said, that he had seen the devil, had spoken with Lucifer familiarly, and had been very merry in hell, and in the Elysian fields, affirming very seriously before them all, that the devils were boon companions, and merry fellows. But, in respect of the damned, he said he was very sorry, that Panurge had so soon called him back into this world again; for, said he, I took wonderful delight to see them. How so? said Pantagruel. Because they do not use them there, said Epistemon, so badly as you think they do. Their estate and condition of living is but only changed after a very strange manner; for I saw Alexander the Great there, mending and patching on clouts upon old breeches and stockings, and thus got a very poor living.

Xerxes was a crier of mustard.

Romulus, a salter, and patcher of pattens.<sup>5</sup>

Numa, a nailsmith.

that anciently *jacquiere* signified a small pocket; but he did not know that both *jacque* and *jacquiere* come from the German *fach*, which signifies a box, a case, and so it means here, of which Panurge had a great many in his bag.

<sup>4</sup> For such people he mortally hated.] Rabelais, who produces himself here under the character of Panurge, confesses the aversion he had for the Cordeliers, who, among all the religious of St. Francis's order, most affect to hang the head, that they may appear devout and mortified.

<sup>5</sup> A salter and patcher of pattens.] Rabelais says only *saulnier*, a salt merchant. Sir T. U. has indeed given him an additional trade to mend his commons.

Tarquin, a porter.<sup>6</sup>

Piso, a clownish swain.<sup>7</sup>

Sylla, a ferryman.

Cyrus, a cowherd.

Themistocles, a glass-maker.

Epaminondas, a maker of mirrors or looking-glasses.

Brutus and Cassius, surveyors or measurers of land.<sup>8</sup>

Demosthenes, a vine-dresser.

Cicero, a fire-kindler.<sup>9</sup>

Fabius, a threader of beads.<sup>10</sup>

Artaxerxes, a rope-maker.<sup>11</sup>

Æneas, a miller.<sup>12</sup>

Achilles was a scald-pated maker of hay-bundles.<sup>13</sup>

Agamemnon, a lick-box.<sup>14</sup>

Ulysses, a hay-mower.

Nestor, a deer-keeper or forester.<sup>15</sup>

Darius, a gold-finder, or jakes-farmer.

Ancus Martius, a ship-trimmer.

Camillus, a foot-post.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Tarquin, a porter.*] *Tacquin* being a porter in French, Rabelais quibbles upon *Tacquin* and *Tarquin*.

<sup>7</sup> *Piso, a clownish swain.*] The like on *Piso* and peasant.

<sup>8</sup> *Brutus and Cassius, surveyors of land.*] *Agrimenseur*: a measurer of land; for so they were indeed when in the field of Philippi they measured the earth with the length of their own bodies, or bit the dust, as the poet's phrase is.

<sup>9</sup> *Cicero, a fire-kindler.*] For contributing to the civil war, in declaring for Pompey.

<sup>10</sup> *Fabius, a threader of beads or paternosters.*] He had been a great temporizer.

<sup>11</sup> *Artaxerxes, a rope-maker.*] Probably Artaxerxes Mucmon, whose life Plutarch has written.

<sup>12</sup> *Æneas, a miller.*] He carried his father out of Troy, like a miller with a sack of meat at his back.

<sup>13</sup> *Achilles, a scald pated, &c.*] He is commonly pictured with his helmet on.

<sup>14</sup> *Agamemnon, a lick-box.*] *Lichecasse* is a lick-box, or sweet-lips. Cotgrave says, Homer's Iliad represents Agamemnon as a sober and frugal prince. Accordingly afterwards, l. 4, c. 11, we see him very averse to coming, at any time, into a kitchen. It is, perhaps, for that very reason Rabelais makes him act by the rule of contraries, i. e. licking dishes and making sops in the dripping-pan; for *casse*, in Poictou, is a dripping-pan, and *licher* is to lick.

<sup>15</sup> *Nestor, a forester.*] *Harpailleur*. It likewise signifies a seller of old tinkets, or old iron. Perhaps Rabelais meant this last, on account of Nestor's extreme old age.

<sup>16</sup> *Camillus, a foot-post.*] *Galochier* does indeed signify a foot-post,

Marcellus, a sheller of beans.<sup>17</sup>

Drusus, a taker of money at the doors of play-houses.<sup>18</sup>

Scipio Africanus, a crier of lee in a wooden-slipper.

Asdrubal, a lantern-maker.

Hannibal, a kettle-maker and seller of egg-shells.

Priamus, a seller of old clouts.

Lancelot of the Lake was a flayer of dead horses.<sup>19</sup>

All the Knights of the Round Table,<sup>20</sup> were poor day-or any clownish ill-bred fellow. It means also a maker of *galloches*, high wooden pattens or clogs, which are said to be first so called by and from the Gauls, whom Camillus drove from Rome; and therefore Rabelais styles him *gallochier*, a maker of *galloches*, or wooden shoes. It also means a sort of slipper worn over the shoes.

<sup>17</sup> *Marcellus, a sheller of beans.*] One need only have hands for such a trade; the head has but little to do in it. Besides, in respect of the emulation and strife between Marcellus and Fabius Maximus, which of the two should do his country most service, we may affirm that the happy activity of the former against Hannibal prompted the other to show against that enemy of the Roman people, how far the prudence of a general could contribute to ruin an army already weakened by many battles. Fabius had his name from *sabæ*, beans; now Marcellus exciting Fabius to do his best, is that which, in the style of Rabelais, rendered the other a sheller of beans; he made the beans turn out.

<sup>18</sup> *Drusus, &c.*] That the great Drusus Germanicus should be such a poor wretch in the other world, shows, as Epistemon had said, that those, who in this life had been the most eminent, are in the next the most abject.

<sup>19</sup> *Lancelot, &c.*] The most renowned knight-errant of early romance and poetry, the friend of Sir Tristram, and the favoured lover of the fair Guenever. The hero of an old romance, in 3 vols. 4to. Sorel. Biblioth. Fr. p. 156.

<sup>20</sup> *All the Knights of the Round Table, &c.*] Few people are to be informed that it was the famous King Arthur of Great Britain, who, in or about the year 520, established the order of those celebrated knights, who make such a figure in our old romance. Few likewise are to learn that the reason why they are called so was, because that prince, to whom they were all as it were peers (*pares*) and companions, was pleased that, when in any solemnities of the court they should all be seen sitting at a round table, they should be acknowledged to be all equal, not indeed in birth or dignities, but in merit, in valour, and in virtue: but I have never yet met with any one that had the curiosity to inform himself exactly as to the number of members this illustrious body consisted of. For my part, I am fully satisfied the Knights of the Round Table were at first but very few in number; but as at those frequent assemblies, called *cours planiers* (open courts, Cotgrave says) there always appeared some young prince, who came thither to solicit the favour of being made a knight, and as from time to time some one of those new knights merited by his acts of prowess to be admitted to the table of the old ones; thence it comes that in the 2nd vol. f. 81, of

labourers, employed to row over the rivers of Cocytus, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, and Lethe, when my lords the devils had a mind to recreate themselves upon the water, as in the like occasion are hired the boatmen at Lyons, the gondoliers of Venice, and oars of London. But with this difference, that these poor knights have only for their fare a bob or flirt on the nose, and, in the evening, a morsel of coarse mouldy bread.<sup>21</sup>

Trajan was fisher of frogs.

Antoninus, a lackey.<sup>22</sup>

Commodus, a bagpiper.<sup>23</sup>

Pertinax, a 'peeler of walnuts.

Lucullus, a maker of rattles and hawks' bells.<sup>24</sup>

Justinian, a pedlar.

Hector, a snap-sauce scullion,

Lancelot of the Lake, we see them amount to two hundred and fifty. True it is, in two other places of that book, (vol. 3, f. 37, 86.) the number does not exceed a hundred and fifty; but this might have been the consequence of some disaster, or of a reformation which might have been made among them.

<sup>21</sup> *Coarse mouldy bread.*] *Pain chaumeny*. Whether, according to the edition of 1553, we are to read *chaumeny*, (coarse bread) from its being mingled with *chaume* (stubble) or eaten by poor people who live in *chaumines* (thatched cots), or whether, conformable to the new editions, and to that of Dolet, we prefer *chamoisy* (mouldy bread) from its being grown *mois* (mouldy) by being put in a cupboard when it was *chaud* (hot); in either case, it may be truly said of these knights whom Epistemon saw in the other world, that they had eaten their white bread first. (*Manger son pain blanc le premier*, is, to spend one's best abilities, in estate or body, in his youth, and leave nothing but wants and weakness for old age.) The reason why Rabelais has made watermen of all the knights of the round table, who in their time were great tilers and tournamenters, is because the watermen in France are great sportsmen that way in their justling for the goose, and other festivals of theirs.

<sup>22</sup> *Antoninus, a lackey.*] Diminutive names, i. e. diminutive in sense, not syllables, such as Antoninus (from Antonius) Pierrot (Peterkin) from Pierre (Peter), Jannot (Johnny), from Jean (John), are very suitable to lacques.

<sup>23</sup> *Commodus, a bag-piper.*] Sir T. U. mistakes the sense of Rabelais' *gayetier*, and translates it jet-maker, but *gayta*, in Spanish, signifies a bag-pipe, and *gaytero*, one that plays on that frouzy musty instrument. *Gayta* likewise signifies a clyster, but that is ironically only. It is indeed a Gothic word originally.

<sup>24</sup> *Lucullus, a maker of rattles, &c.*] *Grillotier* signifies a grid-iron-maker, as well as a maker of corals with bells, and other toys for children.

Paris was a poor beggar.

Cambyeses, a mule-driver.

Nero, a base blind fiddler,<sup>25</sup> or player on that instrument which is called a windbroach. Pierabras was his serving-man, who did him a thousand mischievous tricks, and would make him eat of the brown bread, and drink of the turned wine, when himself did both eat and drink of the best.

Julius Cæsar and Pompey were boat-wrights and tighters of ships.

Valentine and Orson<sup>26</sup> did serve in the stoves of hell, and were sweat-rubbers in hot houses.

Giglan and Gawain were poor swine-herds.<sup>27</sup>

Geoffrey with the great tooth, was a tinder-maker and seller of matches.

Godfrey de Bullion, a hood-maker.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>25</sup> *Nero, a base blind fiddler.*] Nero loved fiddling and shows. Rabelais, in another place, calls Nero *truand*, a rascally fellow; and here he makes him get a sorry living by playing on a rascally, rude, harsh-sounding instrument, called a *vieille*. [*"Ils accorderant tres bien leurs vieilles ensemble ;"* they jumbled their fiddles passing well together; but this phrase hath a further (filthy) sense. *Cotgrave.*]

<sup>26</sup> *Valentine and Orson, &c.*] This romance having been long since common in England, I shall only say I have read it and forgot it. Orson is, I think, a hairy man, for which reason (though M. Duchat says nothing of it) Rabelais may have made him a rubber in the infernal bagnios below, hair-cloths being used in our bagnios here above to rub people's hides with in their sweating.

<sup>27</sup> *Giglan and Gawain.*] Or as Rabelais spells these names, Giglain and Gouvain, were heroes of the old romances, as were also Arthur (Artus in French) of Britain, and Perceforest, mentioned below. It appears from some verses of Marot, that these romances were all read with pleasure at the French court till that poet's time. The romance of Gauvain, a MS., is often quoted by Borel. That of Perceforest, printed 8vo. in 6 vols. at Paris, 1531, relates the knightly adventures of a king of England, who was surnamed Perceforest, for having dared to pierce almost alone into a forest fraught with enchantments, and possessed by a race of strange wicked creatures, whose cruelties and violent outrages generally fell upon all the ladies and damsels of the country. This book, by the by, was one of those which the King Charles IX. usually busied himself in reading, by order of the queen mother. As for Giglain, Ziliante, son of Monodant, see Ariosto, canto 19, n. 38. The Spaniard Anthony Guevara, who had read the romance of Giglain or Giglan, as he calls it, puts this book into the number of some others, out of which no good, but a great deal of evil, may be learned.

<sup>28</sup> *Godfrey de Bullion; a hood-maker.*] *Dominotier* in French. A

Jason was a bracelet-maker.<sup>29</sup>

Don Pietro de Castille, a carrier of indulgences.

Morgante, a beer-brewer.<sup>30</sup>

Huon of Bordeaux, a hooper of barrels.<sup>31</sup>

Pyrrhus, a kitchen-scullion.

Antiochus, a chimney-sweeper.

Octavian, a scraper of parchment.

Nerva, a mariner.<sup>32</sup>

Pope Julius was a crier of pudding pies, but he left off wearing there his great buggery beard.<sup>33</sup>

maker of dominos; because of his devoutness. Mezerai calls him de Buillon, and Bucholcer, Billionæus.

<sup>29</sup> *Jason was a bracelet-maker.*] This is wrong in a double respect. First, though it is Jason in the new editions, it should be Bandoïn, as in that of Dolet. Secondly, *Manilier* does not signify a bracelet-maker, but the same as *marguillier*; a church-warden, or one that in popish countries gathers for a poor preacher. This Bandoïn (or Baldwin) was Godfrey of Bullion's younger brother, and much inferior to him in merit; and therefore he here follows his elder brother as but a servitor, in comparison of that hero.

<sup>30</sup> *Morgante, a beer-brewer.*] *Morgant* in the original. As a beer-brewer, we see him hereafter giving nine hogsheads of beer to the frank archer Bagnolet, to pacify his wrath against poor Perceforest, who had happened, very innocently, and without any ill design, to piss against a wall where St. Anthony's fire was painted. Mention has been made of the giant Morgante, and of the romance which bears his name, in the notes on the 1st ch. of this book.

<sup>31</sup> *Huon of Bordeaux, a hooper of barrels.*] *Relieur de tonneaux*: a cask or tun-binder. The country about Bordeaux yields vast quantities of wine; accordingly there are in that city above two thousand coopers, who would be at a loss for the wood they have occasion for, did they not procure it from the Danes in exchange for wine. See Scaligerana at the word Bordeaux.

Next to this should be (but omitted by Sir T. U.) Romulus, a cobbler, botcher, or other mender of any old things.

<sup>32</sup> *Nerva, a mariner.*] Read, not a mariner, but the lowest drudge of a kitchen. *Housse-puillier* in French. Mat. Corderius, De Corr. Serm. Emend. c. 24, n. 26. "Hic mediastinus. Un soullon de cuisine." A kitchen slave, a drudge-pudding. "In gymnasiis Parisiensibus dici solet, un Marmiton." *Houssepuillier*, from *housse*, a horse cloth (whence our housing) and *paille*, straw, signifies properly a slovenly nasty boy, whose clothes are covered all over with chaff and bits of straw.

<sup>33</sup> *His great buggery beard.*] This glances at mesdames the she-goats, those bearded females, generally favourites of messieurs the buggerantoes. Besides, the Bougres or Bulgarians wear a long beard, especially the priests, and yet more especially the patriarch of that people. Moreover, this Pope Julius, viz. Julius II. was, as I take it,

John of Paris was a greaser of boots.

Arthur of Britain, an ungreaser of caps.

Perce-Forest, a carrier of fagots.

Pope Boniface the Eighth, a scummer of pots.

Pope Nicholas the Third, a maker of paper.<sup>34</sup>

Pope Alexander, a rat-catcher.<sup>35</sup>

Pope Sixtus, an anointer of those that have the pox.<sup>36</sup>

What, said Pantagruel, have they the pox there too? Surely, said Epistemon, I never saw so many: there are there, I think, above a hundred millions; for believe, that those who have not had the pox in this world, must have it in the other.

Cotsbody, said Panurge, then I am free; for I have been as far as the hole of Gibraltar, reached unto the outmost bounds of Hercules, and gathered of the ripest.<sup>37</sup>

Ogier the Dane,<sup>38</sup> was a furbisher of armour.

The King Tigranes, a mender of thatched houses.<sup>39</sup>

Galien Restored, a taker of moldwarps.<sup>40</sup>

the first pope that ever distinguished himself by a long beard. Now, as at the siege of Miranda, which he carried on himself in person, in 1511, he hastened the works, ordered the battery, excited the soldiers, sometimes by fair words, and sometimes by threats, to exert their utmost endeavours to carry the place soon, perhaps Rabelais makes this pope a crier of *petits pâtés toutchauds*, hot petty patées, because at that siege he had spurred on his people to the assault of some petty patée or bastion, as the attacking whereof might be very hot work, or executed in very hot weather.

<sup>34</sup> *Pope Nicholas the Third, a maker of paper.* ] *Nicolas pape tiers estoit papetier.* Allusion of *papetier*, to *pape tiers*, or the third of that name. A French pun, untranslatable.

<sup>35</sup> *Pope Alexander, a rat-catcher.* ] Alexander VI. who caught a rat, as the saying is, when by mistake he who was *ras* [a shaveling] was poisoned by another *ras* [a shaveling] with rats-bane. Here is a superfoetation of puns for ye.

<sup>36</sup> *Pope Sixtus, an anointer of those that have the pox.* ] On account of that cancrus botch, with which, Rabelais says, (ch. 17 of this book) Sixtus IV. was so horribly tormented, that he was a cripple by it all his life.

<sup>37</sup> *And gathered of the ripest.* ] Before, in ch. 15, the author calls the grand pox, the blessed fruit.

<sup>38</sup> *Ogier the Dane.* ] An old romance of chivalry, published in prose, and printed in the beginning of the sixteenth century; but a MS. of it in Leonine verses was part of President du Thou (Thuanus's) library.

<sup>39</sup> *Thatched houses.* ] *Un recouvreur* means a mender of slated or tiled, as well as thatched houses.

<sup>40</sup> *Galien restored, &c.* ] *•Preneur de taupes.* A mole-catcher. This romance has for its hero the young Galien, son of Jaqueline, daughter



The four sons of Aymon were all tooth-drawers.<sup>41</sup>  
 Pope Calixtus was a barber of a woman's *sine quo non*.<sup>42</sup>  
 Pope Urban, a bacon-picker.  
 Melusina was a kitchen drudge-wench.<sup>43</sup>  
 Matabrunc, a laundress.<sup>44</sup>  
 Cleopatra, a crier of onions.<sup>45</sup>  
 Helen, a broker for chamber-maids.<sup>46</sup>

to Hugh, king of Constantinople, and of the count and peer Oliver of Vienna, who was taken at his word by the maiden's father, upon his saying, only by way of gab (in a bravado or joke, I take gab to mean) that he would push his caresses to a certain number of encounters, were he so happy as to lie but one night in the arms of that infant. The night came, and, at nine months' end, Jaqueline brought into the world the child in question. Of the two fairies who interested themselves for him the moment he was born, one, whose name was Galienne, having given him the name of Galien, the other would have him be surnamed Restored, because, says the book, the child was one day to restore or revive in France the high chivalry, which was in danger of being lost by the death of Charlemagne's peers, who almost all perished at the battle of Roncevaux. Rabelais makes this Galien a mole-catcher, probably because, as those of that trade fetch out of the earth the moles they take, he caused to spring up again the race, the memory, and the acts of prowess of those ancient peers of France.

<sup>41</sup> *The four sons of Aymon*, &c.] A very lying, fabulous romance. Anthony, Guevara, in his preface to the *Clock or Dial for Princes*, laments that in his time the gentry of France were corrupted by reading the *Giglans*, the *Lancelots*, the *Fierabras*, the four sons of *Hemon*, and the *Tristrams*.

<sup>42</sup> *Pope Calixtus*, &c.] *Barbier de maujoinet*. See Cotgrave, and M. Duchat himself further on this phrase.

<sup>43</sup> *Melusina*, &c.] *Agrippa*, in his *Vanity of Sciences*, &c., speaks of this romance, which was printed in folio at Paris, at the beginning of the 16th century.

<sup>44</sup> *Matabrunc*.] Wife to King Pierron of the strong island, and mother of Prince Oriant, one of Godfrey of Bullion's ancestors.

<sup>45</sup> *Cleopatra, a crier of onions*.] Her kingdom produced exceeding good ones in the opinion of the Israelites. Besides, of the two pearls of inestimable price which that queen was owner of, she having caused her lover Anthony to swallow one, dissolved in vinegar, was going to regale him with the second, if she had not been hindered. Perhaps it was by way of punishment for this prodigality, that in the other world she is reduced to sell onions, that is, such fruit as the Latins call *uniones*, a sort of onions, as well as pearls. (Under the word *unio onis*, Camb. Dic. says *ab unis*, &c. A pearl called an union, for that, many being found in one shell, not any one of them is like the other. Also an onion or scallion with one blade. See that dictionary.)

<sup>46</sup> *Helen*, &c.] A procuress. *Courtiert de Chambrieres*. A consequence of her past life.

Semiramis, the beggars' lice-killer.

Dido did sell mushrooms.

Penthesilea sold cresses.

Lucretia was an ale-house keeper.

Hortensia, a spinstress.<sup>47</sup>

Livia, a grater of verdigrease.

After this manner, those, that had been great lords and ladies here, got but a poor scurvy wretched living there below. And, on the contrary, the philosophers and others, who in this world had been altogether indigent and wanting, were great lords there in their turn. I saw Diogenes there strut it out<sup>48</sup> most pompously, and in great magnificence, with a rich purple gown on him, and a golden sceptre in his right hand. And, which is more, he would now and then make Alexander the Great mad, so enormously would he abuse him, when he had not well patched his breeches; for he used to pay his skin with sound bastinadoes. I saw Epictetus there most gallantly apparelled after the French fashion, sitting under a pleasant arbour, with store of handsome gentlewomen, frolicking, drinking, dancing, and making good cheer, with abundance of crowns of the sun. Above the lattice were written these verses for his device:

To leap and dance, to sport and play,

And drink good wine both white and brown,

Or nothing else do all the day,

But tell bags full of many a crown.

When he saw me, he invited me to drink with him very courteously, and I being willing to be entreated, we tiddled and chopined together most theologically.<sup>49</sup> In the meantime came Cyrus to beg one farthing of him for the honour of Mercury, therewith to buy a few onions for his supper. No, no, said Epictetus, I do not use in my alms-giving to bestow farthings. Hold, thou varlet, there's a crown for thee, be an honest man. Cyrus was exceeding glad to have met with such a booty; but the other poor rogues, the king that are there below, as Alexander, Darius, and others, s<sup>t</sup>

<sup>47</sup> *Hortensia.*] *Filandiere*, a spinner of flax, &c.

<sup>48</sup> *Strut it out.*] *Se prelassoit*: give himself the airs of a p<sup>ate</sup>nis pro-

<sup>49</sup> *Theologically.*] • Theologically. Touching the origin of p<sup>ology</sup> for verbial phrase of tippling theologically, see ch. 22, of the Herodotus.

it away from him by night. I saw Pathelin the treasurer of Rhadamanthus, who, in cheapening the pudding-pies that Pope Julius cried, asked him how much a dozen? Three blanks, said the pope. Nay, said Pathelin, three blows with a cudgel. Lay them down here, you rascal, and go fetch more. The poor pope went away weeping, who, when he came to his master the pie-maker, told him that they had taken away his pudding-pies. Whereupon his master gave him such a sound lash with an eel-skin,<sup>60</sup> that his own would have been worth nothing to make bag-pipe-bags of. I saw Master John Le Maire there personate the pope, in such fashion, that he made all the poor kings and popes<sup>61</sup> of this world kiss his feet; and, taking great state upon him, gave them his benediction, saying, Get the pardons,<sup>62</sup> rogues, get the pardons, they are good and cheap. I absolve you of bread and pottage,<sup>63</sup> and dispense with you to be never good for anything. Then, calling Caillet and Triboulet to him, he spake these words, My lords the cardinals, dispatch their bulls, to wit, to each of them a blow with a cudgel upon the reins.<sup>64</sup> Which, accordingly, was forthwith

<sup>60</sup> *Eel-skin.*] Pliny, l. 9, c. 23, tells us, the young gentlemen of Rome were chastised with an eel-skin when they committed a fault. From thence, doubtless, it comes, that in schools they have given the name of *anguille* to a certain scourge or whip made of leathern thongs, which anciently they used to beat the lads with when they had neglected their duty. Isidore's Glosses, quoted by du Cange in his Latin Glossary: "*Anguilla est quæ coercendi in scholis pueri, quæ vulgò scutica dicitur.*"

<sup>61</sup> *Popes.*] John le Maire is very severe on the popes, in his book of the different schisms and councils of the Latin church.

<sup>62</sup> *Get the pardons.*] This personally concerns the popes, as having in their time made a trade of selling pardons.

<sup>63</sup> *I absolve you, &c.*] It is in the original, *je vous absoulz de pain et de soupe*. Allusion to *peine* (*pain*) and (*coulpe*) in which absolution consists.

<sup>64</sup> *A blow with a cudgel upon the reins.*] Allusion to a custom founded in the enance book, of giving those who come for absolution a blow with a wand at each verse of the miserere, which they are made to repeat from one end to the other. President du Thou (Thuanus) l. 103, on the year 1595, where he speaks of this practice exercised at Rome on the two proxies or proctors which Henry IV. had sent thither for his absolution: "*Ad solium reducti, (procuratores regii,) cum capite deorsus rursus in genua procubuissent, psalmus L. recitatur, ad cujus singulos versiculos pontifex virgula quasi vindicta, qua, ut olim servi apud Romanos manumittebantur, sic nunc peccatis nexi per absolutionem in libertatem christianam asseruntur, leviter supplices*"

performed. I heard Master Francis Villon ask Xerxes, How much the mess of mustard? A farthing, said Xerxes. To which the said Villon answered, The pox take thee for a villain! As much of square-eared wheat is not worth half that price, and now thou offerest to enhance the price of victuals. With this he pissed in his pot, as the mustard-makers of Paris used to do. I saw the trained bow-man of the bathing tub, known by the name of the Franc archer de Baignolet, who, being one of the trustees of the Inquisition, when he saw Perce-Forest making water against a wall, on which was painted the fire of St. Anthony, declared him heretic, and would have caused him to be burnt alive, had it not been for Morgante, who for his proficiat<sup>55</sup> and other small fees, gave him nine tuns of beer.

Well, said Pantagruel, reserve all these fair stories for another time, only tell us how the usurers are there handled. I saw them, said Epistemon, all very busily employed in seeking of rusty pins, and old nails in the kennels of the streets, as you see poor wretched rogues do in this world. But the quintal, or hundred weight, of this old iron ware is there valued but at the price of a cantle of bread, and yet they have but a very bad dispatch and riddance in the sale of it. Thus the poor misers are sometimes three whole weeks without eating one morsel or crumb of bread, and yet work both day and night, looking for the fair to come. Nevertheless, of all this labour, toil, and misery, they reckon nothing, so cursedly active they are in the prosecution of that their base calling, in hopes, at the end of the year, to earn some scurvy penny by it.

Come, said Pantagruel, let us now make ourselves merry one bout, and drink my lads, I beseech you, for it is very good drinking all this month. Then did they uncase their flagons by heaps and dozens, and with their leaguer provision made excellent good cheer. But the poor King Anarchus could not all this while settle himself towards any fit of

procuratores tangebatur." In regard bad princes are infinitely more culpable in the sight of God than ordinary people, John le Maire their judge, instead of slight strokes with a wand over their shoulders, makes them be well laid on with a good hedge-stake over their loins.

<sup>55</sup> *Proficiat.*] Properly, Cotgrave says, a fee, or benevolence, bestowed on bishops, in manner of a welcome, immediately after their instalments.

mirth; whereupon Panurge said, Of what trade shall we make my lord the king here, that he may be skilful in the art, when he goes thither to sojourn amongst all the devils of hell? Indeed, said Pantagruel, that was well advised of thee. Do with him what thou wilt, I give him to thee. Grammercy, said Panurge, the present is not to be refused, and I love it from you.<sup>56</sup>

### CHAPTER XXXI.

*How Pantagruel entered into the city of the Amaurots, and how Panurge married King Anarchus to an old lantern-carrying hag, and made him a crier of green sauce.*

AFTER this wonderful victory, Pantagruel sent Carpalim unto the city of the Amaurots, to declare and signify unto them, how the King Anarchus was taken prisoner, and all the enemies of the city overthrown. Which news when they heard, all the inhabitants of the city came forth to meet him in good order, and with a great triumphant pomp, conducting him with a heavenly joy into the city, where innumerable bon-fires were kindled, through all the parts thereof, and fair round tables, which were furnished with store of good victuals, set out in the middle of the streets. This was a renewing of the golden age in the time of Saturn, so good was the cheer which then they made.

But Pantagruel, having assembled the whole senate, and common council-men of the town, said My masters, we must now strike the iron whilst it is hot. It is, therefore, my will that, before we frolic it any longer, we advise how to assault and take the whole kingdom of the Dipsodes. To which effect, let those that will go with me to provide themselves against to-morrow after drinking; for then will I begin to march. Not that I need any more men than I have, to help me to conquer it; for I could make it as sure that way as if I had it already, but I see this city is so full of inhabitants, that they can scarce turn into the streets. I will, therefore, carry them as a colony in Dipsody, and will give them all that country, which is fair, wealthy, fruitful, and pleasant, above all other countries in the world, as many of you can tell, who

<sup>56</sup> And I love it from you.] *E l'aime de vous.* A way of thanking any one for a favour done, or gift bestowed; it was also used towards a person who had drunk a health to one, or given their service to him in drinking.

have been there heretofore. Every one of you, therefore, that will go along, let him provide himself as I have said. This counsel and resolution being published in the city, the next morning there assembled in the piazza, before the palace, to the number of eighteen hundred fifty-six thousand and eleven, besides women and little children. Thus began they to march straight into Dipsody, in such good order as did the people of Israel, when they departed out of Egypt, to pass over the Red Sea.

But, before we proceed any further in this purpose,<sup>1</sup> I will tell you how Panurge handled his prisoner the King Anarchus; for, having remembered that which Epistemon had related, how the kings and rich men in this world were used in the Elysian fields, and how they got their living there by base and ignoble trades, he, therefore, one day apparelled his king in a pretty little canvass doublet, all jagged and pinked like the tippet of a light horseman's cap, together with a pair of large mariner's breeches, and stockings without shoes,<sup>2</sup>—For, said he, they would but spoil his sight,<sup>3</sup>—and a little peach-coloured bonnet, with a great capon's feather in it—I lie, for I think he had two—and a very handsome girdle of a sky colour and green, (in French called *pers et vert*<sup>4</sup>) saying, that such a livery did become him well, for that he had always been perverse,<sup>5</sup> and, in this plight bringing him before Pantagruel, said unto him, Do you know this roister? No, indeed, said Pantagruel. It is, said Panurge, my lord the king of the three batches,<sup>6</sup> or thread-bare sovereign. I intend to make him an honest man. These devilish kings, which we have here, are but as so many calves, they know

<sup>1</sup> *Without shoes.*] The condition wherein our old romances represent an unhappy person surrendering himself a prisoner at discretion.

<sup>2</sup> *They would but spoil his sight.*] They would blind him, so as to hinder him from being sensible that he was a prisoner.

<sup>3</sup> *Pers et vert.*] Sky-coloured and green.

<sup>4</sup> *Perverse.*] A pun upon *pers et vert*.

<sup>5</sup> *King of the three batches.*] An expression taken from a custom in France during the week of the Epiphany (or of the kings as they call it) when he is termed king of three batches, to whose lot is fallen the bean of three cakes baked on three several days, and at three different ovens. In Dolet's edition, instead of *roi de trois cuites*, king of the three batches, it is *roi de trois pommes cuites*, king of the three codlins; but the edition of 1553 has altered that edition, which indeed was good for nothing.

nothing, and are good for nothing but to do a thousand mischiefs to their poor subjects, and to trouble all the world with war for their unjust and detestable pleasure. I will put him to a trade, and make him a crier of green sauce. Go to, begin and cry, Do you lack any green sauce? and the poor devil cried. That is too low, said Panurge, then took him by the ear, saying Sing higher in *ge, sol, re, ut*. So, so, poor devil, thou hast a good throat: thou wert never so happy as to be no longer king. And Pantagruel made himself merry with all this; for I dare boldly say, that he was the best little gaffer that was to be seen between this and the end of a staff. Thus was Anarchus made a good crier of green sauce. Two days thereafter, Panurge married him with an old lantern-carrying hag, and he himself made the wedding with fine sheep's-heads, brave haslets with mustard, gallant salligots with garlic, of which he sent five horse-loads unto Pantagruel, which he ate up all, he found them so appetizing. And for their drink, they had a kind of small well-watered wine,<sup>6</sup> and some fine sorb-apple cider.<sup>7</sup> And to make them dance, he hired a blind man, that made music to them with a wind-broach.

After dinner he led them to the palace, and shewed them to Pantagruel, and said, pointing to the married woman, You need not fear that she will crack. Why? said Pantagruel. Because, said Panurge, she is well slit and broke up already. What do you mean by that? said Pantagruel. Do not you

<sup>6</sup> *Small well-watered wine.*] *Belle piscantine*. As for *piscantine*, Oudin's Fr. and Ital. Dictionary says it is *vino inacquato aquarello*: but as in the same Dictionary we find *biscantine* in the same signification of wine mingled with water (though, by the way, Cotgrave explains *biscantine*, drink made of bullaces or sloes) I know not, adds Duchat, but *piscantine* may be a corruption of *biscantine*, to express a drink of two cantines [bottle cases] one whereof might be for wine and the other for water.

<sup>7</sup> *Some fine sorb-apple cider.*] *Beau corné*, In Poitou they call *corné* a certain drink made with water cast on *cornes* (service or sorb-apples.) *Corné*, as the new editions read it here, should be a drink made with water thrown on the fruit of the cornier (cornel-tree,) a red acid berry; but as they make none such either in Poitou or elsewhere, it is certain the true reading is here, as in the old editions, *cormé*, not *corné*. Cotgrave thus speaks of *cormé*: A drink or wine made of the sorb-apple; it surpasses in goodness perry or cider; and comes nearest of any of those kinds to white wine. No wonder, then, Rabelais bestows on it the epithet of beau.

see, said Panurge, that the chesnuts which are roasted in the fire, if they be whole, they crack as if they were mad; and, to keep them from cracking, they make an incision in them, and slit them. So this new bride is in her lower parts well slit before, and, therefore, will not crack behind.

Pantagruel gave them a little lodge near the lower street, and a mortar of stone wherein to bray and pound their sauce, and in this manner did they do their little business, he being as pretty a crier of green sauce, as ever was seen in the country of Utopia. But I have been told since, that his wife doth beat him like plaster, and the poor sot dares not defend himself, he is so simple.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

*How Pantagruel with his tongue covered a whole army, and what the author saw in his mouth.*

THUS as Pantagruel with all his army had entered into the country of the Dipsodes, every one was glad of it, and incontinently rendered themselves unto him, bringing him out of their own good wills the keys of all the cities where he went, the Almirods only excepted, who, being resolved to hold out against him, made answer to his heralds, that they would not yield but upon very honourable and good conditions.

What? said Pantagruel, do they ask any better terms, than the hand at the pot, and the glass in their fist?<sup>1</sup> Come, let us go sack them, and put them all to the sword. Then did they put themselves in good order, as being fully de-

<sup>1</sup> *The hand at the pot and the glass in their fist.*] Read the fist, not their fist. *La main au pot et le voyrre au poing.* A token of a final agreement, and that there is nothing more to be done but to drink upon the bargain. Patelin (the trickster) to his wife, who asked him how, without disbursing any more than one single penny, he had got the cloth he went to buy.

“Ce fut pour le denier à-Dieu;  
Et encore se j’cusse dit  
Le main sur le pot, par ce dit  
Mon denier me fust demouré.”

I gain’d it by the earnest-penny  
And if I had not been a nunny,  
That penny too I might have got,  
By barely laying hand on pot.



terminated to give an assault, but by the way, passing through a large field, they were overtaken with a great shower of rain, whereat they began to shiver and tremble, to crowd, press, and thrust close to one another. When Pantagruel saw that, he made their captains tell them that it was nothing, and that he saw well above the clouds, that it would be nothing but a little dew; but howsoever, that they should put themselves in order, and he would cover them. Then did they put themselves in a close order, and stood as near to each other as they could, and Pantagruel drew out his tongue only half-ways, and covered them all, as a hen doth her chickens. In the mean time I, who relate to you these so veritable storics, hid myself under a burdock-leaf, which was not much less in largeness than the arch of the bridge of Montrible,<sup>2</sup> but, when I saw them thus covered, I went towards them to shelter myself likewise; which I could not do, for that they were so, as the saying is, *At the yard's end there is no cloth left*. Then, as well as I could, I got upon it, and went along full two leagues upon his tongue, and so long marched, that at last I came into his mouth. But, oh gods and goddesses, what did I see there! Jupiter confound me with his trisulc lightning if I lie! I walked there as they do in Sophic, at Constantinople, and saw there great rocks, like the mountains in Denmark—I believe that those were his teeth. I saw also fair meadows, large forests, great and strong cities, not a jot less than Lyons or Poitiers. The first man I met there was a good honest fellow planting coleworts, whereat being very much amazed, I asked him, My friend, what dost thou make here? I plant coleworts, said he. But how, and wherewith, said I? Ha, Sir, said he, every one cannot have his ballocks as heavy as a mortar,<sup>3</sup> neither can we be all rich. Thus do I get my

<sup>2</sup> *The bridge of Montrible.*] On the Clarente, between Saintes and St. John d'Angeli. This bridge is a remnant of Roman antiquity. What is related of the bridge of Montrible, or Montrible is taken from the romance of Fierabras.

<sup>3</sup> *Every one cannot have, &c.*] Allusion to the proverb,

“Chacun n'a pas le cerveau  
Gros comme celui d'un veau.”

All ha'n't brains as large as those  
Which a calf's head does enclose.

—See Treasure of Golden Sayings, &c. Lyons, 1557.

poor living, and carry them to the market to sell in the city which is here behind. Jesus! said I, is there here a new world? Sure, said he, it is never a jot new, but it is commonly reported, that, without this, there is an earth, whereof the inhabitants enjoy the light of a sun and moon, and that it is full of, and replenished with, very good commodities; but yet this is more ancient than that. Yea, but, said I, my friend, what is the name of that city, whither thou carriest thy coleworts to sell? It is called Aspharage, said he, and all the in-dwellers are Christians, very honest men, and will make you good cheer. To be brief, I resolved to go thither. Now, in my way, I met with a fellow that was lying in wait to catch pigeons, of whom I asked, My friend, from whence come these pigeons? Sir, said he, they come from the other world. Then I thought, that, when Pantagruel yawned, the pigeons went into his mouth in whole flocks, thinking that it had been a pigeon-house.

Then I went into the city, which I found fair, very strong, and seated in a good air; but at my entry the guard demanded of me my pass or ticket. Whereat I was much astonished, and asked them, My masters, is there any danger of the plague here? O Lord, said they, they die hard by here so fast, that the cart runs about the streets. Good God, said I, and where? Whereunto they answered, that it was in Larynx and Pharynx, which are two great cities, such as Rouen and Nantes, rich and of great trading. And the cause of the plague was by a stinking and infectious exhalation, which lately vapoured out of the abismes, whereof there have died above two and twenty hundred and three-score thousand and sixteen persons within this sevensnight. Then I considered, calculated, and found, that it was an unsavoury breathing, which came out of Pantagruel's stomach, when he did eat so much garlic,<sup>4</sup> as we have aforesaid.

<sup>4</sup> *Garlic.*] *Aillade*: garlic sauce, Cotgrave says. M. Duchat's note on it is as follows. The ancients were no strangers to the *aillade*. Virgil has described this rustic dish under the name of *moretum*, and a translation of that poem of Virgil's is the second piece among the rural games of Joachim du Bellai. What is now properly called *aillade*, in Guienne and Languedoc, is a mess which the poorer sort make with garlic and walnuts, pounded together in a mortar, and which prepares the stomach for the reception of certain meats of an undigestive and disagreeable nature. As for the *aillade* itself, it is so much admired by

Parting from thence, I passed amongst the rocks, which were his teeth, and never left walking, till I got up on one of them; and there I found the pleasantest places in the world, great large tennis-courts, fair galleries, sweet meadows, store of vines, and an infinite number of banqueting summer out-houses in the fields, after the Italian fashion, full of pleasure and delight, where I stayed full four months, and never made better cheer in my life as then.<sup>5</sup> After that I went down by the hinder teeth to come to the chaps. But in the way I was robbed by thieves in a great forest, that is in the territory towards the ears. Then, after a little further travelling, I fell upon a pretty petty village,—truly I have forgot the name of it,—where I was yet merrier than ever, and got some certain money to live by. Can you tell how? By sleeping. For there they hire men by the day to sleep, and they get by it sixpence a day, but they that can snore hard get at least ninepence. How I had been robbed in the valley, I informed the senators, who told me, that, in very truth, the people of that side were bad livers, and naturally thievish, whereby I perceived well, that as we have with us the countries Cisalpine and Transalpine, that is, be-hither and beyond the mountains, so have they there the countries Cidentine and Tradentine, that is, be-hither and beyond the teeth. But it is far better living on this side, and the air is purer. There I began to think, that it is very true, which is commonly said, that one half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth; seeing none before myself had ever written of that country, wherein are above five and twenty kingdoms inhabited, besides deserts, and a great arm of the sea. Concerning which, I have composed a great book intituled *The History of the Gorgians*, because they dwell in the gorge of my master Pantagruel.

At last I was willing to return, and, passing by his beard, some persons of distinction, even in Italy, that the historian Platina, could not forbear telling the world, that a brother of his would often put himself in a sweat by the pains he took in preparing this ragoo. See Platina *De Honestâ Voluptate*. The authors of the *Camb. Dict.* say the *moretum* was a kind of sallet made of herbs, milk, wine, oil, cheese, garlic, &c.

<sup>5</sup> *And never made better cheer, &c.*] Because, as he says a little lower, of every morsel that went down Pantagruel's throat, he took part, by way of toll.

I cast myself upon his shoulders, and from thence slid down to the ground, and fell before him. As soon as I was perceived by him, he asked me, Whence comest thou, Alcofribas? I answered him, Out of your mouth, my lord! And how long hast thou been there? said he. Since the time, said I, that you went against the Almirods. That is about six months ago, said he. And wherewith didst thou live? What didst thou drink? I answered, My lord, of the same that you did, and of the daintiest morsels that passed through your throat I took toll. Yea, but, said he, where didst thou shite? In your throat, my lord, said I. Ha, ha, thou art a merry fellow, said he. We have with the help of God conquered all the land of the Dipsodes; I will give thee the Chastelleine, or Lairdship of Salmigondin. Gramercy, my lord, said I, you gratify me beyond all that I have deserved of you.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

*How Pantagruel became sick, and the manner how he was recovered.*

A WHILE after this the good Pantagruel fell sick, and had such an obstruction in his stomach, that he could neither eat nor drink: and, because mischief seldom comes alone, a hot piss seized on him, which tormented him more than you would believe. His physicians nevertheless helped him very well, and with store of lenitiyes and diuretic drugs made him piss away his pain. His urine was so hot, that since that time it is not yet cold, and you have of it in divers places of France, according to the course that it took, and they are called the hot baths, as

At Coderets.<sup>1</sup>

At Limous.<sup>2</sup>

At Dast.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Coderets.*] Caulderets in the Pyrenees. These baths are frequented by company not only from France and Spain, but other countries likewise, either to drink the water, or to bathè, or to use the mud. The goodness of these baths begins with the month of September. See the preface to the Queen of Navarre's Heptameron.

<sup>2</sup> *Limous.*] Two leagues and a half from Carcasone, on the way to Aleth: the baths are at the foot of the mountain.

<sup>3</sup> *Dast.*] Or *Days*, in the Landes of Bordeaux. These baths are so hot as to strip a lowl of its feathers.

At Balleruc.<sup>4</sup>

At Neric.<sup>5</sup>

At Bourbonnensy,<sup>6</sup> and elsewhere in Italy.

At Mongros.

At Appone.<sup>7</sup>

At Sancto Petro de Padua.

At St. Helen.<sup>8</sup>

At Casa Nuova.

At St. Bartolomeo, in the county of Boulogne.

At the Porrette,<sup>9</sup> and a thousand other places.

And I wonder much at a rabble of foolish philosophers and physicians, who spend their time in disputing, whence the heat of the said waters cometh, whether it be by reason of borax, or sulphur, or alum, or salt-petre, that is within the mine. For they do nothing but dote, and better were it for them to rub their arse against a thistle, than to waste

<sup>4</sup> *Balleruc.*] Nicholas Dortman, of Arnheim, professor of physic at Montpellier, printed at Lyons in 1579, a treatise of the nature and use of these baths, situated, he says, about a thousand paces from Balleruc, a village distant somewhat less than four leagues from Montpellier. This place, where people bathed in that author's time, was not altogether the same where they used formerly to bathe, which is observable in the plan we see of the old and new baths, at the beginning of the third chapter; and things are, I am told, very much altered since that time, in other respects.

<sup>5</sup> *Neric*, a little town of the Bourbonnois, in the midst whereof there are hot baths.

<sup>6</sup> *Bourbonnensy.*] The use of the hot baths, Du Chêne says, having been prescribed to King Henry III. he preferred these of Bourbonnensy before six or seven others he might have used without going out of his dominions.

<sup>7</sup> *Appone.*] Within a few musket shots of the city of Padua. They begin using these waters about the middle of April, and give over about the end of June: and we see in Faventinus's second book of counsels, precepts, and directions, printed at Venice in 1556, the regimen which that physician prescribed in 1539, to the Cardinal de Trente, to whom he had ordered the baths of Appone.

<sup>8</sup> *St. Helen.*] Read *Sancta Helena Patavina*, according to Duchat. These are sulphurous baths. See Faventinus's 10th book of Directions, &c.

<sup>9</sup> *Porrette.*] Sulphurous baths near Ranutio, in the territory of Bologna, on the right of the River Rheno, towards the place of its rise. There is a volume of tales, entitled, threescore and ten Porretane Novels; and I am very much mistaken if they be not an imitation of the Queen of Navarre's Heptameron; or perhaps this latter may be an imitation of the former.

away their time in thus disputing of that, whereof they know not the original; for the resolution is easy, neither need we to inquire any further, than that the said baths came by a hot piss of the good Pantagruel.

Now, to tell you, after what manner he was cured of his principal disease, I let pass how for a minorative, or gentle potion, he took four hundred pound weight of colophoniac scammony, six score and eighteen cart loads of cassia, an eleven thousand and nine hundred pound weight of rhubarb, besides other confused jumbings of sundry drugs. You must understand, that by the advice of the physicians it was ordained, that what did offend his stomach should be taken away; and, therefore, they made seventeen great balls of copper,<sup>10</sup> each whereof was bigger than that which is to be seen on the top of St. Peter's needle at Rome, and in such sort, that they did open in the midst, and shut with a spring. Into one of them entered one of his men, carrying a lantern and a torch lighted, and so Pantagruel swallowed him down like a little pill. Into seven others went seven country fellows, having every one of them a shovel on his neck. Into nine others entered nine wood-carriers, having each of them a basket hung at his neck, and so were they swallowed down like pills. When they were in his stomach, every one undid his spring, and came out of their cabins. The first whereof was he that carried the lantern, and so they fell more than half a league into a most horrible gulf, more stinking and infectious than ever was Mephitis,<sup>11</sup> or the marshes of the Camerina,<sup>12</sup> or the abominably unsavoury lake of Sorbonne,<sup>13</sup> whereof Strabo maketh mention. And had it not been, that they had very well antidoted their stomach, heart, and wine-pot, which is called the noddle, they had been altogether suffocated and choked with these detestable vapours. O

<sup>10</sup> *Seventeen great balls of copper.*] The moral sense assigned by Pasquier to this fiction of Rabelais is, that the physicians act only by guess in ailments of the stomach, and in those which affect the noble parts.

<sup>11</sup> *Mephitis.*] Virgil, *Æneid*, l. 7.

<sup>12</sup> *Camerina.*] *Æneid*, l. 3.

<sup>13</sup> *Unsavoury lake of Sorbonne.*] [Budæus had already made this satirical allusion in a letter to Erasmus, l. v. epis. 2.] The common people of Paris say, *a Serbonne*, instead of *la Sorbonne*; and this lake of Egypt, mentioned by Strabo, is by him called the lake of Serbonne. [Strabo, lib. xvi., confounds the Lake of Serbonne with that of Sodom.]

what a perfume ! O what an evaporation wherewith to bewray the masks or mufflers of young mangy queans.<sup>14</sup> After that, with groping and smelling they came near to the fecal matter and the corrupted humours. Finally, they found a montjoy or heap of ordure and filth. Then fell the pioneers to work to dig it up, and the rest with their shovels filled the baskets ; and, when all was cleansed, every one retired himself into his ball.

This done, Pantagruel enforcing himself to a vomit very easily brought them out, and they made no more show in his mouth, than a fart in yours. But, when they came merrily out of their pills, I thought upon the Grecians coming out of the Trojan horse. By this means was he healed, and brought into his former state and convalescence ; and of these brazen pills,<sup>15</sup> or rather copper balls, you have one at Orleans,<sup>16</sup> upon the steeple of the Holy Cross Church.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

*The conclusion of this present book, and the excuse of the author.*

Now, my masters, you have heard a beginning of the horrific history of my lord and master Pantagruel. Here will I make an end of the first book. My head aches a little, and I perceive that the registers of my brain are somewhat jumbled and disordered with the septembral juice. You shall have the rest of the history at Frankfort mart next

<sup>14</sup> *To bewray the masks or mufflers of young mangy queans !]* *Embrener touretz des nez.* The *touret de nez*, much used in days of yore, was a sort of those false noses, with which people now-a-days disguise themselves. As it came not so low as the mouth, it was fastened on the skin by nothing but a kind of pomatum ; and it is in lieu of this pomatum that Rabelais would have the young loose creatures of his time make use of the exhalations, which had like to have suffocated those who descended into Pantagruel's stomach.

<sup>15</sup> *Brazen pills.] Pillules d'arquin, not d'airin.* It means pills of alchymy, or lead of antimony.

<sup>16</sup> *You have one at Orleans.]* This is what I take to have given such an occasion of cavil to M. Bernier, author of the judgment on Rabelais, which he ascribes to Rabelais' not being quite sober when he concluded this chapter ; as Rabelais indeed partly confesses to be his case in the beginning of the next. But Bernier is mistaken, since we are informed by history, that the church of the holy cross of Orleans, as we now see it, is not the same edifice which was in Rabelais' time, but that the old building having suffered much during the troubles of the year 1562, Henry the Great had it rebuilt (as now it appears) in 1601, on occasion of the grand jubilee.

coming, and there shall you see, how Panurge was married and made a cuckold within a month after his wedding: how Pantagruel found out the philosopher's stone, the manner how he found it, and the way how to use it: how he passed over the Caspian mountains, and how he sailed through the Atlantic sea, defeated the Cannibals, and conquered the isles of Pearls, how he married the daughter of the King of India, called Presthan, how he fought against the devil, and burnt up five chambers of hell, ransacked the great black chamber, threw Proserpina into the fire, broke five teeth to Lucifer, and the horn that was in his arse. How he visited the regions of the moon, to know whether indeed the moon were not entire and whole, or if the women had three quarters of it in their heads, and a thousand other little merriments all veritable. These are brave things truly. Good night, gentlemen. *Perdonate mi*, and think not so much upon my faults, that you forget your own.

If you say to me, master, it would seem, that you were not very wise in writing to us these flimflam stories, and pleasant fooleries; I answer you, that you are not much wiser to spend your time in reading them. Nevertheless, if you read them to make yourselves merry, as in manner of pastime I wrote them, you and I both are far more worthy of pardon, than a great rabble of squint-minded fellows,<sup>1</sup> dissembling and counterfeit saints,<sup>2</sup> demure lookers, hypocrites, pretended zealots, tough friars, buskin monks,<sup>3</sup> and other such sects of men, who disguise themselves like maskers to deceive the world. For, whilst they give the common people to understand, that they are busied about nothing but contemplation and devotion in fastings, and maceration of their sensuality,

<sup>1</sup> *Squint-minded fellows* ] *Sarrabaïtes*. Menage thinks it should be written *sarabactes*, and that they were certain disordered monks mentioned in the sermon, entitled *fratres in eremo*, falsely ascribed to St. Austin. Sarrabaïtes is an Egyptian word. They were also called Gyrovages; on which word, as likewise on Sarrabaïtes, see the Jacobin friar, Bernard de Luxembourg, in his catalogue of heretics.

<sup>2</sup> *Counterfeit Saints.* ] *Escargots*. Monks concealed within the hoods of their habits, like *escargots* (snails) in their shells.

<sup>3</sup> *Buskin-monks* ] *Botineurs*, Rabelais says; which Cotgrave explains, one that continually wears boots or buskins, as a monk, or any such creature, who, being not satisfied with wearing them alive, will be buried in them dead. Duchats says, "botineurs, moines rentez," landed monks, and even the Cordeliers, whom in ch. 29 of l. 5, the author calls booted preachers.



—and that only to sustain and aliment the small frailty of their humanity,—it is so far otherwise, that, on the contrary, God knows, what cheer they make; *Et curios simulant,<sup>4</sup> sed Bacchanalia vivunt.* You may read it in 'great letters in the colouring of their red snouts, and gulching bellies<sup>5</sup> as big as a tun, unless it be when they perfume themselves with sulphur. As for their study, it is wholly taken up in reading of Pantagruelin books, not so much to pass the time merrily, as to hurt some one or other mischievously, to wit, in articling, sole articling,<sup>6</sup> wry-neckifying,<sup>7</sup> buttock-stirring,<sup>8</sup> ballocking,<sup>9</sup> and diaboliculating, that is calumniating. Wherein they are like

<sup>4</sup> *Curios simulant, sed Bacchanalia vivunt.*] This is out of Juvenal's second satire; but the application which the author makes of it is taken from Politian, who, speaking of certain hypocrites who took offence at Plautus being read in schools, says,

"Sed qui nos damnant, sunt histriones maximi;  
Nam Curios simulant, vivunt Bacchanalia,  
Hi sunt præcipuè quidam clamosi, leves,  
Cucullati, lignipedes, cincti fimbis,  
Superciliosum, incurvicervicum pecus,  
Qui quòd ab aliis habitu, et cultu dissentiant," &c.

Politian. Epist. l. 7.

<sup>5</sup> *Gulching bellies*] *Ventres à poulaines.* In all likelihood these gorbellied monks, and these beneficiaries with bundles of guts (*à poulaines*) are the same which the honest confessor to Louis XII. calls ponards (perhaps contractedly for *polonards*) in these words of his Sermon on the rich man, (Dives) preached the second week in Lent: "Videbis unum grossum ponardum in una camera natata, in quam ventus non intrat sans sauf conduite, vel sine licentia; habet grossum beneficium (buffetum) coopertum vasis argenteis."

<sup>6</sup> *Sole articling.*] *Monorticulant*, &c. Rabelais, who has coined this and the other words following, uses *monorticulant*, to signify extracting out of any one's writing certain articles, to be confuted as heretical, as the monks did in the case of the learned Reuchlin. The *a* of the Latin *articuli* has been changed into an *o*, as in *orteil* (the toe) made from *articulus*.

<sup>7</sup> *Wry-neckifying.*] *Torticulant*, i. e. acting with the hypocrisy of the wry-necked monks or Cordeliers, whom Politian calls *incurvicervicum pecus*.

<sup>8</sup> *Buttock-stirring.*] So indeed Cotgrave interprets *culetant*; but here it means, says Duchat, the same as at the end of the prol. of the 3rd book, viz. smelling to the bad or weak places of a book, as dogs do to a salt bitch.

<sup>9</sup> *Ballocking.*] Perhaps wrong translated. The word Rabelais uses is *coailletant*, i. e. colligeant, or gathering, after the manner of your cucullating gentry, who make malicious collections of what may have been said or written by one they have a mind to ruin.

unto the poor rogues of a village, that are busy in stirring up and scraping in the ordure and filth of little children, in the season of cherries and guinds, and that only to find the kernels, that they may sell them to the druggists, to make thereof pomander oil.<sup>10</sup> Fly from these men, abhor and hate them as much as I do, and upon my faith you will find yourselves the better for it. And if you desire to be good Pantagruelists, that is to say, to live in peace, joy, health, making yourselves always merry; never trust those men that always peep out at one hole.<sup>11</sup>

#### THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>10</sup> *Pomander oil* ] *L'huile de maguelet*. Cotgrave says, this is the bastard coral, or pomander privet, of whose sweet and shining black berries, chains, and bracelets are made. What M. Duchat says, take as follows. If by *maguelet* is meant, as some think, the hawthorn-berries, whose kernels serve to make the oil called *maguelet*, it is very probable the word comes from the Spanish *majuelas*, which signifies the same fruit. Words, corrupted from the Spanish, are very frequent at Montpellier, occasioned by the kings of Majorca, of the House of Arragon, being a long time lords of that city. If likewise, as it seems to be consistent with what Rabelais says here, this oil is indifferently drawn from all sorts of small kernels, *maguelet* may then be derived from *amygdaletum*, a diminutive of *amygdalum*, which may be said by a metaplasm, for *amygdala*. From Magdelaine, in like manner, has been fetched Maguelone and Maguelon, as the castle of Madelaine is called Maguelon, and Magdalen College, in Oxford, Maudlin, by corruption.

<sup>11</sup> *Never trust those men who always peep out at one hole.*] Monks or friars (by reason of their cowls) says Cotgrave, under the word *pertuis* (a hole). Now-a-days the saying is, men that always peep out at a cloth window: "Ne fiez vous jamais en gens qui regardent par une fenêtre de drap." It means the same thing as the other, viz. cucleated imps; hobgoblins in cowls.

<sup>12</sup> *The end of the second book.*] The original concludes otherwise; namely thus, The end of the Chronicles of Pantagrue, King of the Dipsodes, restored to their genuine state and condition, with his heroic deeds, and most tremendous achievements: composed by the late M. Alcorribas, Abstracter of the Quint-essence. From whence M. Duchat concludes, that as Rabelais here, and in the preceding book, ch. viii, means himself by the name of Alcofribas, either he really intended to stop here, or at least, not daring to put his name to the two first books of his romance (probably because, when he wrote them, he was a monk at St. Maur de Fossez) it was only in the following books he took the liberty to discover his true name, after he had secularized himself, and was become, as it were a layman.

## BOOK III.

TREATING OF THE HEROIC DEEDS AND SAYINGS  
OF THE GOOD PANTAGRUEL.

FRANCIS RABELAIS

TO THE SPIRIT OF THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

ABSTRACTED soul, ravish'd with ecstasies,  
Gone 'back, and now familiar in the skies,  
Thy former host, thy body, leaving quite,  
Which to obey thee always took delight,—  
Obsequious, ready,—now from motion free,  
Senseless, and, as it were in apathy,  
Would'st thou not issue forth, for a short space,  
From that divine, eternal heavenly place,  
To see the third part, in this earthly cell,  
Of the brave acts of good Pantagruel?<sup>1</sup>

### THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.

Good people, most illustrious drinkers, and you thrice precious gouty gentlemen, did you ever see Diogenes the cynic philosopher? If you have seen him, you then had your eyes in your head, or I am very much out of my understanding and logical sense. It is a gallant thing to see the clearness of (wine, gold,) the sun. I'll be judged by the blind-born, so renowned in the sacred Scriptures, who, having at his choice to ask whatever he would from him who is Almighty, and whose word in an instant is effectually performed, asking nothing else but that he might see. Item, you are not young, which is a competent quality for you to philosophize more than physically on wine, (en vin) not in vain (en vain) and henceforwards to be of the Bacchic Council; to the end that opining there, you may give your opinion faithfully of the substance, colour, excellent odour, eminency, propriety, faculty, virtue, and effectual dignity of the said blessed and desired liquor.

<sup>1</sup> These ten lines of allegory, published in the edition of 1546, are addressed to Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis I. Her death did not take place until two years after.]

If you have not seen him, as I am easily induced to believe that you have not, at least you have heard some talk of him. For through the air, and the whole extent of this hemisphere of the heavens, hath his report and fame, even until this present time, remained very memorable and renowned. Then all of you are derived from the Phrygian blood,<sup>1</sup> if I be not deceived. If you have not so many crowns as Midas had, yet have you something, I know not what, of him, which the Persians of old esteemed more of in all their otacusts, and which was more desired by the Emperor Antoninus;<sup>2</sup> and gave occasion thereafter to the Basilisco at Rohan to be surnamed Goodly Ears. If you have not heard of him, I will presently tell you a story to make your wine relish. Drink then,—so, to the purpose. Harken now whilst I give you notice, to the end that you may not, like infidels, be by your simplicity abused, that in his time he was a rare philosopher, and the cheerfullest of a thousand. If he had some imperfection, so have you, so have we; for there is nothing, but God, that is perfect. Yet so it was, that by Alexander the Great, although he had Aristotle for his instructor and domestic, was he held in such estimation, that he wished, if he had not been Alexander, to have been Diogenes the Sinopian.

When Philip King of Macedon enterprised the siege and ruin of Corinth, the Corinthians having received certain intelligence by their spies, that he with a numerous army in battle array was contig against them, were all of

<sup>1</sup> *The Phrygian blood.*] Rabelais laughs at his countrymen, who even in his time continued such simpletons as to believe their kings, and themselves too, descended in a line direct from Priam and the Trojans, on the bare credit of that liar Hunibalde, and some other historians, who copied after him.

<sup>2</sup> *Emperor Antoninus.*] Surnamed Caracalla. The many spies and emissaries employed, far and near, by Midas King of Phrygia, a great tyrant, gave occasion to the fable of that prince's having ass's ears. Antoninus Caracalla, as bad as the other, not satisfied with consulting allsorts of people, chiefly soothsayers and astrologers, to endeavour by their means to discover whether any designs were hatching against his life, did actually wish he had ears good enough to hear himself everything that was said of him. Budæus, l. 1, *De Asse*, speaking of the former: "Hic auribus asininis non aureis insignibus innotuit: Ex eo enim in proverbium venit, quod multos otacustas, i. e. auricularios et emissarios haberet, rumorum captatores, et sermonum delatores, ejusmodi habere solent principes mali, qui stimulante conscientia securi esse nequeunt."

them, not without cause, most terribly afraid ; and therefore were not neglective of their duty, in doing their best endeavours to put themselves in a fit posture to resist his hostile approach and defend their own city.

Some from the fields brought into the fortified places their moveables, cattle, corn, wine, fruit, victuals, and other necessary provision.

Others did fortify and rampire their walls, set up little fortresses, bastions, squared ravelins, digged trenches, cleansed countermines, fenced themselves with gabions, contrived platforms, emptied casemates, barricaded the false brays, erected the cavalliers, repaired the contrescarpes, plaistered the courtines, lengthened ravelins, stopped parapets, mortaised barbicans, new-pointed the portecullices, fastened the hersees, sarasinesks and cataracts, placed their sentries, and doubled their patrol. Every one did watch and ward, and none was exempted from carrying the basket. Some polished corselets, varnished backs and breasts, cleaned the headpieces, mail-coats, brigandines, salades, helmets, morions, jacks, gushets, gorgets, hoguines, brassars, and cuissards, corselets, haubergeons, shields, bucklers, targets, greves, gantlets and spurs. Others made ready bows, slings, cross-bows, pellets, catapults, migraines or fire-balls, firebrands, balists, scorpions, and other such warlike engines, expugnatory, and destructive to the hecopolides. They sharpened and prepared spears, staves, pikes, brown bills, halberts, long hooks, lances, zagayes, quarterstaves, eel-spears, partisans, troutstaves, clubs, battle-axes, maces, darts, dartlets, glaves, javelins, javelots, and truncheons. They set edges upon scimetars, cutlasses, badelaire, back-swords, fucks, rapiers, bayonets, arrow-heads, dags, daggers, mandousians,<sup>3</sup> poniards, whynyards, knives, skenes, sables, chippin knives, and raillons.

Every man exercised his weapon, every man scoured off the rust from his natural hanger : nor was there a woman amongst them, though never so reserved, or old, who made not her harness to be well furbished ; as you know the Corinthian women of old were reputed very courageous combatants.

<sup>3</sup> *Mandousians.*] Very short swords, supposed to be called so from a certain Spanish nobleman of the house of Mendoza, who first brought them in.

Diogenes seeing them all so warm at work, and himself not employed by the magistrates in any business whatsoever, he did very seriously, for many days together, without speaking one word, consider, and contemplate the countenances of his fellow-citizens.

Then on a sudden, as if he had been roused up and inspired by a martial spirit, he girded his cloak, scarf-wise, about his left arm, tucked up his sleeves to the elbow, trussed himself like a clown gathering apples, and giving to one of his old acquaintance his wallet, books, and opistographs,<sup>4</sup> away went he out of town towards a little hill or promontory of Corinth, called Craneum,<sup>5</sup> and there on the strand, a pretty level place, did he roll his jolly tub, which served him for a house to shelter him from the injuries of the weather; there, I say in great vehemency of spirit, did he turn it, veer it, wheel it, frisk it, jumble it, shuffle it, huddle it, tumble it, hurry it, jolt it, justle it, overthrow it, evert it, invert it, subvert it, overturn it, beat it, thwack it, bump it, batter it, knock it, thrust it, push it, jerk it, shock it, shake it, toss it, throw it, overthrow it, upside down, topsiturny, arsi-versy, tread it, trample it, stamp it, tap it, ting it, ring it, tingle it, towl it, sound it, resound it, stop it, shut it, unbung it, close it, unstopple it. And then again in a mighty bustle he bandied it, slubbered it, hacked it, whittled it, wayed it, darted it, hurled it, staggered it, reeled it, swunged it, brangled it, tottered it, lifted it, heaved it, transformed it, transfigured it, transposed it, transplaced it, reared it, raised it, hoised it, washed it, dighted it, cleansed it, rinsed it, nailed it, settled it, fastened it, shackled it, fettered it, levelled it, blocked it, tugged it, tewed it, carried it, bedashed it, bewrayed it, parched it, mounted it, broached it, nicked it, notched it, bespattered it, decked it, adorned it, trimmed it, garnished it, gaged it, furnished it, bored it, pierced it, trapped it, rumbled it, slid it down the hill, and precipitated it from the very height of the Craneum; then from the foot to the top, (like another

<sup>4</sup> And opistographs.] *Οπισθογραφος*, *scriptus et in tergo*: papers wrote on the back, as well as foreside, and foul, for present use, to be afterwards blotted out. Q. Could the ancients write on the back of the leaves of their books, which were the bark of a tree, or slaggish shrub called papyrus?

<sup>5</sup> Called Craneum.] *Gymnasium*, *apud Corinthum*, i. e. a place in Corinth for wrestling, running, &c.

Sisyphus with his stone,) bore it up again, and every way so banged it and belaboured it, that it was ten thousand to one he had not struck the bottom of it out.

Which when one of his friends had seen, and asked him why he did so toil his body, perplex his spirit, and torment his tub? the philosopher's answer was, That, not being employed in any other charge by the Republic, he thought it expedient to thunder and storm it so tempestuously upon his tub, that, amongst a people so fervently busy, and earnest at work, he alone might not seem a loitering slug and lazy fellow. To the same purpose may I say of myself,

Though I be rid from fear,  
I am not void of care.

For perceiving no account to be made of me towards the discharge of a trust of any great concernment, and considering that through all the parts of this most noble kingdom of France, both on this and on the other side of the mountains, every one is most diligently exercised and busied, —some in the fortifying of their own native country, for its defence,—others in the repulsing of their enemies by an offensive war; and all this with a policy so excellent, and such admirable order, so manifestly profitable for the future, whereby France shall have its frontiers most magnificently enlarged, and the French assured of a long and well-grounded peace,<sup>6</sup> that very little withholds me from the opinion of good Heraclitus, which affirmeth war, to be the father of all good things; and therefore do I believe that war is in Latin called *Bellum*,<sup>7</sup> and not by antiphrasis, as some patchers of old rusty Latin would have us to think, because in war there is little beauty to be seen; but absolutely and simply, for that in war appeareth all that is good and graceful, and that by the wars is purged out all manner of wickedness and deformity. For proof whereof the wise and pacific Solomon could no better represent the unspeakable perfection of the divine wisdom, than by comparing it to the due disposurè and ranking of an army in battle array, well provided and ordered.

Therefore, by reason of my weakness and inability, being

<sup>6</sup> Rabelais here alludes to the renewal of hostilities between Francis I. and Charles V. in 1542, when France, menaced on every side by the armies of the Emperor and his allies, prepared for an heroic defence.]

<sup>7</sup> War is in Latin called *Bellum*.] *Bellum quidè minimè bellum*. It was Pliscian who advanced this opinion, which Rabelais here contradicts.

reputed by my compatriots unfit for the offensive part of warfare; and, on the other side, being no way employed in matter of the defensive, although it had been but to carry burdens, fill ditches, or break clods, either whereof had been to me indifferent, I held it not a little disgraceful to be only an idle spectator of so many valorous, eloquent, and warlike persons, who in the view and sight of all Europe act this notable interlude or tragi-comedy, and not exert myself, and contribute thereto this nothing, my all, which remained for me to do. In my opinion, little honour is due to such as are mere lookers on, liberal of their eyes, and of their strength parsimonious; who conceal their crowns, and hide their silver; scratching their head with one finger like grumbling puppies,<sup>8</sup> gaping at the flies like tithe calves; clapping down their ears like Arcadian asses at the melody of musicians, who with their very countenances in the depth of silence express their consent to the prosopopeia. Having made this choice and election, it seemed to me that my exercise therein would be neither unprofitable nor troublesome to any, whilst I should thus set agoing my Diogenical tub, which is all that is left me safe from the shipwreck of my former misfortunes.

At this dingle dangle wagging of my tub, what would you have me to do? By the Virgin that tucks up her sleeve,<sup>9</sup> I know not as yet. Stay a little, till I suck up a draught of this bottle; it is my true and only Helicon; it is my Caballine Fountain; it is my sole enthusiasm. Drinking thus, I meditate, discourse, resolve, and conclude. After that the epilogue is made, I laugh, I write, I compose, and drink again. Ennius drinking wrote, and writing drank. Æschylus, if Plutarch in his Symposiacs merit any faith, drank composing, and drinking composed. Homer never wrote fasting, and Cato never wrote till after he had drank. These passages I have brought before you, to the end you may not

<sup>8</sup> *Like grumbling puppies.*] *Landores degoutez*; *Landore*, Cotgrave says, is a Norman word for a gazing clown, staring jout: or one that sits dangling his legs all day on a shop-board, or stall, says the anonymous scholiast. Also a leaden fellow, poor sneaksby; a man of dough, &c.

<sup>9</sup> *Virgin that tucks up her sleeve.*] Possibly our lady of Loretto, called by the people of the country *Madonna Scoperta*, (uncovered, bare armed lady,) the moment her gown sleeves are drawn back, for her to receive the homage, which devout pilgrims come to pay her.



say that I live without the example of men well praised, and better prized. It is good and fresh enough, even as if you would say, it is entering upon the second degree.<sup>10</sup> God, the good God of Sabaoth, that is to say, the God of armies, be praised for it eternally! If you after the same manner would take one great draught, or two little ones, whilst you have your gown about you,<sup>11</sup> I truly find no kind of inconvenience in it, provided you send up to God for all some small scantling of thanks.

Since then my luck or destiny is such as you have heard,—for it is not for every body to go to Corinth,—I am fully resolved to be so little idle and unprofitable, that I will set myself to serve the one and the other sort of people. Amongst the diggers, pioneers, and rampart-builders, I will do as did Neptune and Apollo, at Troy, under Laomedon, or as did Renault of Montauban in his latter days: I will serve the masons, I will set on the pot to boil for the bricklayers; and whilst the minced meat is making ready at the sound of my small pipe, I will measure the muzzle of the musing dotards. Thus did Amphion with the melody of his harp found, build, and finish the great and renowned city of Thebes.

For the use of the warriors I am about to broach off a new barrel to give them a taste, (which by two former volumes of mine, if by the deceitfulness and falsehood of printers,<sup>12</sup> they had not been jumbled, marred, and spoiled, you would

<sup>10</sup> *Entering upon the second degree.*] Temperate. See Bouchet, *Serée* 3. These terms are borrowed from physicians, inasmuch as they consider the aliments according to their several degrees of heat, cold, humidity, and siccity. Galen treats thereof, l. v. of *Simplex*, and l. i. of *Aliments*.

<sup>11</sup> *Gown about you.*] In secret, by stealth, *En robbe*, in French. This expression, which is found in Brantome, l. v. p. 327 of his *Dames Galantes*, is there used to signify the stolen pleasures of such eager lovers as will not give their ladies time to undress themselves.

<sup>12</sup> *Falsehood of printers.*] Rabelais, as appears by the old edition of Pantagruel, used the word *traducteurs*, not *imprimeurs*, traductors, or transfusors, suited with his idea of considering his brain as a hogshead, out of which he had already made two draughts, i. e. books of his Pantagruel, at different times. The translators, or transfusors, he here complains of, are they whom some editions call printers, who having, as he says, falsified his copy, acted like those wine-copers, who often sophisticate and wickedly blend the wine they transfer, or translate, out of one vessel into another.

have very well relished,) and draw unto them, of the growth of our own trippery pastimes, a gallant third part of a gallon, and consequently a jolly cheerful quart of Pantagruelic sentences, which you may lawfully call, if you please, Diogenical; and shall have me, seeing I cannot be their fellow-soldier, for their faithful butler, refreshing and cheering, according to my little power, their return from the alarms of the enemy; as also for an indefatigable extoller of their martial exploits and glorious achievements. I shall not fail therein, par *lapathium acutum* de Dieu; if Mars fail not in Lent, which the cunning lecher,<sup>13</sup> I warrant you, will be loth to do.

I remember nevertheless to have read,<sup>14</sup> that Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, one day amongst the many spoils and booties, which by his victories he had acquired, presenting to the Egyptians, in the open view of the people, a Bactrian camel all black, and a party-coloured slave, in such sort, as that the one half of his body was black, and the other white, not in partition of breadth by the diaphragm, as was that woman consecrated to the Indian Venus, whom the Tyanean philosopher<sup>15</sup> did see between the River Hydaspes and Mount Caucasus, but in a perpendicular dimension of altitude; which were things never before that seen in Egypt. He expected by the show of these novelties to win the love of the people. But what happened thereupon? At the production of the camel they were all affrighted, and offended at the sight of the party-coloured man,—some scoffed at him as a detestable monster brought forth by the error of nature,—in a word, of the hope which he had to please these Egyptians, and by such means to increase the affection which they naturally bore him, he was altogether frustrated and disappointed; understanding fully by their deportments, that they took more pleasure and delight in things that were proper, handsome, and perfect, than in misshapen, monstrous, and ridiculous creatures. Since which time he had both the slave and the camel in such dislike, that very shortly

<sup>13</sup> *Cunning lecher.*] A good appellative for a rakish soldier, and the more suitable to Mars here, since, as Rabelais tells us, l. v. c. xxix. most lenten food are provocatives.

<sup>14</sup> *To have read.*] In Lucian, in the discourse against somebody who had called him Prometheus.

<sup>15</sup> *Tyanean philosopher.*] See Philostratus, lib. iii. cap. l.

thereafter, either through negligence, or for want of ordinary sustenance, they both tipt over the perch.

This example putteth me in a suspense between hope and fear, misdoubting that, for the contentment which I aim at, I will but reap what shall be most distasteful to me: my cake will be dough, and for my Venus I shall have but some deformed puppy;<sup>16</sup> instead of serving them, I shall but vex them, and offend them whom I purpose to exhilarate; resembling, in this dubious adventure, Euclion's cock, so renowned by Plautus in his *Pot*, and by Ausonius in his *Griphon*, and by divers others; which cock, for having by his scraping discovered a treasure, had his hide well curried. Put the case I get no anger by it, though formerly such things fell out, and the like may occur again. Yet, by Hercules, it will not. So I perceive in them all, one and the same specifical form, and the like individual proprieties, which our ancestors called *Pantagruelism*; by virtue whereof they will bear with any thing that floweth from a good, free, and loyal heart. I have seen them ordinarily take good will in part of payment, and remain satisfied therewith, when one was not able to do better. Having dispatched this point, I return to my barrel.

Up, my lads, to this wine, spare it not! Drink, boys, and trowl it off at full bowls! If you do not think it good, let it alone. I am not like those officious and importunate sots,<sup>17</sup> who by force, outrage, and violence, constrain an easy good-natured fellow to whiffle, quaff, carouse,<sup>18</sup> and what is worse. All honest tipplers, all honest gouty men, all such "as are a-dry, coming to this little barrel of mine, need not drink thereof, if it please them not; but if they have a mind to it,

<sup>16</sup> *Puppy dog.*] *Canis*, among the ancients, was a cast of dice losing all; the ace point. Venus was the best cast, three sixes. M. le Duchat is more copious upon this article, and refers to Alexander ab Alexandro and Leonicus Thomæus; which the learned, if they please, may consult.

<sup>17</sup> *Importunate sots.*] *Lifreloufres* in the original: a balderdash word for a philosopher, used by illiterate Germans and Swiss. See it explained at large hereafter.

<sup>18</sup> *Carouse.*] It is, in the original, "trinquer, carouse et allus:" German words, equivalent to the "græcari et pergræcari" of the Latins. Our word carouse comes from *gar-auss*. "Gar-auss et allaus trinquer," come to the same thing: according to which idea—German from *gar-man*, and Aleman from *all-man*, are but one. See *Becman de Orig. Ling. Latin, et Hen. Otthiun's Franco-Gallia*.

and that the wine prove agreeable to the tastes of their worshipful worships, let them drink, frankly, freely, and boldly, without paying any thing, and welcome. This is my decree, my statute, and ordinance. And let none fear there shall be any want of wine, as at the marriage of Cana in Galilee; for how much soever you shall draw forth at the faucet, so much shall I tun in at the bung. Thus shall the barrel remain inexhaustible; it hath a lively spring and perpetual current. Such was the beverage contained within the cup of Tantalus,<sup>19</sup>—which was figuratively represented amongst the Brachman sages. Such was in Iberia the mountain of salt, so highly written of by Cato. Such was the branch of gold consecrated to the subterranean goddess, which Virgil treats of so sublimely. It is a true cornucopia of merriment and raillery. If at any time it seem to you to be emptied to the very lees, yet shall it not for all that be drawn wholly dry. Good hope remains there at the bottom, as in Pandora's box;<sup>20</sup> and not despair, as in the leaky tubs of the Danaids. Remark well what I have said, and what manner of people they be whom I do invite; for, to the end that none be deceived, I, in imitation of Lucilius,<sup>21</sup> who did protest that he wrote only to his own Tarentines and Consentines, have not pierced this vessel for any else, but you, honest men, who are drinkers of the first edition,<sup>22</sup> and gouty blades of the highest degree. The great dorophages,<sup>23</sup> bribemongers,<sup>24</sup> have on their hands occupation enough, and enough on the hooks for their venison. There may they follow their prey; here is no garbage for them. You pettifoggers, garblers, and masters of chicanery, speak not to me, I beseech you, in the name of, and for the reverence you

<sup>19</sup> *Cup of Tantalus.*] See Philostratus, lib. iii. cap. vii. and x. of Apollonius's life.

<sup>20</sup> *Pandora's box.*] See Hesiod's Theogony.

<sup>21</sup> *Of Lucilius.*] Tully in his preface to the book *De Finibus* tells us this.

<sup>22</sup> *Drinkers of the first edition.*] In the original, *de la prime cuvée*, of the first pressing, i. e. of the first class; for the first pressing consists of all the best grapes.

<sup>23</sup> *Dorophages.*] Who live by presents, limbs of the law.

<sup>24</sup> *Bribemongers.*] It is in the original, *Avalleurs de frimars*; fog-gulpers, or sleet-swallowers: a nick-name for judges and other lawyers, who using to rise and go abroad early, swallow a great deal of mist in their days. *Cotgrave*.

bear to, the four hips that engendered you, and to the quickening peg which at that time conjoined them. As for hypocrites, much less; although they were all of them unsound in body, pockified, scurvy, furnished with unquenchable thirst, and insatiable eating. And wherefore? Because, indeed, they are not of good but of evil, and of that evil from which we daily pray to God to deliver us. And albeit we see them sometimes counterfeit devotion, yet never did old ape make pretty moppet. Hence, mastiffs,<sup>25</sup> dogs in a doublet, get you behind, aloof, villains, out of my sunshine; curs, to the devil! Do you jog hither, wagging your tails,<sup>26</sup> to pant at my wine, and bepiss my barrel? Look, here is the cudgel which Diogenes, in his last will ordained to be set by him after his death, for beating away, crushing the reins, and breaking the backs of these bustuary hobgoblins, and Cerberian hell-hounds. Pack you hence, therefore, you hypocrites, to your sheep, dogs; get you gone, you dissemblers, to the devil! Hay! What! are you there yet? I renounce my part of Papimanie, if I snap you, Grr, Grrr, Grrrrr.<sup>27</sup> Avant, Avant! Will you not be gone? May you never shit till you be soundly lashed with stirrup leather, never piss but by the strappado, nor be otherwise warmed than by the bastinado.

## CHAPTER I.

*How Pantagruel transported a colony of Utopians into Dipsody.*

PANTAGRUEL having wholly subdued the land of Dipsody, transported thereunto a colony of Utopians to the number of 9,876,543,210 men, besides the women and little children, artificers of all trades, and professors of all sciences, to

<sup>25</sup> *Hence mastiffs.*] The author retorts upon those who called him cynic, or Diogenes the second.

<sup>26</sup> *Wagging your tails.*] Here Rabelais has a fling at certain monks, who, unable to resist the sweet temptation of reading over and over again, the most lascivious parts of his romance, were yet the most violent railers against the author and his performance. He compares them to dogs, who take a pleasure in smelling one another's tails, and never fail to piss against that wall, which but a moment before they could not forbear putting their noses to.

<sup>27</sup> *Snap you, grr, grrr, grrrrr.*] The letter R is called *litera canina* for reasons every body knows. A dog pronounces it when he snarls, er, er, er.

people, cultivate, and improve that country, which otherwise was ill inhabited, and in the greatest part thereof but a mere desert and wilderness ; and he did transport them not so much for the excessive multitude of men and women, which were in Utopia multiplied, for number, like grasshoppers upon the face of the land. You understand well enough, nor is it needful, further, to explain it to you, that the Utopian men had so rank and fruitful genitorics, and that the Utopian women carried matrixes so ample, so gluttonous, so tenaciously retentive, and so architectonically cellulated, that at the end of every ninth month seven children at the least, what male what female, were brought forth by every married woman, in imitation of the people of Israel in Egypt, if Anthony de Lyra be to be trusted.<sup>1</sup> Nor yet was this transplantation made so much for the fertility of the soil, the wholesomeness of the air, or commodity of the country of Dipsody, as to retain that rebellious people within the bounds of their duty and obedience, by this new transport of his ancient and most faithful subjects, who, from all time out of mind, never knew, acknowledged, owned, or served any other sovereign lord but him ; and who likewise, from the very instant of their birth, as soon as they were entered into this world, had, with the milk of their mothers and nurses, sucked in the sweetness, humanity, and mildness of his government, to which they were all of them so nourished and habituated, that there was nothing surer, than that they would sooner abandon their lives than swerve from this singular and primitive obedience naturally due to their prince, whithersoever they should be dispersed or removed.

And not only should they, and their children successively

<sup>1</sup> *If Anthony de Lyra be to be trusted.*] In the original, *si de Lirc ne delire* i. e. if de Lyra be not delirious : Rabelais plays on his name ; which was Nicholas de Lyra, not Anthony as Sir T. U. has it. He was at first a Jew, then turned Franciscan friar, and in 1322 wrote postils or short commentaries on the Bible, intermingling therewith abundance of dotards' dreams, and other stuff, which he had learned from the rabbies his first masters. Which makes our author doubt here if de Lyra was not delirious. This thought, which Erasmus had before Rabelais, in his praise of folly, has since been adopted by Mr. Hennequin, of whom it is related, that in his explanation of a passage in the third of Deuteronomy, he said, "*Hic Lyra delirat, Lambinus lambinat, Justus Lipsius juste lapsus est.*" Meaning they were all three equally mistaken in that place

descending from their blood, be such,<sup>1</sup> but also would keep and maintain in this same fealty, and obsequious observance, all the nations lately annexed to his empire; which so truly came to pass, that therein he was not disappointed of his intent. For if the Utopians were, before their transplantation thither, dutiful and faithful subjects, the Dipsodes, after some few days conversing with them, were every whit as, if not more, loyal than they; and that by virtue of I know not what natural fervency incident to all human creatures at the beginning of any labour wherein they take delight: solemnly attesting the heavens, and supreme intelligences, of their being only sorry, that no sooner unto their knowledge had arrived the great renown of the good Pantagruel.

Remark therefore here, honest drinkers, that the manner of preserving and retaining countries newly conquered in obedience, is not, as hath been the erroneous opinion of some tyrannical spirits to their own detriment and dishonour, to pillage, plunder, force,<sup>2</sup> spoil, trouble, oppress, vex, disquiet, ruin, and destroy the people, ruling, governing, and keeping them in awe with rods of iron; and, in a word, eating and devouring them, after the fashion that Homer calls an unjust and wicked king, Δημόβορον, that is to say, a devourer of his people.

I will not bring you to this purpose the testimony of ancient writers. It shall suffice to put you in mind of what your fathers have seen thereof, and yourselves too, if you be not very babes. New-born,\* they must be given suck to, rocked in a cradle, and dandled. Trees newly planted must be supported, underpropped, strengthened, and defended against all tempests, mischiefs, injuries, and calamities. And one lately saved from a long and dangerous sickness,

<sup>2</sup> Force.] *Angariant* in the original, from the Latin *angariare*, which signifies to oblige one to a thing by force. See Amelot de la Houssaye Hist. Mem. at the word *Angarare*. He there tells us that John Distresse, Bishop of Lectour, examining a young abbot whose father he mortally hated; and in order to puzzle him, bidding him construe that verse in the Gospel: "Invenerunt hominem Cyrenicum nomine Simonem; hunc angariaverunt ut tolleret crucem ejus;" the young clerk answered very ingeniously, that *angariare* properly signified to use people barbarously, and hold them in distress. This allusion to the bishop's name, made the examiners laugh, and the bishop was so well pleased with it, that he embraced the young man, afterwards gave him a benefice, and desired him to write to his father, that he wished he would receive him into the number of his friends.

and new upon his recovery, must be forborn, spared, and cherished, in such sort that they may harbour in their own breasts this opinion, that there is not in the world a king or prince, who does not desire fewer enemies, and more friends. Thus Osiris,<sup>3</sup> the great king of the Egyptians, conquered almost the whole earth, not so much by force of arms, as by easing the people of their troubles, teaching them how to live well, and honestly giving them good laws, and using them with all possible affability, courtesy, gentleness, and liberality. Therefore was he by all men deservedly entitled, The Great King Euergetes, that is to say, Benefactor, which style he obtained by virtue of the command of Jupiter to one Pamyła.

And in effect, Hesiod,<sup>4</sup> in his Hierarchy, placed the good demons, (call them angels if you will, or Genii,) as intercessors and mediators betwixt the gods and men, they being of a degree inferior to the gods, but superior to men. And for that through their hands the riches and benefits we get from heaven are dealt to us, and that they are continually doing us good, and still protecting us from evil, he saith, that they exercise the offices of kings; because to do always good, and never ill, is an act most singularly royal.

Just such another was the emperor of the universe, Alexander the Macedonian. After this manner was Hercules sovereign possessor of the whole continent, relieving men from monstrous oppressions, exactions, and tyrannies; governing them with discretion, maintaining them in equity and justice, instructing them with seasonable policies and wholesome laws, convenient for and suitable to the soil, climate, and disposition of the country, supplying what was wanting, abating what was superfluous, and pardoning all that was past, with a sempiternal forgetfulness of all preceding offences; as was the amnesty of the Athenians, when by the prowess, valour, and industry of Thrasylulus the tyrants were exterminated; afterwards at Rome by Cicero set forth,<sup>5</sup> and renewed under the emperor Aurelian. These

<sup>3</sup> Thus Osiris.] Greg. Gyrald. in his History of the Gods, quotes Diodorus Siculus on this occasion; but Rabelais speaks after Plutarch in his treatise of Isis and Osiris.

<sup>4</sup> Hesiod.] See also Plutarch in his Discourse of Oracles ceasing.

<sup>5</sup> By Cicero set forth.] See his first Philippic. This comparison of Alexander with Hercules is taken from Plutarch in his treatise of Alexander's fortune.



are the philtres, allurements, iynges,<sup>6</sup> inveiglements, baits, and enticements of love, by the means whereof that may be peaceably retained, which was painfully acquired. Nor can a conqueror reign more happily, whether he be a monarch, emperor, king, prince, or philosopher, than by making his justice to second his valour. His valour shows itself in victory and conquest; his justice will appear in the good will and affection of the people, when he maketh laws, publisheth ordinances, establisheth religion, and doth what is right to every one, as the noble poet Virgil writes of Octavian Augustus.

————— Victorque volentes  
Per populos dat jura.

Therefore is it that Homer in his Iliads calleth a good prince and great king Κοσμήτορα λαῶν, that is, The ornament of the people.<sup>7</sup>

Such was the consideration of Numâ Pompilius, the second king of the Romans, a just politician and wise philosopher, when he ordained that to the god Terminus, on the day of his festival called Terminales, nothing should be sacrificed that had died; teaching us thereby, that the bounds, limits, and frontiers of kingdoms should be guarded, and preserved in peace, amity, and meekness, without polluting our hands with blood and robbery. Who doth otherwise, shall not only lose what he hath gained, but also be loaded with this scandal and reproach, that he is an unjust and wicked purchaser, and his acquests perish with him; *Juxta illud, male parta, male dilabuntur*. And although during his whole lifetime he should have peaceable possession thereof, yet, if what hath been so acquired moulder away in the hands of his heirs, the same opprobry, scandal, and im-

<sup>6</sup> *Iynges*.] *Ιύγξ*, in Greek, is the bird we call wag-tail, the Latins *motacilla quod semper movet caudam*. Enchantresses used this bird as a principal ingredient in making up love-potions. Theocritus makes mention of this practice in his *Pharmaceutriâ*, *Ιύγξ ἔλκε τὸ*, &c. It now means any allurements.

<sup>7</sup> *The ornament of the people*.] Rabelais here speaks Plutarch's sentiment. But the learned Scaliger is of another mind as to the meaning of the word *κοσμήτωρ*. He says it signifies *gubernator*, not *ornator*, the same as *ἀρμοστής*, both a judge and a general "*κοσμεῖν enim et ἀρμόζειν verba sunt Politica, quæ administrare refert. (non autem ornare) propriè significabant, ut apud.*" Hom. *Iliad*. I. *Ατρεΐδα δὲ μάλιτα δ'ὧς κοσμήτορι λαῶν*

putation will be charged upon the defunct, and his memory remain accursed for his unjust and unwarrantable conquest ; *Juxta illud, de male quæsitis vix gaudet tertius hæres.*

Remark, likewise, gentlemen, you gouty scoffees, in this main point worthy of your observation, how by these means Pantagruel of one angel made two, which was a contingency opposite to the council of Charlemaine, who made two devils of one, when he transplanted the Saxons into Flanders, and the Flemings into Saxony.\* For, not being able to keep in such subjection the Saxons, whose dominion he had joined to the empire, but that ever and anon they would break forth into open rebellion, if he should casually be drawn into Spain, or other remote kingdoms, he caused them to be brought unto his own country of Flanders, the inhabitants whereof did naturally obey him, and transported the Hainaults and Flemings, his ancient loving subjects, into Saxony, not mistrusting their loyalty, now that they were transplanted into a strange land. But it happened that the Saxons persisted in their rebellion and primitive obstinacy ; and the Flemings dwelling in Saxony did imbibe the stubborn manners and conditions of the Saxons.

## CHAPTER II.

*How Panurge was made Laird of Salmygondin in Dipsodie, and did waste his revenue before it came in.*

WHILE Pantagruel was giving order for the government of all Dipsodie, he assigned to Panurge the Lairdship of Salmygondin, which was yearly worth 6,789,106.789 rials of certain riot, besides the uncertain revenue of the locusts and periwinkles,<sup>1</sup> amounting, one year with another, to the value of 2,435,768, or 2,435,769 French crowns of Berry. Sometimes it did amount to 1,234,554,321 scraphs, when it was

\* *Flemings into Saxony.*] Meyer the historian, quoted by Fauchot in his *Antiquitez Gauloises*, says, there was no reciprocal translation, but that the Saxons came into Flanders very opportunely to fill up the vacuities of that country, which had been a long time a mere desert.

<sup>1</sup> *Periwinkles.* &c.] *Conchiglie à lunache di mare*, says Oudin : i. e. sea snails and other round shell fish. They used to put them in pies called *patez de requeste*, instead of what is now-a-days called *beautilles*, coxcombs, sweet-breads, &c. These *patez de requeste* were called so, from being much in request, or from being the usual dish for the lawyers belonging to the court of requests, and eaten in the lobby thereof.

a good year, and that locusts and periwinkles were in request; but that was not every year.

Now his worship, the new laird, husbanded this his estate so providently well and prudently, that in less than fourteen days he wasted and dilapidated all the certain and uncertain revenue of his lairdship for three whole years. Yet did not he properly dilapidate<sup>2</sup> it, as you might say, in founding of monasteries, building of churches, erecting of colleges, and setting up of hospitals, or casting his bacon flitches to the dogs; but spent it in a thousand little banquets and jolly collations, keeping open house for all comers and goers; yea, to all good fellows, young girls, and pretty wenches; felling timber, burning the great logs for the sale of the ashes, borrowing money before hand, buying dear, selling cheap, and eating his corn, as it were, whilst it was but grass.

Pantagruel, being advertised of this his lavishness, was in good sooth no way offended at the matter, angry nor sorry; for I once told you, and again tell it you, that he was the best, little, great Goodman that ever girded a sword to his side. He took all things in good part, and interpreted every action to the best sense. He never vexed nor disquieted himself with the least pretence of dislike to any thing, because he knew that he must have most grossly abandoned the divine mansion of reason, if he had permitted his mind to be never so little grieved, afflicted, or altered at any occasion whatsoever. For all the goods that the heaven covereth, and that the earth containeth, in all their dimensions of height, depth, breadth, and length, are not of so much worth, as that we should for them disturb or disorder our affections, trouble or perplex our senses or spirits.

He only drew Panurge aside, and then, making to him a sweet remonstrance and mild admonition, very gently represented before him in strong arguments, That, if he should continue in such an unchristy course of living, and not become a better mesnagier, it would prove altogether impossible for him, or at least hugely difficult at any time to make him rich. Rich! answered Panurge, Have you fixed your

<sup>2</sup> *Dilapidate*, &c.] Among other dilapidations, Rabelais has not forgot that dilapidating madness after the *lapis philosophalis*. Hence Owen took his thought, "qui bona dilapidant omnia pro lapide."

thoughts there? Have you undertaken the task to enrich me in this world? Set your mind to live merrily in the name of God and good folks, let no other care nor care be harboured within the sacro-sanctified domicile of your celestial brain. May the calmness and tranquillity thereof be never incommoded with, or overshadowed by any frowning clouds of sullen imaginations and displeasing annoyance. For if you live joyful, merry, jocund, and glad, I cannot be but rich enough. Everybody cries up thrift, thrift, and good husbandry. But many speak of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow, and talk of that virtue of mesnagery, who know not what belongs to it. It is by me that they must be advised. From me, therefore, take this advertisement and information, that what is imputed to me for a vice hath been done in imitation of the university and parliament of Paris, places in which is to be found the true spring and source of the lively idea of Pantheology, and all manner of justice. Let him be counted an heretic that doubteth thereof, and doth not firmly believe it. Yet they in one day eat up their bishop, or the revenue of the bishopric—is it not all one?—for a whole year; yea, sometimes for two. This is done on the day he makes his entry, and is installed. Nor is there any place for an excuse; for he cannot avoid it, unless he would be hoisted at and stoned for his parsimony.

It hath been also esteemed an act flowing from the habit of the four cardinal virtues. Of prudence in borrowing money beforehand; for none knows what may fall out. Who is able to tell if the world shall last yet three years? But although it should continue longer, is there any man so foolish, as to have the confidence to promise himself three years.

What fool so confident to say,  
That he shall live one other day?<sup>3</sup>

Of commutative justice, in buying dear, I say upon trust, and selling goods cheap, that is, for ready money. What says Cato in his Book of Husbandry to this purpose? The father of a family, says he, must be a perpetual seller; by which means it is impossible but that at last he shall be-

<sup>3</sup> *That he shall live, &c.* Seneca in Thyest.

“Nemo tam divos habuit faventes,  
Crastinum ut posset sibi polliceri.”

come rich, if he have of vendible ware enough still ready for sale.

Of distributive justice it doth partake, in giving entertainment to good,—remark,—good,—and gentle fellows, whom fortune had shipwrecked, like Ulysses, upon the rock of a hungry stomach with provision of sustenance: and likewise to good and young—remark, good and young—wenches. For, according to the sentence of Hippocrates, Youth is impatient of hunger, chiefly if it be vigorous, lively, frolic, brisk, stirring, and 'bouncing. Which wanton lasses willingly and heartily devote themselves to the pleasure of honest men; and are in so far both Platonic and Ciceronian,<sup>4</sup> that they do acknowledge their being born into this world not to be for themselves alone, but that in their proper persons their country may claim one share and their friends another.

The virtue of fortitude appears therein, by the cutting down and overthrowing of the great trees, like a second Milo making havoc of the dark forest, which did serve only to furnish dens, caves, and shelter to wolves, wild boars and foxes, and afford receptacles, withdrawing corners, and refuges to robbers, thieves, and murderers, lurking holes and skulking places for cut-throat assassins, secret obscure shops for coiners of false money, and safe retreats for heretics; laying woods even and level with the plain champagne fields and pleasant healthy ground, at the sound of the hautboys and bag-pipes playing reeks with the high and stately timber, and preparing seats and benches for the eve of the dreadful day of judgment.

I gave thereby proof of my temperance in eating my corn whilst it was but grass, like an hermit feeding upon gallets and roots, that, so affranchising myself from the yoke of sensual appetites to the utter disclaiming of their sovereignty, I might the better reserve somewhat in store, for the relief of the lame, blind, cripple, maimed, needy, poor, and wanting wretches.

In taking this course I save the expense of the weed-grubbers, who gain money,—of the reapers in harvest-time, who drink lustily, and without water,—of gleaners, who will

<sup>4</sup> *Platonic and Ciceronian.*] Plato was for having women in common, and Tully, both by his precepts and example, invited everybody to sacrifice themselves to the public.

expect their cakes and bannocks,—of threshers, who leave no garlic, scallions, leeks, nor onions in our gardens, by the authority of *Thestylis*<sup>5</sup> in Virgil,—and of the millers, who are generally thieves—and of the bakers, who are little better. Is this small saving or frugality? Besides the mischief and damage of the field-mice, the decay of barns, and the destruction usually made by weasels and other vermin.

Of corn in the blade<sup>6</sup> you may make good green sauce, of a light concoction and easy digestion, which recreates the brain, and exhilarates the animal spirits, rejoiceth the sight, openeth the appetite, delighteth the taste, comforteth the heart, tickleth the tongue, cheereth the countenance, striking a fresh and lively colour, strengthening the muscles, tempers the blood, disburdens the midriff, refresheth the liver, dis-  
 • obstructs the spleen, easeth the kidneys, suppleth the reins, quickens the joints of the back, cleanseth the urine-conduits, dilates the spermatic vessels, shortens the cremasters, purgeth the bladder, puffeth up the genitorics, correcteth the prepuce, hardens the nut and rectifies the member. It will make you have a current belly to trot, fart, dung, piss, sneeze, cough, spit, belch, spew, yawn, snuff, blow, breathe, snort, sweat, and set taut your Robin, with a thousand other rare advantages. I understand you very well, says Pantagruel; you would thereby infer, that those<sup>7</sup> of a mean spirit and shallow capacity have not the skill to spend much in a  
 • short time. You are not the first in whose conceit that heresy hath entered. Nero maintained it, and above all mortals admired most his uncle Caius Caligula, for having, in a few days, by a most wonderfully pregnant invention, totally<sup>8</sup> spent all the goods and patrimony which Tiberius had left him.

But, instead of observing the sumptuous supper-curbing laws of the Romans,—to wit, the Orchia, the Fannia, the Didia, the Licinia, the Cornelia, the Lepidiana, the Antia,<sup>9</sup> and of the Corinthians,<sup>10</sup>—by the which they were inhibited,

<sup>5</sup> *Thestylis*.] See Virgil, Eclogue 2, and Theocritus, Idyll. 2d. This Thestylis, though but a gleaner, eat up all the garlic from the reapers.

<sup>6</sup> *Corn in the blade*.] To eat one's corn in the blade, is to eat one's revenue before it comes in. This Rabelais commends in his ludicrous way.

<sup>7</sup> *The antia*.] Rabelais speaks after Macrobius, who specifies all these laws, lib. iii. chap. xvii. of his Saturnalia.

<sup>8</sup> *And of the Corinthians*.] This law ordained all persons, on pain of

under pain of great punishment, not to spend more in one year than their annual revenue did amount to, you have offered up the oblation of Protervia,<sup>9</sup> which was with the Romans such a sacrifice as the paschal lamb was amongst the Jews, wherein all that was eatable was to be eaten, and the remainder to be thrown into the fire, without reserving any thing for the next day. I may very justly say of you, as Cato did of Albidius, who after that he had by a most extravagant expense wasted all the means and possessions he had to one only house, he fairly set it on fire, that he might the better say, *Consummatum est*. Even just as since his time St. Thomas Aquinas did, when he had eaten up the whole lamprey,<sup>10</sup> although there was no necessity in it.

### CHAPTER III.

#### *How Panurge praiseth the debtors and borrowers.*

BUT, quoth Pantagruel, when will you be out of debt? At the next ensuing term of the Greek kalends,<sup>1</sup> answered Panurge, when all the world shall be content, and that it be your fate to become your own heir. The Lord forbid that I should be out of debt, as if, indeed, I could not be trusted.

death, to give an account of their year's income. Herodotus says, Amasis, king of Egypt, was the author of it, but Solon borrowed it from him, and afterwards it took place chiefly at Corinth, as we are told by Diphilus in Athenæus.

<sup>9</sup> *Protervia*.] See Macrob. Saturn. lib. ii. cap. ii. The Scaligerana, at the word *sacrificium*, observe, that *protervia* is strictly a sacrifice *propter viam*; by the way side.

<sup>10</sup> *When he had eaten up the whole lamprey*.] It is related of Thomas Aquinas, by an author who was his contemporary, that that doctor, being one day invited to table by the King St. Louis, for whom there was served up a fine lamprey, Thomas, whom it seems no other time but that would serve to compose his hymn on the Holy Sacrament, had, in the profoundness of his meditation, eaten up the whole lamprey that was designed for the king, and had made an end of this hymn and the fish both together. Thomas, overjoyed at his having finished so elaborate a poem, cried out, in an ecstasy, *Consummatum est*. The company, who had seen Thomas play a good knife, and lay about him to some tune, but knew nothing of his mental employment, fancied that this Latin word related to his gallant performance in demolishing the lamprey, and looked upon him as a very profane person, for applying to a piece of unmannerly epicurism the words which each of them knew were spoken by our Saviour when he was expiring on the cross.

<sup>1</sup> *Greek Kalends*.] That is, never: for the Greeks knew nothing of the Roman way of reckoning by kalends.

Who leaves not some leaven over night, will hardly have paste the next morning.

Be still indebted to somebody or other, that there may be somebody always to pray for you; that the giver of all good things may grant unto you a blessed, long, and prosperous life: fearing, if fortune should deal crossly with you, that it might be his chance to come short of being paid by you, he will always speak good of you in every company, ever and anon purchase new creditors unto you: to the end, that through their means you may make a shift by borrowing from Peter to pay Paul,<sup>2</sup> and with other folk's earth fill up his ditch. When of old in the regions of the Gauls, by the institution of the Druids, the servants, slaves, and bondsmen were burned quick at the funerals and obsequies of their lords and masters, had not they fear enough, think you, that their lords and masters should die? For, perforce, they were to die with them for company. Did not they incessantly send up their supplications to their great god Mercury, as likewise unto Dis the Father of Wealth,<sup>3</sup> to lengthen out their days, and preserve them long in health? Were not they very careful to entertain them well, punctually to look unto them, and to attend them faithfully and circumspectly? For, by those means, were they to live together at least until the hour of death. Believe me, your creditors, with a more fervent devotion, will beseech Almighty God to prolong your life, they being of nothing more afraid than that you should die; for that they are more concerned for the sleeve than the arm, and love silver better than their own lives. As it evidently appeareth by the usurers of Landcrousse, who not long since hanged themselves, because the price of corn and wines was fallen, by the return of a gracious season. To this Pantagruel answering nothing, Panurge went on his discourse, saying, truly, and in good

<sup>2</sup> *Borrowing from Peter to pay Paul.*] In the original, *faciez versure*; taken from the Latin *versurum facere*, to borrow of one to pay another; "quia sic verterent creditorem."

<sup>3</sup> *Dis the father of wealth.*] *Dis pater*; Pluto god of hell, and consequently of riches, which are enclosed in the bowels of the earth. Bochart. l. i. c. iv. of the Phœnician Colonies: "Est cur migemur, in diis Gallorum non ceperunt Plutonem, à quo se prognatos dicebant, si quidem Cæsari credimus. Galli, inquit, se omnes à Dite patre prognatos predicant, idque à diis idibus proditum dicunt."



sooth, Sir, when I ponder my destiny aright, and think well upon it, you put me shrewdly to my plunges, and have me at a bay in twitting me with the reproach of my debts and creditors. And yet did I, in this only respect and consideration of being a debtor, esteem myself worshipful, reverend, and formidable. For against the opinion of most philosophers, that, of nothing ariseth nothing, yet, without having bottomed on so much as that which is called the First Matter, did I out of nothing become such a maker and creator, that I have created,—what?—a gay number of fair and jolly creditors. Nay, creditors, I will maintain it, even to the very fire itself exclusively, are fair and goodly creatures. Who lendeth nothing is an ugly and wicked creature, and an accursed imp of the infernal Old Nick. And there is made—what? Debts. A thing most precious<sup>4</sup> and dainty, of great use and antiquity. Debts, I say, surmounting the number of syllables which may result from the combinations of all the consonants, with each of the vowels heretofore projected, reckoned and calculated by the noble Xenocrates.<sup>5</sup> To judge of the perfection of debtors by the numerosity of their creditors is the readiest way for entering into the mysteries of practical arithmetic.

You can hardly imagine how glad I am, when every morning I perceive myself environed and surrounded with brigades of creditors, humble, fawning, and full of their reverences. And whilst I remark, that, as I look more favourably upon, and give a cheerfuller countenance to one than to another, the fellow thereupon buildeth a conceit that he shall be the first dispatched, and the foremost in the date of payment; and he valueth my smiles at the rate of ready money. It seemeth unto me, that I then act and personate the god of the Passion of Saumure,<sup>6</sup> accompanied with his angels and cherubims.

<sup>4</sup> *A thing most precious.*] See Apology for Herodotus, ch. 3. Erasmus, in his colloquy entitled *Ementita Nobilitas*, says: “imò nulla est commodior ad regnum via quam debere quamplurimis.”

<sup>5</sup> *The noble Xenocrates.*] He made them to amount to 100,200,000 syllables from the Greek alphabet. See the additions of the French interpreter to Xenocrates's Life, in Diogenes Laërtius.

<sup>6</sup> *The Passion of Saumure.*] In July, 1531, this play took mightily. Bouchet, says it was probably the same that was printed in 1532, in 4to, at Paris.

These are my flatterers, my soothers, my claw-backs, my smoothers, my parasites, my saluters, my givers of good morrows, and perpetual orators; which makes me verily think, that the supremest height of heroic virtue, described by Hesiod,<sup>7</sup> consisteth in being a debtor, wherein I held the first degree in my commencement. Which dignity, though all human creatures seem to aim at, and aspire thereto, few, nevertheless, because of the difficulties in the way, and incumbrances of hard passages, are able to reach it; as is easily perceivable by the ardent desire and vehement longing harboured in the breast of every one, to be still creating more debts, and new creditors.

Yet doth it not lie in the power of every one to be a debtor. To acquire creditors is not at the disposal of each man's arbitrament. You nevertheless would deprive me of this sublime felicity. You ask me, when I will be out of debt. Well, to go yet further on, and possibly worse in your conceit, may Saint Bablin, the good saint, snatch me, if I have not all my life-time held debt to be as an union or conjunction of the heavens with the earth, and the whole cement whereby the race of mankind is kept together; yea, of such virtue and efficacy, that, I say, the whole progeny of Adam would very suddenly perish without it. Therefore, perhaps, I do not think amiss, when I repute it to be the great soul of the universe, which, according to the opinion of the Academics, vivifyeth all manner of things. In confirmation whereof, that you may the better believe it to be so, represent unto yourself, without any prejudice of spirit in a clear and serene fancy, the idea and form of some other world than this; take, if you please, and lay hold on the thirtieth of those which the philosopher Metrodorus<sup>8</sup> did enumerate, wherein it is to be supposed there is no debtor or creditor, that is to say, a world without debts.

There amongst the planets will be no regular course, all will be in disorder. Jupiter, reckoning himself to be nothing indebted unto Saturn, will go near to detrude him out of his sphere, and with the Homeric chain<sup>9</sup> will be like to hang up the Intelligencies, Gods, Heavens, Demons, Heroes,

<sup>7</sup> *Described by Hesiod.*] See Lucian upon this, in the dialogue entitled *Hermotimus*, or the sects.

<sup>8</sup> *Metrodorus.*] See *Plut.* l. v. of the *Opinions of Philosophers*.

<sup>9</sup> *Homeric chain.*] See *Macrobius* on *Scipio's Dream*, l. i. c. xiv.

Devils, Earth, and Sea, together with the other elements. Saturn no doubt combining with Mars will reduce that so disturbed world into a chaos of confusion.

Mercury then would be no more subjected to the other planets; he would scorn to be any longer their Camillus,<sup>10</sup> as he was of old termed in the Etrurian tongue. For it is to be imagined that he is no way a debtor to them.

Venus will be no more venerable, because she shall have lent nothing. The moon will remain bloody and obscure. For to what end should the sun impart unto her any of his light? He owed her nothing. Nor yet will the sun shine upon the earth, nor the stars send down any good influence, because the terrestrial globe hath desisted from sending up their wonted nourishment by vapours and exhalations, where-with Heraclitus said, the Stoics proved, Cicero<sup>11</sup> maintained, they were cherished and alimented. There would likewise be in such a world no manner of symbolization, alteration, nor transmutation amongst the elements; for the one will not esteem itself obliged to the other, as having borrowed nothing at all from it. Earth then will not become water, water will not be changed into air, of air will be made no fire, and fire will afford no heat unto the earth; the earth will produce nothing but monsters, Titans, giants; no rain will descend upon it, nor light shine thereon; no wind will blow there, nor will there be in it any summer or harvest. Lucifer will break loose, and issuing forth of the depth of hell, accompanied with his furies, fiends, and horned devils, will go about to unnestle and drive out of heaven all the gods, as well of the greater as of the lesser nations. Such a world without lending will be no better than a dog-kennel, a place of contention and wrangling, more unruly and irregular than that of the rector of Paris; a devil of an hurly-burly, and more disordered confusion, than that of the plagues of Douay.<sup>12</sup> Men will not then salute one another;

<sup>10</sup> *Their Camillus.*] That is, their servant; for the ancients called by the name of camilli those young boys that attended on the priest in the sacrifices.

<sup>11</sup> *Cicero.*] See his *Natura Deorum*, and Plutarch, l. 2, of the *Opinions of Philosophers*.

<sup>12</sup> *Plagues of Douay.*] So Sir T. U. has it; but it should be plays (not plagues) of Doué, (not Douay, which is in Flanders), Doué is a town of Poictou, adorned with the remains of an amphitheatre where

it will be but lost labour to expect aid or succour from any, or to cry fire, water, murder, for none will put to their helping hand. Why? He lent no money, there is nothing due to him. Nobody is concerned in his burning, in his shipwreck, in his ruin, or in his death; and that because he hitherto had lent nothing, and would never thereafter have lent any thing. In short, Faith, Hope, and Charity would be quite banished from such a world,—for men are born to relieve and assist one another; and in their stead should succeed and be introduced Defiance, Disdain, and Rancour, with the most execrable troop of all evils, all imprecations, and all miseries. Whereupon you will think, and that not amiss, that Pandora had there spilt her unlucky bottle. Men unto men will be wolves, hobthrushers, and goblins, (as were Lycaon, Bellerophon, Nebuchodnosor,) plunderers, highway robbers, cut-throats, rapparees, murderers, poisoners, assassins, lewd, wicked, malevolent, pernicious haters, set against every body, like to Ismael, Metabus,<sup>13</sup> or Timon the Athenian, who for that cause was named Misanthropos; in such sort, that it would prove much more easy in nature to have fish entertained in the air, and bullocks fed in the bottom of the ocean, than to support or tolerate a rascally rabble of people that will not lend. These fellows, I vow, do I hate with a perfect hatred; and if, conform to the pattern of this grievous, peevish, and perverse world which lendeth nothing, you figure and liken the little world, which is man, you will find in him a terrible justling coyle and clutter. The head will not lend the sight of his eyes to guide the feet and hands; the legs will refuse to bear up the body; the hands will leave off working any more for the rest of the members; the heart will be weary of its continual motion for the beating of the pulse, and will now and then are still acted some pieces of devotion. This show seldom passes without disorder and confusion, either on account of the rusticity of the actors, who are all school-boys or apprentices, or because people of all sorts repair thither, from the adjacent parts. See du Chesne's Antiquities of the Towns of France.

<sup>13</sup> *Metabus.*] King of Privernum, in the country of the Volsci. Virg. *Æneid*, l. 11.

"Priverno antiquâ Metabus quum excederet urbe."

And lower.

"Non illustratetis, ullæ non mœnibus urbes  
Acceptæ: (neque ipse manus feritate dedisset.)"

no longer lend his assistance; the lungs will withdraw the use of their bellows; the liver will desist from conveying any more blood through the veins for the good of the whole; the bladder will not be indebted to the kidneys; so that the urine thereby will be totally stopped. The brains, in the interim, considering this unnatural course, will fall into a raving dotage, and withhold all feeling from the sinews, and motion from the muscles. Briefly, in such a world without order and array, owing nothing, lending nothing, and borrowing nothing, you would see a more dangerous conspiracy than that which Æsop exposed in his Apologue. Such a world will perish undoubtedly; and not only perish, but perish very quickly. Were it Æsculapius<sup>14</sup> himself, his body would immediately rot, and the chafing soul, full of indignation, take its flight to all the devils in hell after my money.

#### CHAPTER IV.

*Panurge continues his discourse in the praise of borrowers and lenders.*

ON the contrary, be pleased to represent unto your fancy another world, wherein every one lendeth, and every one oweth, all are debtors, and all creditors. O how great will that harmony be, which shall thereby result from the regular motions of the heavens! Methinks I hear it every whit as well as ever Plato did.<sup>1</sup> What sympathy will there be amongst the elements! O how delectable then unto nature will be her own works and productions! Whilst Ceres appeareth loaden with corn, Bacchus with wines, Flora with flowers, Pomona with fruits, and Juno fair in a clear air, wholesome and pleasant. I lose myself in this high contemplation.

Then will among the race of mankind peace, love, benevolence, fidelity, tranquillity, rest, banquets, feastings, joy,

<sup>14</sup> *Were it Æsculapius.* | This is very dark; but Panurge must mean, that if he were such a fool as to part with his money to clear himself, he should die with grief and remorse the moment after his debts were paid and his money gone.

<sup>1</sup> *Plato did.* | Plato did, indeed, after Pythagoras, believe that the motion of the heavenly sphere produced an harmonious sound; but he nowhere says that, either sleeping or waking, he had ever heard that harmony. What Rabelais imputes to him, l. 5, c. 18, is a ludicrous exaggeration of what he here says in terms a little more serious.

gladness, gold, silver, small money, chains, rings, with other ware, and chaffer of that nature, be found to trot from hand to hand. No suits at law, no wars, no strife, debate, nor wrangling; none will be there an usurer, none will be there a pinch-penny, a scrape-good wretch, or churlish hard-hearted refuser. Good God! Will not this be the golden age in the reign of Saturn? the true idea of the Olympic regions, wherein all other virtues ceasing, charity alone ruleth, governeth, domineereth, and triumpheth! All will be fair and goodly people there, all just and virtuous.

O happy world! O people of that world most happy! Yea, thrice and four times blessed is that people! I think in very deed that I am amongst them, and swear to you, by my good forsooth, that if this glorious aforesaid world had a Pope, abounding with Cardinals, that so he might have the association of a sacred college, in the space of very few years you should be sure to see the sancts much thicker in the roll, more numerous, wonder-working and mirific, more services,<sup>2</sup> more vows, more staves,<sup>3</sup> and wax-candles than are all those in the nine bishoprics of Britany, St. Yves only excepted.<sup>4</sup> Consider, sir, I pray you, how the noble Patelin, having a mind to deify, and extol even to the third heavens the father of William Jossemaume, said no more but this, And he did lend his goods<sup>5</sup> to those who were desirous of them.

O the fine saying! Now let our microcosm be fancied conform to this model in all its members; lending, borrowing, and owing, that is to say, according to its own nature. For nature hath not to any other end created man, but to owe, borrow, and lend; no greater is the harmony amongst

<sup>2</sup> *Services.*] Lessons, it is in the original. The more a saint is revered in the Romish church, the more lessons there are in the matins of that saint's festival. Nine lessons are the highest, three the lowest.

<sup>3</sup> *More Staves.*] More crosiers of prelates. In short, the people's veneration of any saint is according to the number of the banners and crosier-staffs at a procession.

<sup>4</sup> *St. Yves only excepted.*] Of all the petty saints which are worshipped only in Bretagne, there is none so generally in vogue in that country as St. Yves, a native of Treguier in Lower Normandy.

<sup>5</sup> *And he did lend his goods.*] This is in the farce of Patelin, where that arch cheat, in order to engage Mr. William Jossemaume to give him credit for his cloth, artfully falls to praising William's father, and so gained his point.

the heavenly spheres, than that which shall be found in its well ordered policy. The intention of the founder of this microcosm is, to have a soul therein to be entertained, which is lodged there, as a guest with its host, that it may live there for awhile. Life consisteth in blood; blood is the seat of the soul; therefore the chiefest work of the microcosm is, to be making blood continually.

At this forge are exercised all the members of the body; none is exempted from labour, each operates apart, and doth its proper office. And such is their hierarchy, that perpetually the one borrows from the other, the one lends the other, and the one is the other's debtor. The stuff and matter convenient, which nature giveth to be turned into blood, is bread and wine. All kind of nourishing victuals is understood to be comprehended in these two, and from hence in the Gothish tongue<sup>6</sup> is called companage. To find out this meat and drink, to prepare and boil it, the hands are put to work, the feet do walk and bear up the whole bulk of the corporal mass; the eyes guide and conduct all; the appetite in the orifice of the stomach, by means of a little sourish black humour, called melancholy, which is transmitted thereto from the milt, giveth warning to shut in the food. The tongue doth make the first essay, and tastes it; the teeth do chew it, and the stomach doth receive, digest, and chiliby it. The mesaraic veins suck out of it what is good and fit, leaving behind the excrements, which are, through special conduits, for that purpose, voided by an expulsive faculty. Thereafter it is carried to the liver, where it being changed again, it by the virtue of that new transmutation becomes blood. What joy, conjecture you, will then be found amongst those officers, when they see this rivulet of gold, which is their sole restorative? No greater is the joy of alchymists, when, after long travail, toil, and expense, they see in their furnaces the transmutation. Then is it that every member doth prepare itself, and strive anew to purify and to refine this treasure. The kidneys, through the emulgent veins, draw that aquosity from thence, which

<sup>6</sup> *Gothish Tongue.*] Rabelais is in the wrong to think that *Languedoc* was at first called *Langué Goth*, on account of the Goths formerly inhabiting that province, and leaving their language there. See Menage, as likewise Froissart, vol. ii. ch. 157, and Jodocus Sincerus, p. 136, of his *Itiner.* Gall. Geneva edition, 1627.

you call urine, and there send it away through the ureters to be slipped downwards; where, in a lower receptacle, and proper for it, to wit, the bladder, it is kept, and stayeth there until an opportunity to void it out in his due time. The spleen draweth from the blood its terrestrial part, viz. the grounds, lees, or thick substance settled in the bottom thereof, which you term melancholy. The bottle of the gall subtracts from thence all the superfluous choler; whence it is brought to another shop or work-house to be yet better purified and fined, that is, the heart, which by its agitation of diastolic and systolic motions so neatly subtilizeth and inflames it, that in the right side ventricle it is brought to perfection, and through the veins is sent to all the members. Each parcel of the body draws it then unto itself, and after its own fashion is cherished and alimented by it. Feet, hands, thighs, arms, eyes, ears, back, breasts, yea, all; and then it is, that who before were lenders, now become debtors. The heart doth in its left side ventricle so thinnify the blood, that it thereby obtains the name of spiritual; which being sent through the arteries to all the members of the body, serveth to warm and winnow the other blood which runneth through the veins. The lights never cease with its lappets and bellows to cool and refresh it; in acknowledgment of which good the heart, through the arterial vein, imparts unto it the choicest of its blood. At last it is made so fine and subtle within the rete mirabile, that thereafter those animal spirits are framed and composed of it; by means whereof the imagination, discourse, judgment, resolution, deliberation, ratiocination, and memory have their rise, actings, and operations.

Cops body, I sink, I drown, I perish, I wander astray, and quite fly out of my self, when I enter into the consideration of the profound abyss of this world, thus lending, thus owing. Believe me, it is a divine thing to lend; to owe, an heroic virtue. Yet is not this all. This little world thus lending, owing, and borrowing, is so good and charitable, that no sooner is the above-specified alimentation finished, but that it forthwith projecteth, and hath already forecast, how it shall lend to those who are not as yet born, and by that loan endeavour, what it may, to eternize itself, and multiply in images like the pattern, that is, children.



To this end every member doth of the choicest and most precious of its nourishment, pare and cut off a portion, then instantly dispatcheth it downwards to that place, where nature hath prepared for it very fit vessels and receptacles, through which descending to the genitorics by long ambages, circuits, and flexuosities, it receiveth a competent form, and rooms apt enough both in the man and woman for the future conservation and perpetuating of human kind. All this is done by loans and debts of the one unto the other : and hence have we this word, the debt of marriage. Nature doth reckon pain to the refuser, with a most grievous vexation to his members, and an outrageous fury amidst his senses. But on the other part, to the lender a set reward, accompanied with pleasure, joy, solace, mirth, and merry glee.

## CHAPTER V.

*How Pantagruel altogether abhorreth the debtors and borrowers.*

I UNDERSTAND you very well, quoth P<sup>t</sup>antagruel, and take you to be very good at topics, and thoroughly affectioned to your own cause. But preach it up, and patrocinate it,<sup>1</sup> prattle on it, and defend it as much as you will, even from hence to the next Whitsuntide, if you please so to do, yet in the end will you be astonished to find how you shall have gained no ground at all upon me, nor persuaded me by your fair speeches and smooth talk to enter never so little into the thralldom of debt. You shall owe to none, saith the Holy Apostle, anything save love, friendship, and a mutual benevolence.

You serve me here, I confess, with fine graphides and diatyposes, descriptions and figures, which truly please me very well. But let me tell you, if you will represent unto your fancy an impudent blustering bully, and an importunate borrower, entering afresh and newly into a town already advertised of his manners, you shall find that at his ingress the citizens will be more hideously affrighted and amazed, and in a greater terror and fear, dread and trembling, than if

<sup>1</sup> *But preach it up, and patrocinate it.*] Moliere who knew Rabelais by heart has said,

“ Prêchez, patrocinez jusqu’a la Pentecôte,  
Vous serez étonné, quand vous serez au bont]  
Que vous ne m’avez rien persuadé du tout.”

the pest itself should step into it, in the very same garb and accoutrement wherein the Tyanean philosopher<sup>2</sup> found it with- in the city of Ephesus. And I am fully confirmed in the opinion, that the Persians erred not,<sup>3</sup> when they said, that the second vice was to lie, the first being that of owing money. For, in very truth, debts and lying are ordinarily joined together. I will nevertheless not from hence infer, that none must owe any thing, or lend any thing. For who so rich can be, that sometimes may not owe? or who can be so poor, that sometimes may not lend?

Let the occasion, notwithstanding, in that case, as Plato very wisely sayeth,<sup>4</sup> and ordaineth in his laws, be such, that none be permitted to draw any water out of his neighbour's well, until first they by continual digging and delving into their own proper ground shall have hit upon a kind of potter's earth, which is called Ceramite, and there had found no source or drop of water; for that sort of earth, by reason of its substance, which is fat, strong, firm and close, so retaineth its humidity, that it doth not easily evaporate it by any outward excursion or evaporation.

In good sooth, it is a great shame to choose rather to be still borrowing in all places from every one, than to work and win. Then only in my judgment should one lend, when the diligent, toiling, and industrious person is no longer able by his labour to make any purchase unto himself; or otherwise, when by mischance he hath suddenly fallen into an unexpected loss of his goods.

Howsoever let us leave this discourse, and from henceforward do not hang upon creditors, nor tie yourself to them. I make account for the time past to rid you freely of them, and from their bondage to deliver you. The least I should in this point, quoth Panurge, is to thank you, though it be the most I can do. And if gratitude and thanksgiving be to be estimated and prized by the affection of the benefactor, that is to be done infinitely and sempiternally; for the love which you bear me of your own accord and free grace, without any merit of mine, goeth far beyond the reach of any

<sup>2</sup> Tyanean philosopher.] See Apollonius's life, in Philostratus, l. 4, c. 3.

<sup>3</sup> That the Persians erred not.] See Plutarch, in his discourse entitled, "That men ought not to borrow at usury." See also Herodotus lib. 1.

<sup>4</sup> As Plato very wisely sayeth.] See Plutarch in the same place.

price or value. It transcends all weight, all number, all measure; it is endless and everlasting; therefore, should I offer to commensurate and adjust it, either to the size and proportion of your own noble and gracious deeds, or yet to the contentment and delight of the obliged receivers, I would come off but very faintly and flaggingly. You have verily done me a great deal of good, and multiplied your favours on me more frequently than was fitting to one of my condition. You have been more bountiful towards me than I have deserved, and your courtesies have by far surpassed the extent of my merits; I must needs confess it. But it is not, as you suppose, in the proposed matter. For there it is not where I itch, it is not there where it fretteth, hurts or vexeth me; for, henceforth being quit and out of debt, what countenance will I be able to keep? You may imagine, that it will become me very ill for the first month, because I have never hitherto been brought up or accustomed to it. I am very much afraid of it. Furthermore, there shall not one hereafter, native of the country of Salmigondy, but he shall level the shot towards my nose. All the back-cracking fellows of the world, in discharging of their postern petarades, used commonly to say, *Voilà pour les quittes*; that is, For the quit. My life will be of very short continuance, I do foresee it. I recommend to you the making of my epitaph; for I perceive I will die conected in the very stench of farts. If at any time to come, by way of restorative to such good women as shall happen to be troubled with the grievous pain of the wind-cholic, the ordinary medicaments prove nothing effectual, the mummy of all my befarted body will straight be as a present remedy appointed by the physicians; whereof they, taking any small modicum, it will incontinently for their ease afford them a rattle of bum-shot, like a sal of muskets.

Therefore would I beseech you to leave me some few centuries of debts; as King Louis the Eleventh, exempting from suits in law the Reverend Miles d'Illiers, Bishop of Chartres,<sup>a</sup> was by the said bishop most earnestly solicited to

<sup>a</sup> *Miles d' Illiers, Bishop of Chartres.*] He was made Bishop of Chartres in 1459, and died in 1493, after he had renounced his bishopric the same year, in consideration of a pension.<sup>6</sup> There are still extant two good stories of his litigious temper in the *Paradoxe Du Procez*, &c., printed by C. Stephens, 1551.

leave him some few for the exercise of his mind. I had rather give them all my revenue of the periwinkes, together with the other incomes of the locusts, albeit I should not thereby have any parcel abated from off the principal sums which I owe. Let us wave this matter, quoth Pantagruel, I have told it you over again.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Why new married men were privileged from going to the wars.*

BUT, in the interim, asked Panurge, by what law was it constituted, ordained, and established, that such as should plant a new vineyard, those that should build a new house, and the new married men, should be exempted and discharged from the duty of warfare for the first year? By the law, answered Pantagruel, of Moses. Why, replied Panurge, the lately married? As for the vine-planters, I am now too old to reflect on them; my condition, at this present, induceth me to remain satisfied with the care of vintage, finishing and turning the grapes into wine. Nor are these pretty new builders of dead stones written or pricked down in my Book of Life. It is all with live stones that I set up and erect the fabrics of my architecture, to wit, Men. It was, according to my opinion, quoth Pantagruel, to the end, first, that the fresh married folks should for the first year reap a full and complete fruition of their pleasures in their mutual exercise of the act of love, in such sort, that in waiting more at leisure on the production of posterity, and propagating of their progeny, they might the better increase their race, and make provision of new heirs. That if, in the years thereafter, the men should, upon their undergoing of some military adventure, happen to be killed, their names and coats of arms might continue with their children in the same families. And next, that the wives thereby coming to know whether they were barren or fruitful, (for one year's trial, in regard to the maturity of age, wherein, of old, they married, was held sufficient for the discovery,) they might pitch the more suitably, in case of their first husband's decease, upon a second match. The fertile women to be wedded to those who desire to multiply their issue; and the sterile ones to such other mates, as, misregarding the storing of their own lineage, choose them

only for their virtues, learning, genteel behaviour, domestic consolation, management of the house, and matrimonial conveniences and comforts, and such like. The preachers of Varennes, saith Panurge, detest and abhor the second marriages, as altogether foolish and dishonest.

Foolish and dishonest? quoth Pantagruel. A plague take such preachers! Yea, but, quoth Panurge, the like mischief also befel the Friar Charmer,<sup>1</sup> who in a full auditory making a sermon at Parcilly, and therein abominating the reiteration of marriage, and the entering again the bonds of a nuptial tie, did swear and heartily give himself to the swiftest devil in hell, if he had not rather choose, and would much more willingly undertake, the unmaidening or depucelating of a hundred virgins, than the simple drudgery of one widow. Truly I find your reason in that point right good, and strongly grounded.

But what would you think, if the cause why this exemption or immunity was granted, had no other foundation, but that, during the whole space of the said first year, they so lustily bobbed it with their female consorts, as both reason and equity require they should do, that they had drained and evacuated their spermatic vessels; and were become thereby altogether feeble, weak, emasculated, drooping and caggingly pithless; yea, in such sort, that they, in the day of battle, like ducks which plunge over head and ears, would sooner hide themselves behind the baggage, than, in the company of valiant fighters and daring military combatants, appear where stern Bellona deals her blows, and moves a bustling noise of thwacks and thumps? Nor is it to be thought that, under the standards of Mars, they will so much as once strike a fair stroke, because their most considerable knocks have been already jerked and whirrited within the curtains of his sweetheart Venus.

In confirmation whereof, amongst other relics and monuments of antiquity, we now as yet oftensee, that in all great houses, after the expiring of some few days, these young married blades are readily sent away to visit their uncles, that in the absence of their wives, reposing them-

<sup>1</sup> *Charmer.*] This story is taken from Poggius's *Jests, &c.*, in the chapter entitled, "De prædicatore qui potius decem virgines quam nuptam unam eligebat."

selves a little, they may recover their decayed strength by the recruit of a fresh supply, the more vigorous to return again, and face about to renew the duelling shock and contact of an amorous dalliance : albeit for the greater part they have neither uncle nor aunt to go to.

Just so did the King Crackart,<sup>2</sup> after the battle of the Cornets, not cashier us, (speaking properly,) I mean me and the quail-piper, but for our refreshment remanded us to our houses ; and he is as yet seeking after his own. My grandfather's godmother was wont to say to me when I was a boy,

“ Patenostres et oraisons  
Sont pour ceux-la qui les retiennent.  
Ung fiffre allant en fenaïsons  
Est plus fort que deux qui en viennent.”  
Not orisons nor patenotres  
Shall ever disorder my brain.  
One cadet, to the field as he flutters,  
Is worth two when they end the campaign.

That which prompteth me to that opinion is, that the vine-planters did seldom eat of the grapes, or drink of the wine of their labour, till the first year was wholly elapsed. During all which time also the builders did hardly inhabit their new-structured dwelling places, for fear of dying suffocated through want of respiration ; as Galen hath most learnedly remarked, in the second book of the Difficulty of Breathing. Under favour, Sir, I have not asked this question without cause causing, and reason truly very ratiocinant. Be not offended, I pray you.

## CHAPTER VII.

*How Panurge had a flea in his ear, and forbore to wear any longer his magnificent codpiece.*

PANURGE, the day thereafter, caused pierce his right ear,

<sup>2</sup> King Crackart. &c.] • King Peto, corruptly *Petault* in the original. King of the beggars. The author is thought to have an eye to some prince ill-provided of cash, and as ill obeyed. Now the history of France, of that time, speaks of no king of that monarchy to whom these two qualities so exactly agree as Charles VIII., who, without money, undertook a war in Italy, and whose officers refused, with impunity, to execute his orders as soon as he had repassed the mountains. This prince, after the battle of the cornets (or St. Aubin du Cormier) in 1488, was forced, for want of money, to discharge some officers who had served him well there. One of which might be some soldier, here called in jest quail-piper.

after the Jewish fashion, and thereto clasped a little gold ring, of a scary-like kind of workmanship, in the bezil or collet whereof was set and inched a flea; and, to the end you may be rid of all doubts, you are to know that the flea was black. O what a brave thing it is, in every case and circumstance of a matter, to be thoroughly well informed! The sum of the expence hereof, being cast up, brought in, and laid down upon his council-board carpet, was found to amount to no more quarterly than the charge of the nuptials of a Hircanian tigress; even as you would say 609,000 maravedis. At these vast costs and excessive disbursements, as soon as he perceived himself to be out of debt, he fretted much; and afterwards, as tyrants and lawyers use to do, he nourished and fed her with the sweat and blood of his subjects and clients.

He then took four French ells of a coarse brown russet cloth, and therein apparelling himself, as with a long, plain-seemed, and single-stitched gown, left off the wearing of his breeches, and tied a pair of spectacles to his cap. In this equipage did he present himself before Pantagruel; to whom this disguise appeared the more strange, that he did not, as before, see that goodly, fair, and stately codpiece, which was the sole anchor of hope, wherein he was wonted to rely, and the last refuge he had amidst all the waves and boisterous billows, which a stormy cloud in a cross fortune would raise up against him. Honest Pantagruel, not understanding the mystery, asked him by way of interrogatory, what he did intend to personate in that new-fangled prosopopeia? I have, answered Panurge, a flea in mine ear, and have a mind to marry. In a good time, quoth Pantagruel, you have told me joyful tidings. Yet would not I hold a red-hot iron in my hand for all the gladness of them. But it is not the fashion of lovers to be accoutred in such dangling vestments, so as to have their shirts flagging down over their knees, without breeches, and with a long robe of a dark brown mingled hue, which is a colour never used in Talarian garments amongst any persons of honour, quality, or virtue. If some heretical persons and schismatical sectaries have at any time formerly been so arrayed and clothed, (though many have imputed such a kind of dress to cozenage, cheat, imposture, and an affectation of tyranny upon credulous minds of

the rude multitude,) I will nevertheless not blame them for it, nor in that point judge rashly or sinistrously of them. Every one overflowingly aboundeth in his own sense and fancy; yea, in things of a foreign consideration, altogether extrinsical and indifferent, which in and of themselves are neither commendable nor bad, because they proceed not from the interior of the thoughts and heart, which is the shop of all good and evil; of goodness, if it be upright, and that its affections be regulated by the pure and clean spirit of righteousness; and on the other side, of wickedness, if its inclinations, straying beyond the bounds of equity, be corrupted and depraved by the malice and the suggestions of the devil. It is only the novelty and new fangledness thereof which I dislike, together with the contempt of common custom, and the fashion which is in use.

The colour, answered Panurge, is convenient, for it is conformable to that of my council-board carpet,<sup>1</sup>—therefore will I henceforth hold me with it, and more narrowly and circumspectly than ever hitherto I have done, look to my affairs and business. Seeing I am once out of debt, you never yet saw man more unpleasing than I will be, if God help me not. Lo, here be my spectacles. To see me afar off, you would readily say, that it were Friar John Burgess.<sup>2</sup> I believe certainly, that in the next ensuing year, I shall once more preach the crusade, bounce buckram.<sup>3</sup> Do you see this

<sup>1</sup> *Council-board carpet.*] Rabelais in this passage uses an equivoque, which his translator has also endeavoured to convey. It will be better understood by subjoining the original. "La couleur, respondist Panurge, est aspre aux potz, a propos, c'est mon bureau."

<sup>2</sup> *Friar John Burgess.*] Rabelais mentions him again, lib. 4, chap. 8. He was in Louis XI. and Charles VIII.'s time, a Franciscan friar, very zealous, and a great instrument in establishing several houses of his order. The Cordeliers of Lyons, among others, owe to him their settlement in the suburb de Veize. He died in 1494 at Lyons, where his body, during the civil wars of religion, was, it is said, dug up and flung into the Saone. Menot in the year 1523, in a Lent sermon, speaks of Friar John Bourgeois as of one whose memory was then fresh.

<sup>3</sup> *Bounce buckram.*] Instead of bounce buckram, it is, in the original, good b'ye balls. Here M. le Duchat observes that Panurge, encouraged by his master, and newly rapt up in a grey rug-like habit, looks on himself as a second friar John Burgess, a favourite of Charles VIII. In chap. xvii. of lib. I., he boasts of having preached the croisade. And now, being on the eve of an engagement which many people look on as a cross, he says he is going to croisade it a second time. And being



russet? Doubt not but there lurketh under it some hid property and occult virtue, known to very few in the world. I did not take it on before this morning; and nevertheless am already in a rage after lust, mad after a wife, and vehemently hot upon untying the codpiece-point: I itch, I tingle, I wriggle, and long exceedingly to be married, that, without the danger of cudgel-blows, I may labour my female copes-mate with the hard push of a bull-horned devil.<sup>4</sup> O the provident and thrifty husband that I then will be! After my death, with all honour and respect due to my frugality, will they burn the sacred bulk of my body, of purpose to preserve the ashes thereof, in memory of the choicest pattern that ever was of a perfectly wary and complete house-holder. Cops-body, this is not the carpet whereon my treasurer shall be allowed to play false in his accounts with me, by setting down an X for a V, or an L for an S.<sup>5</sup> For in that case should I make a hail of fusty-cuffs to fly into his face. Look upon me, Sir, both before and behind,—it is made after the manner of a toga, which was the ancient fashion of the Romans in time

fully bent on marrying, as much a monk as he is in his habit, he takes his leave of balls of snow, which after the example of Francis, patriarch of the grey friars, had till then served him instead of wife and children.

<sup>4</sup> *Bull-horned devil.*] Instead of labouring his female, like a bull-horned devil, it is, like a grey friar devil, (*en diable bur*; *bur* is their habit, the colour of a jack-ass, *bourique*;) so to labour (or plough the parsley bed) is to do it like a Franciscan friar, or, as the saying is, like an unsaddled ass (*en anc débâte*.) Again, *un moine bur*, from the Latin barbarous *burus*, derived from the High Dutch, *baun* is a servant-monk, a lay-brother who digs in the garden of the convent.

<sup>5</sup> *L for an S.*] It is in the original by lengthening the letter *f*, or *ff*. An expression which is sometimes taken properly and sometimes figuratively. In the first sense, it is a trick of the attorneys, some of whom, in copying or engrossing their client's business, do so lengthen out all the letters that have a tail, as the *f*'s, that in one page there shall not be twelve lines, nor above two or three words in a line; though by an ordinance of court, every page ought to contain twenty lines, and every line five words at least. In the second sense, it is when a tradesman charges to him who takes up goods from him, more goods than he really had of him; and it is in this sense that Panurge says, his treasurer shall not place to his account the children he may have got on the body of his master's wife. Formerly in an account they used to finish each article with an S, which signified more or less sous (pence). Now when the S was lengthened at the bottom, thus *f*, (with a small stroke through the middle) it made an *f*, which signifies franks, i. e. livres. Hence, to lengthen the S, signifies to be guilty of a fraud in an account. See Furetiere in the letter S. r.

of peace. I took the mode, shape, and form thereof in Trajan's Column at Rome, as also in the Triumphal Arch of Septimus Severus. I am tired of the wars, weary of wearing buff-coats, cassocks, and hoquetons. My shoulders are pitifully worn, and bruised with the carrying of harness. Let armour cease, and the long robe bear sway! At least it must be so for the whole space of the succeeding year, if I be married; as yesterday, by the Mosaic law, you evidenced. In what concerneth the breeches, my great aunt Laurence did long ago tell me, that the breeches were only ordained for the use of the codpiece, and to no other end: which I, upon a no less forcible consequence, give credit to every whit, as well as to the saying of the fine fellow Galen,<sup>6</sup> who, in his ninth book, "Of the use and Employment of our Members," allegeth, that the head was made for the eyes. For nature might have placed our heads in our knees or elbows, but having beforehand determined that the eyes should serve to discover things from afar, she for the better enabling them to execute their designed office, fixed them in the head, as on the top of a long pole, in the most eminent part of all the body: no otherwise than we see the phares, or high towers, erected in the mouths of havens, that navigators may the further off perceive with ease the lights of the nightly fires and lanterns. And because I would gladly, for some short while, (a year at least,) take a little rest and breathing time from the toilsome labour of the military profession, that is to say, be married, I have desisted from wearing any more a codpiece, and, consequently, have laid aside my breeches. For the codpiece is the principal and most especial piece of armour that a warrior doth carry; and therefore do I maintain even to the fire, (exclusively, understand you me,) that no Turks can properly be said to be armed men, in regard that codpieces are by their law forbidden to be worn.

<sup>6</sup> *As to the saying of the fine fellow Galen.*] The fine fellow Galen, in French, *le gentil folot* Galen, *Γαληνός*, *serenus*, from *γελάω*, *rideo*, according to Eustathius. In this notion Rabelais calls Galen *gentil folot*, which formerly signified a gay pleasant man. *Folot* likewise means a cresset-light, or a moon as we call it; a lantern fixt at the end of a long pole; and Galen was indeed one of the greatest luminaries (or *pharos's*) of the medicinal art; and besides, it was he that pleasantly said, the head was posited at the very top of the human body, as a (*folot*) lantern is fixed on a pole.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Why the codpiece is held to be the chief piece of armour amongst warriors.*

WILL you maintain, quoth Pantagruel, that the codpiece is the chief piece of a military harness? It is a new kind of doctrine, very paradoxical: for we say, at the spurs begins the arming of a man.<sup>1</sup> Sir, I maintain it, answered Panurge, and not wrongfully do I maintain it. Behold how nature,<sup>2</sup>—having a fervent desire after its production of plants, trees, shrubs, herb., sponges, and plant-animals, to eternize, and continue them unto all succession of ages—in their several kinds or sorts, at least, although the individuals perish—unruinable, and in an everlasting being,—hath most curiously armed and fenced their buds, sprouts, shoots, and seeds, wherein the above-mentioned perpetuity consisteth, by strenghtening, covering, guarding and fortifying them with an admirable industry, with husks, cases, scarfs and swads, hulls, cods, stones, films, cartels, shells, ears, rinds, barks, skins, ridges, and prickles, which serve them instead of strong, fair, and natural codpieces. As is manifestly apparent in pease, beans, fasels, pomegranates, peaches, cottons, gourds, pumpions, melons, corn, lemons, almonds, walnuts, filberts, and chesnuts; as likewise in all plants, süps, or sets whatsoever, wherein it is plainly and evidently seen, that the sperm and semence is more closely veiled, overshadowed, corroborated, and thoroughly harnessed, than any other part, portion, or parcel of the whole.

Nature, nevertheless, did not after that manner provide for the sempiternizing of the human race: but, on the contrary, created man naked, tender, and frail, without either offensive or defensive arms; and that in the estate of innocence, in the first age of all, which was the golden season; not as a plant, but living creature, born for peace, not war, and brought forth into the world with an unquestionable

<sup>1</sup> *At the spurs, &c.*] Fauchet speaks of this proverb in his treatise of Warfare, chap. 41. He says, the spurs used to be fastened in and made inseparable from the greaves or leg-harness; so that if a man had put on his helmet, and back and breast-piece first, he could never have done the other; his head would have been so loaded, and his body so confined.

<sup>2</sup> *Nature, &c.*] See preface to Pliny's eighth book.

right and title to the plenary fruition and enjoyment of all fruits and vegetables, as also to a certain calm and gentle rule and dominion over all kinds of beasts, fowls, fishes, reptiles, and insects. Yet afterwards it happening in the time of the iron age, under the reign of Jupiter, when, to the multiplication of mischievous actions, wickedness and malice began to take root and footing within the then perverted hearts of men, that the earth began to bring forth nettles, thistles, thorns, briars, and such other stubborn and rebellious vegetables to the nature of man. Nor scarce was there any animal, which by a fatal disposition, did not then revolt from him, and tacitly conspire, and covenant with one another, to serve him no longer, nor, in case of their ability to resist, to do him any manner of obedience, but rather, to the uttermost of their power, to annoy him with all the hurt and harm they could. The man, then, that he might maintain his primitive right and prerogative, and continue his sway and dominion over all, both vegetable and sensitive creatures; and knowing of a truth, that he could not be well accommodated, as he ought, without the servitude and subjection of several animals, bethought himself, that of necessity he must needs put on arms, and make provision of harness against wars and violence. By the holy Saint Babingoose,<sup>3</sup> cried out Pantagruel, you are become, since the last rain,<sup>4</sup> a great lifrelofre,—philosopher, I should say. Take notice, Sir, quoth Panurge, when Dame Nature had prompted him to his own arming, what part of the body it was, where, by her inspiration, he clapped on the first harness. It was forsooth by the double pluck<sup>5</sup> of my little dog the ballock, and good Senor Don Priapos Stabo-stando, —which done, he was content, and sought no more. This is certified by the testimony of the great Hebrew captain and philosopher Moses, who affirmeth that he fenced that member with a brave and gallant codpiece, most exquisitely framed, and by right curious devices of a notably pregnant

<sup>3</sup> *Saint Babingoose.*] One of the infinite number of petty saints they have in Brittany, represented with a goose by her side.

<sup>4</sup> *Since the last rain.*] During which he took the opportunity to apply himself to the study of the secrets of nature.

<sup>5</sup> *By the double pluck.*] Sir T. U. mistakes here: this is no oath; it should be, *on* (not *by*) the double pluck, i. e. he clapped his first harness on his whim-wham, &c.

invention, made up and composed of fig-tree leaves, which, by reason of their solid stiffness,<sup>6</sup> incisory notches, curled frisking, sleeked smoothness, large ampleness, together with their colour, smell, virtue, and faculty, were exceeding proper, and fit for the covering and arming of the satchels of generation, the hideously big Lorrain cullions being from thence only excepted; which swaggering down to the lowermost bottom of the breeches, cannot abide (for being quite out of all order and method,) the stately fashion of the high and lofty cod-piece; as is manifest, by the noble Valentin Viardiere, whom I found at Nancy, on the first day of May—the more flauntingly to gallantise it afterwards—rubbing his ballocks spread out upon a table after the manner of a Spanish cloak. Wherefore it is, that none should henceforth say, who would not speak improperly, when any country bumpkin hieth to the wars, Have a care, my roister, of the wine-pot, that is, the scull; but, Have a care, my roister, of the milk-pot, that is the testicles. By the whole rabble of the horned fiends of hell, the head being cut off, that single person only thereby dieth. But, if the ballocks be marred, the whole race of human kind would forthwith perish, and be lost for ever.

This was the motive which incited the goodly writer Galen,<sup>7</sup> *Lib. 1. De Spermate*, to aver with boldness, That it were better, that is to say, a less evil, to have no heart at all, than to be quite destitute of genitories: for in them is laid up, conserved and put in store, as in a secessive repository, and sacred warehouse, the semence and original source of the whole offspring of mankind. Therefore would I be apt to believe, for less than a hundred francs, that those are the very same stones, by means whereof Deucalion and Pyrrha

<sup>6</sup> *Of their solid stiffness.*] It is in the original, of their propriety and solid stiffness; for as M. le Duchat tells us, the Mahometan doctors say that the forbidden fruit was the banana or Indian fig, of which our first parents had no sooner tasted, but espying their nudities, they covered them with the leaves of that tree, which seemed created for that very purpose.

<sup>7</sup> *Galen.*] It is in the original, the gallant Galen; alluding to Γαλήνης, the Græek name for Galen. Γαλήνη signifies serenity, tranquillity, especially of the sea. Here therefore gallant Galen means, the serene, agreeable Galen. Rabelais often plays upon Galen's name, not by way of banter, but to show the respect he had for him; as I once was about directing a letter to our Galen thus: To Dr. Mead, *rectius* MEDUS, à MEDENDO; à MEDENDI *peritid*.

restored the human race, in peopling with men and women the world, which a little before that had been drowned in the overflowing waves of a poetical deluge. This stirred up the valiant Justinian, *L. 4. De Cagotis tollendis*,<sup>9</sup> to collocate his *summum bonum*, in *braguibus, et braguetis*. For this, and other causes, the Lord Humphry de Merville,<sup>10</sup> following his king to a certain warlike expedition, whilst he was in trying upon his own person a new suit of armour, for of his old rusty harness<sup>11</sup> he could make no more use, by reason that some few years since the skin of his belly<sup>12</sup> was a great way removed from his kidneys; his lady thereupon, in the profound musing of a contemplative spirit, very maturely considering that he had but small care of the staff of love, and packet of marriage, seeing he did no otherwise arm that part of the body, than with links of mail, advised him to shield, fence, and gabionate it with a big tilting helmet, which she had lying in her closet, to her otherways utterly unprofitable. On this lady were penned these subsequent verses, which are extant in the third book of the *Shitbrena* of Paultry Wenches.

<sup>9</sup> *Validnt.*] On account of the haughtiness of the preamble to his institutes.

<sup>9</sup> *De cagotis.*] Towards the ends of the remarks on the seventh chap. of lib. ii, there is one on the title of this pretended book.

<sup>10</sup> *Humphry de Merville.*] Sir. T. U. has christened him Humphry, for Rabelais only calls him Lord of Merville. On which M. de Duchat makes this remark. In the olden edition of Rabelais, anno 1517, and in that of 1553, and in most of the others, and even in the new ones, it is Merveille, which is the name of an ancient and noble family in Milan: one of which family, in 1553, had his head cut off in that city, where he was negotiating secretly for King Francis I. But the abbot Guyet conjectures it should be read Merville, the name of a manor or lordship in the neighbourhood of Chartres. And indeed the name is so spelt in Rabelais of 1626; and in that case, the author might mean some descendant of William de Merville, whom Froissart, vol. i. chap. cclxxiv. and cclxxx, tells us was one of the marshalls de l'ost (army), which the King of England had in Picardy in 1370.

<sup>11</sup> *Rusty harness.*] It should be half-rusty, *à demy rouillé*. To prevent the armours rusting, they used to put them in the bottom of a coffer filled with bran. See chap. xxii. of the *Tales of Eutrapel*.

<sup>12</sup> *The skin of his belly.*] John de la Bruyere Champier, lib. iii. chap. iii. of his *De Re Cibaria*; "novimus nostrâ memoriâ nobilissimarum gentium viros, et inculâ non infimum locum obtinentes, qui adeo tumidum et turgidum ventrem habere, ut multis annis non licuerit pudenda contemplari."

When Yoland saw her spouse equipt for fight,  
 And, save the codpiece, all in armour light,  
 My dear, she cry'd, Why, pray, of all the rest  
 Is that exposed, you know I love the best ?  
 Was she to blame for an ill-manag'd fear,—  
 Or rather pious conscionable care ?  
 Wise Lady, she ! In hurly-burly fight,  
 Can any tell where random blows may light ?

Leave off then, sir, from being astonished, and wonder no more at this new manner of decking and trimming up of myself as you now see me.

### CHAPTER IX.

*How Panurge asketh counsel of Pantagruel whether he should marry, yea, or nay.<sup>1</sup>*

To this Pantagruel replying nothing, Panurge prosecuted the discourse he had already broached, and therewithal fetching, as from the bottom of his heart, a very deep sigh, said, My lord and master, you have heard the design I am upon, which is to marry, if by some disastrous mischance all the holes in the world be not shut up, stopped, closed, and bushed. I humbly beseech you, for the affection which of a long time you have borne me, to give me your best advice therein. Then, answered Pantagruel, seeing you have so decreed and taken deliberation thereon, and that the matter is fully determined, what need is there of any further talk thereof, but forthwith to put into execution what you have resolved ? Yea, but, quoth Panurge, I would be loth to act anything therein without your counsel had thereto. It is my judgment also, quoth Pantagruel, and I advise you to it. Nevertheless, quoth Panurge, if I understood aright, that it were much better for me to remain a bachelor as I am, than to run headlong upon new hair-brained undertakings of conjugal adventure, I would rather choose not to marry. Quoth

<sup>1</sup> Note this incomparable chapter.—Pantagruel stands for the reason as contra-distirguished from the understanding and choice, that is, from Panurge ; and the humour consists in the latter asking advice of the former, on a subject in which the reason can only give the inevitable conclusion, the syllogistic *ergo*, from the premises provided by the understanding itself, which puts each case so as of necessity to predetermine the verdict thereon. This chapter, independently of the allegory, is an exquisite satire on the spirit in which people commonly ask advice. *Coleridge.*]

Pantagruel—Then do not marry. Yea, but quoth Panurge, would you have me so solitarily drag out the whole course of my life, without the comfort of a matrimonial consort? You know it is written: *Væ soli!* and a single person is never seen to reap the joy and solace that is found with married folks. Then marry, in the name of God, quoth Pantagruel. But if, quoth Panurge, my wife should make me a cuckold; as it is not unknown unto you, how this hath been a very plentiful year in the production of that kind of cattle; I would fly off the hinges, and grow impatient beyond all measure and mean. I love cuckolds with all my heart, for they seem unto me to be of a right honest conversation, and I truly, do very willingly frequent their company: but should I die for it, I would not be one of their number. That is a point for me of a too-sore prickling point. Then do not marry, quoth Pantagruel, for without all controversy this sentence of Seneca is infallibly true, What thou to others shalt have done, others will do the like to thee. Do you, quoth Panurge, aver that without all exception? Yes, truly, quoth Pantagruel, without all exception. Ho, ho, says, Panurge, by the wrath of a little devil, his meaning is, either in this world, or in the other which is to come. Yet seeing I can no more do without a wife, than a blind man without his staff, —for the funnel must be in agitation, without which manner of occupation I cannot live,—were it not a great deal better for me to apply and associate myself to some one honest, lovely, and virtuous woman, than as I do, by a new change of females every day, run a hazard of being bastinadoed, or, (which is worse,) of the great pox, if not of both together. For never,—be it spoken, by their husbands' leave and favour,—had I enjoyment yet of an honest woman. Marry then, in God's name, quoth Pantagruel. But if, quoth Panurge, it were the will of God, and that my destiny did unluckily lead me to marry an honest woman, who should beat me, I would be stored with more than two third parts of the patience of Job, if I were not stark mad by it, and quite distracted with such rugged dealings. For it hath been told me, that those exceeding honest women have ordinarily very wicked head-pieces; therefore is it, that their family lacketh not for good vinegar.<sup>2</sup> Yet in that case should it go worse with me, if I

<sup>1</sup> *Good vinegar.*] Vinegar is still kept by many people, in almost



did not then in such sort bang her back and breast, so thumpingly bethwack her gilletts, to wit her arms, legs, head, lights, liver, and milt, with her other entrails, and mangle, jag, and slash her coats, so after the cross billet fashion, that the greatest devil of hell should wait at the gate for the reception of her damned soul. I could make a shift for this year to wave such molestation and disquiet, and be content to lay aside that trouble, and not to be engaged in it.

Do not marry then, answered Pantagruel. Yea, but quoth Panurge, considering the condition wherein I now am, out of debt and unmarried; mark what I say, free from all debt, in an ill hour! for, were I deeply on the score, my creditors would be but too careful of my paternity, but being quit, and not married, nobody will be so regardful of me, or carry towards me a love like that which is said to be in a conjugal affection. And if by some mishap I should fall sick, I would be looked to very waywardly. The wise man saith, Where there is no woman, I mean, the mother of a family, and wife in the union of a lawful wedlock, the crazy and diseased are in danger of being ill used, and of having much bragging and strife about them: as by clear experience hath been made apparent in the persons of popes, legates, cardinals, bishops, abbots, priors, priests, and monks: but there, assure yourself, you shall not find me. Marry, then, in the name of God, answered Pantagruel. But if, quoth Panurge, being ill at ease, and possibly through that distemper made unable to discharge the matrimonial duty that is incumbent to an active husband, my wife, impatient of that drooping sickness, and faint-fits of a pining languishment, should abandon and prostitute herself to the embraces of another man, and not only then not help and assist me in my extremity and need, but withal flout at, and make sport of that my grievous distress and calamity; or peradventure, which is worse, embezzle my goods, and steal from me, as I have seen it oftentimes befall unto the lot of many other men, it were enough to undo me utterly, to fill brimful the cup of my misfortune, round earthen jar, in a warm place, in the corner of their kitchen chimney. Rabelais here makes an allusion from that vessel (*testa*) which is always warm, to the hot head (*teste*) of a woman, whose presumption, because forsooth she's a good housewife, makes her oftentimes intolerable.

and make me play the mad-pate reeks of Bedlam. Do not marry then, quoth Pantagruel. Yea, but, said Panurge, I shall never by any other means come to have lawful sons and daughters, in whom I may harbour some hope of perpetuating my name and arms, and to whom also I may leave and bequeath my inheritances and purchased goods, (of which latter sort you need not doubt, but that in some one or other of these mornings, I will make a fair and goodly show,) that so I may cheer up and make merry, when otherwise I should be plunged into a peevish sullen mood of pensive sullenness, as I do perceive daily by the gentle and loving carriage of your kind and gracious father towards you; as all honest folks use to do at their own homes, and private dwelling-houses. For being free from debt, and yet not married, it casually I should fret and be angry, although the cause of my grief and displeasure were never so just, I am afraid, instead of consolation, that I should meet with nothing else but scoffs, frumps, gibes, and mocks at my disastrous fortune. Marry then, in the name of God, quoth Pantagruel; and thus have I given you my advice.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *And thus have I given you my advice.*] These words I have added for the sake of inserting here, what M. le Duchat places at the beginning of the chapter; but that will break no squares, it being a general remark upon the whole. He observes that throughout this chapter Pantagruel shows a great stock of complaisance for his favourite; but at the same time a marvellous irresolution as to what course he would have his servant steer. Now this falls out the more ingeniously, as Rabelais makes subservient to this design, two passages, the one of Poggius, the other of Erasmus, which seem at first not possible to be brought in here by any machine. The first is the echo, in one of honest Erasmus's colloquies. That echo is imitated in Pantagruel's answer, wherein the first words are an echo to the last words of the question Panurge puts to him. The second passage is a tale, which Poggius tells of a magistrate: who not having capacity enough to determine a pecuniary cause between two litigants, alternately declared in favour of him that spoke last. There is, however, a passage of Gello (in his *Capricci del bottaio*) so very like this dialogue between Pantagruel and Panurge, that if I knew for a certainty that Gello's book was published first, I should not hesitate to believe our author had only paraphrased him. Gello, speaking of Aristotle's irresolution concerning the immortality of the soul: "Ilai tu mai," says he "ragioni, inteso d'uno che domandava consiglio à uno altro, di torre moglie. E quando egli diceva, Ella è bella, e colui diceva Tola: e dipoi, quando egli diceva, Ella è di cattivo sangue; egli rispondeva Non la torre: et se colui replicava. Ella ha gran dote: e ridiceva Tola

## CHAPTER X.

*How Pantagruel representeth unto Panurge the difficulty of giving advice in the matter of marriage; and to what purpose mentioneth somewhat of the Homeric and Virgilian lotteries.<sup>c</sup>*

YOUR counsel, quoth Panurge, under your correction and favour, seemeth unto me not unlike to the song of Gammer Yea-by-nay.<sup>2</sup> It is full of sarcasms, mockeries, bitter taunts, nipping bobs, derisive quips, biting jerks, and contradictory iterations, the one part destroying the other. I know not, added Panurge, which of all your answers to lay hold on. Good reason why, quoth Pantagruel, for your proposals are so full of ifs and buts, that I can ground nothing on them, nor pitch upon any solid and positive determination satisfactory to what is demanded by them. Are not you assured within yourself of what you have a mind to? The chief and main point of the whole matter lieth there. All

e se diceva dipoi: Ella è un po superba; e rispondeva di nuova; No: la torre; e così seguitava sempre di dire sì ò no, secondo che colui gli proponeva innanzi nuove ragioni. E così fa propriamente Aristotile," &c. In English thus:

"Did you never hear of a man, who went to ask advice of another, whether he should marry or not. The former, upon saying the woman was beautiful; the other said, Marry her; but afterwards, when he said she came of a bad breed; the other answered, Don't marry her; but then when the other replied, she is a great fortune; the other straight answered, marry her; but when the former told him she was somewhat termagant; the other said again, don't marry her: and thus he went on, aying it, and noing it, as fast as the other alleged new reasons, and laid before him different arguments. Just so does Aristotile," &c.

Recent editors of Rabelais assert that in this chapter he has copied Raulin, a preacher of the fifteenth century. The responses are those of the curé to the widow, who enquires whether she should marry her valet. See *Opus sermonum de Adventu*, Paris, 1519. Serm. III. *De l'iduitate*.]

<sup>1</sup> *Homeric and Virgilian lotteries*.] Spartian, in the Emperor Adrian's life, mentions this custom of the ancients of inquiring after futurity, by opening the leaves of Homer or Virgil at hap-hazard. Afterwards the Christians, retaining some remnants of the pagan superstition, thought they did a mighty business, in preserving the same custom, to make use of the Holy Scriptures only, and more especially the Psalms. And what is more surprising, if we may credit Agrippa (c. 4 of his *Vanity of the Sciences*), several members of the Sorbonne in his time approved of this two-fold piece of impiety.

<sup>2</sup> *Son, of Gammer Yea-by-nay*.] *Chanson di ricochet*; an idle, end-less, contradictory song or tale. Nothing has so much the air of such a song as Raminogrobis's rounder, in l. 3, c. 21.

the rest is merely casual, and totally dependeth upon the fatal disposition of the heavens.

We see some so happy in the fortune of this nuptial encounter, that their family shineth, as it were, with the radiant effulgency of an idea, model, or representation of the joys of paradise; and perceive others, again, to be so unluckily matched in the conjugal yoke, that those very basest of devils, which tempt the hermits that inhabit the Deserts of Thebais and Montserrat, are not more miserable than they. It is therefore expedient, seeing you are resolved for once to make a trial of the state of marriage, that, with shut eyes, bowing your head, and kissing the ground, you put the business to a venture, and give it a fair hazard, in recommending the success of the residue to the disposeure of Almighty God. It lieth not in my power to give you any other manner of assurance, or otherwise to certify you of what shall ensue on this your undertaking. Nevertheless, if it please you, this you may do. Bring hither Virgil's poems, that after having opened the book, and with our fingers severed the leaves thereof three several times, we may, according to the number agreed upon between ourselves, explore the future hap of your intended marriage. For frequently, by a Homeric lottery, have many hit upon their destinies; as is testified in the person of Socrates, who, whilst he was in prison, hearing the recitation of this verse of Homer, said of Achilles in the Ninth of the Iliads,

“*Ἡματι κε τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐριβωλον ἐκοίμην;*”

We, the third day, to fertile Pthia came;

thereby foresaw that on the third subsequent day he was to die. Of the truth whereof he assured Æschines; as Plato in *Critone*, Cicero in *primo, de Divinatione*, Diogenes, Laertius and others, have to the full recorded in their works. The like

<sup>3</sup> *Bring hither Virgil's poems.*] In lieu of this Pagan superstition, the French brought in another under the first race of our kings. They took three different books of the Bible, for example, the prophets, the gospels, and St. Paul's epistles, and after placing them on an altar, or the shrine of some saint, on the opening of these books, they maturely considered what the text said, which might be applicable to what they wanted to know. This custom was abolished by Louis the Debonnaire. The law runs in these words, art. 46. of l. 4, of that emperor's ordinances; “*ut nullus in psalterio, vel evangelio, vel aliis rebus sortiri præsumat, nec divinationes aliquos observare.*”

is also witnessed by Opilius Macrinus, to whom, being desirous to know if he should be the Roman Emperor, befell by chance of lot, this sentence in the Eighth of the Iliads, ,

ὦ γέρον, ἢ μάλα δὴ σε νέου τεύχεσι μαχηταί,  
Σὴ δὲ ἐγὼ λελυται, χαλεπὸν δὲ σε γῆρας ὀπάζει;

Dotard, new warriors urge thee to be gone;  
Thy life decays, and old age weighs thee down.

In fact, he, being then somewhat ancient, had hardly enjoyed the sovereignty of the empire for the space of fourteen months, when by Heliogabulus, then both young and strong, he was dispossessed thereof, thrust out of all, and killed. Brutus doth also bear witness of another experiment of this nature, who, willing, through this exploratory way by lot, to learn what the event and issue should be of the Pharsalian battle, wherein he perished, he casually encountered on this verse, said of Patroclus in the Sixteenth of the Iliads,

Ἀλλὰ με μοῖρ' ὀλοή, καὶ Λητῆς ἔκτανεν υἱὸς;

Fate, and Latona's son have shot me dead.

And accordingly Apollo was the field-word in the dreadful day of that fight. Divers notable things of old have likewise been foretold and known by casting of Virgilian lots; yea, in matters of no less importance than the obtaining of the Roman Empire, as it happened to Alexander Severus, who, trying his fortune at the said kind of lottery, did hit upon this verse written in the Sixth of the Æneids,

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.

Know, Roman, that thy business is to reign.

He within very few years thereafter was effectually and in good earnest created and installed Roman emperor. A semblable story thereto is related of Adrian, who, being hugely perplexed within himself out of a longing humour to know in what account he was with the emperor Trajan, and how large the measure of that affection was which he did bear unto him, had recourse, after the manner above specified, to the Maronian lottery, which by hap-hazard tendered him these lines out of the Sixth of the Æneids,

Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ,  
Sacra ferens? Nosco crines, incanaque menta  
Regis Romani;

But who is he, conspicuous from afar, -  
With olive boughs, that doth his offerings bear?

By the white hair and beard I know him plain  
The Roman king.

Shortly thereafter was he adopted by Trajan, and succeeded to him in the empire. Moreover to the lot of the praise-worthy emperor Claudius<sup>4</sup> befell this line of Virgil, written in the First of his *Æneids*.

Tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit ætas,  
Whilst the third summer saw him reign a king  
In Latium.

And in effect he did not reign above two years. To the said Claudian also, inquiring concerning his brother Quintilius, whom he proposed as a colleague with himself in the empire, happened the response following, in the Sixth of the *Æneids*,

Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata,—  
Whom fate just let us see,  
And would no longer suffer him to be.

And so it fell out; for he was killed on the seventeenth day after he had attained unto the management of the imperial charge. The very same lot also, with the like misluck, did betide the emperor Gordian the younger. To Claudius Albinus, being very solicitous to understand somewhat of his future adventures, did occur this saying, which is written in the Sixth of the *Æneids*,

Hic rem Romanam, magno turbante tumultu  
Sistet; eques sternet Pænos, Gallumque rebellent.  
The Romans boiling with tumultuous rage,  
This warrior shall the dangerous storm assuage;  
With victories he the Carthaginian mauls,  
And with strong hand shall crush the rebel Gauls.

Likewise when the emperor D. Claudius, Aurelian's predecessor,<sup>5</sup> did with great eagerness research after the fate to come of his posterity, his hap was to alight on this verse in the First of the *Æneids*,

Hic ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono.  
No bounds are to be set, no limits here.

<sup>4</sup> In Martin's edition, 1584, he is called Claude Second, Claudius the Second; which distinguishes him from the other Claudii, mentioned afterwards.

<sup>5</sup> *Aurelian's predecessor.*] Aurelian's predecessor Claudius, must be the same that's mentioned before, and called Claudian in some editions by mistake. This predecessor of Aurelian did not reign quite two years.

Which was fulfilled by the goodly genealogical row of his race. When Mr. Peter Amy<sup>6</sup> did in like manner explore and make trial, if he should escape the ambush of the hobgoblins, who lay in wait all-to-bemaul him, he fell upon this verse in the Third of the *Æneids*,

Hæu ! fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum !

Ah flee the bloody land, the wicked shore !

Which counsel he obeying safe and sound, forthwith avoided, all their ambuscades.

Were it not to shun prolixity, I could enumerate a thousand such like adventures, which, conformable to the dictate and verdict of the verse, have by that manner of lot-casting encounter befallen to the curious researchers of them. Do not you nevertheless imagine, lest you should be deluded, that I would upon this kind of fortune-flinging proof, infer an uncontrollable, and not to be gainsaid infallibility of truth.

## CHAPTER XI.

*How Pantagruel sheweth the trial of one's fortune by the throwing of dice to be unlawful.*

It would be sooner done, quoth Panurge, and more expeditely, if we should try the matter at the chance of three fair dice. Quoth Pantagruel, That sort of lottery is deceitful, abusive, illicitous, and exceeding scandalous. Never trust in it. The accursed book of the Recreation of Dice was a great while ago excogitated in Achaia near Bourre, by that ancient enemy of mankind, the infernal calumniator, who, before the statue or massive image of the Bouraïc Hercules,<sup>1</sup> did of old, and doth in several places of the World as yet, make many simple souls to err and fall into his snares.

<sup>6</sup> *Mr. Peter Amy.*) An intimate friend of Rabelais, and, like himself, a Cordelier, in 1520. About which time, William Budæus wrote some epistles in Greek and Latin to Peter Amy, who, by the contents of one of those letters, appears to be even then very impatient to get out of the clutches of the hobgoblins, *farfadets*, i. e. the Cordeliers; though he had been very far from consulting his father, when he took on him the habit of St. Francis. Peter Amy, Rabelais, and Budæus had pursued the same studies, and this latter held in high estimation the two other, on account of their singular merit and great learning.

<sup>1</sup> *Image of the Bouraïc Hercules.*] See Pausanias' Achaïcs. Leonicus Thomæus had wrote upon this subject, even before Rabelais.

You know, how my father Gargantua hath forbidden it over all his kingdoms and dominions; how he hath caused to burn the moulds and draughts thereof, and altogether suppressed, abolished, driven forth, and cast it out of the land, as a most dangerous plague and infection to any well-polished state or commonwealth. What I have told you of dice, I say the same of the play at cockall. It is a lottery of the like guile and deceitfulness; and therefore, do not for convincing of me allege in opposition to this my opinion, or bring in the example of the fortunate cast of Tiberius, within the fountain of Aponus,<sup>2</sup> at the oracle of Gerion.<sup>3</sup> These are the baited hooks by which the devil attracts and draweth unto him the foolish souls of silly people into eternal perdition.

Nevertheless, to satisfy your humour in some measure, I am content you throw three dice upon this table, that, according to the number of the blots which shall happen to be cast up, we may hit upon a verse of that page, which in the sitting open of the book you shall have pitched upon.

Have you any dice in your pocket? A whole bag-full, answered Panurge. That is provision against the devil,<sup>4</sup> as is expounded by Merlin Coccaius, Lib. 2, *De Patria Diabolorum*. The devil would be sure to take me napping,<sup>5</sup> and very much at unawares, if he should find me without dice. With this the three dice being taken out, produced, and thrown, they fell so pat upon the lower points, that the cast was five, six, and five. These are, quoth Panurge, sixteen in all. Let us take the sixteenth line of the page. The num-

<sup>2</sup> *Aponus*.] A fountain and village in Italy, (where Livy was born,) near Padua, with hot waters good for several diseases, says the Cambridge Dict.

<sup>3</sup> *Oracle of Gerion*.] See Suetonius, in the Life of Tiberius. • •

<sup>4</sup> *Provision against the devil*.] *C'est le verd du diable*, which I should rather translate provision (not against the devil, but) of the devil's procuring; for so Lancelotti thought a bag of dice to be, and so M. Duchat apprehends Rabelais to have meant; for upon these words, he says, that in a certain religious play, called Our Saviour's Passion, p. 232, Satan is brought in furnishing Griffon with the dice, with which that oldier was to win our Saviour's garment.

<sup>5</sup> *Take me napping*.] *Me pendroit sans verd*. Take me unprovided, strictly, without a green leaf about me; a phrase derived from a sport in some parts of France, which binds him that is taken without a green leaf about him to forfeit somewhat. Rabelais seems here not to be very clear in his allusion. •



ber pleaseth me<sup>6</sup> very well; I hope we shall have a prosperous and happy chance. May I be thrown amidst all the devils of hell, even as a great bowl cast athwart a set of nine pins, or cannon-ball shot among a battalion of foot, in case so many times I do not bould my future wife the first night of our marriage! Of that, forsooth, I make no doubt at all, quoth Pantagruel. You needed not have rapped forth such a horrid imprecation, the sooner to procure credit for the performance of so small a business, seeing possibly the first bout will be amiss, and that you know is usually at tennis called *fiftyn*. At the next justling turn you may readily amend that fault,<sup>7</sup> and so complete your reckoning of sixteen. Is it so, quoth Panurge, that you understand the matter? And must my words be thus interpreted? Nay, believe me, never yet was any solecism committed by that valiant champion, who often hath for me in Belly-dale stood sentry at the hypogastric cranny. Did you ever hitherto find me in the confraternity of the faulty. Never, I trow; never, nor ever shall, for ever and a day. I do the feat like a goodly friar, or father confessor, without default. And therein am I willing to be judged by the players. He had no sooner spoke these words, than the works of Virgil were brought in. But before the book was laid open, Panurge said to Pantagruel, My heart, like the furch<sup>8</sup> of a hart in a

<sup>6</sup> *The number pleaseth me.*] The Commentator of the xxxiii. Decrees of Love, p. 295, of the edition of 1546: *Horus Apollo*, lib. 1. "Scribit *Ægyptios cum voluptatem denotare velint, sextum decimum numerum insculpere, quod hac ætate juvenes cœundi voluptatem accipiunt.*" Pierius, chap. xxx. of the thirty-seventh book of his Hieroglyphics, has made the same observation. See *Horus*, lib. 1, n. 29 and 30.

<sup>7</sup> *At the next. &c.*] The original only says, in the morning you will amend that fault. *Au desjucher*, when the birds come down from the roost or perch (*juchoir*) whereon they rested all night. Marot, in his ballad for Christmas day;

"Chantons Noël tant au soir qu'au desjucq."

It is a poetical phrase for the morning.

<sup>8</sup> *Like the furch, &c.*] I know not what this *furch* means. Perhaps it is Scotch for fork (Sir T. U. being a Scotchman, as I suppose.) Then fork may mean the horns. However that be, the similitude is as wide from that which Rabelais uses as the two poles. He says, My heart beats within my breast, like the mizen-sail of a ship. The mizen, i. e. the hindmost sail, next the ship's stern (for there is no mast abaft the mizen) is continually agitated by some wind, as the heart of a timorous person is by fear.

rut, doth beat within my breast. Be pleased to feel and grope my pulse a little on this artery of my left arm. At its frequent rise and fall you would say that they swinge and belabour me after the manner of a probationer, posed and put to a peremptory trial in the examination of his sufficiency for the discharge of the learned duty of a graduate in some eminent degree in the college of the Sorbonists.

But would you not hold it expedient, before we proceed any further, that we should invoke Hercules and the Tene-tian goddesses, who in the chamber of lots are said to rule, sit in judgment, and bear a presidential sway? Neither him nor them, answered Pantagruel, only open up the leaves of the book with your fingers, and set your nails at work.

## CHAPTER XII.

*How Pantagruel doth explore by the Virgilian lottery what fortune Panurge shall have in his marriage.*

THEN at the opening of the book, in the sixteenth row of the lines of the disclosed page, did Panurge encounter upon this following verse :

Nec Deus hunc mensa, Dea nec dignata cubili est.<sup>1</sup>

The god him from his table banished,  
Nor would the goddess have him in her bed.

This response, quoth Pantagruel, maketh not very much for your benefit or advantage : for it plainly signifies and denoteth, that your wife shall be a strumpet, and yourself by consequence a cuckold. The goddess, whom you shall not find propitious nor favourable unto you, is Minerva, a most redoubtable and dreadful virgin, a powerful and fulminating goddess, an enemy to cuckolds, and effeminate youngsters, to cuckold-makers and adulterers. The god is Jupiter, a terrible and thunder-striking god from heaven. And withal it is to be remarked, that, conform to the doctrine of the ancient Hetrurians, the manubes, for so did they call the darting hurls, or slinging casts of the Vulcanian thunderbolts, did only appertain to her, and to Jupiter her father capital. This was verified in the conflagration of the ships of Ajax Oileus, nor doth this fulminating power belong to any other of the Olympic gods. Men, therefore, stand not in such fear of them. Moreover I will tell you, and you

<sup>1</sup> *Nec Deus, &c.*] The last verse of Virgil's fourth Eclogue.

may take it as extracted out of the profoundest mysteries of mythology, that, when the giants had enterprized the waging of a war against the power of the celestial orbs, the gods at first did laugh at those attempts, and scorned such despicable enemies, who were, in their conceit, not strong enough to cope in feats of warfare with their pages; but when they saw by the gigantine labour, the high hill Pelion set on lofty Ossa, and that the mount Olympus was made shake, in order to be erected on the top of both; then did they all stand aghast.

Then was it that Jupiter held a parliament, or general convention, wherein it was unanimously resolved upon, and condescended to, by all the gods, that they should worthily and valiantly stand to their defence. And because they had often seen battles lost by the cumbersome lets and disturbing incumbrances of women, confusedly huddled in amongst armies, it was at that time decreed and enacted, That they should expel and drive out of heaven into Egypt, and the confines of Nile, that whole crew of goddesses disguised in the shapes of weasels, polecats, bats, shrew-mice, ferrets, fulmarts, and other such like odd transformations, only Minerva was reserved to participate with Jupiter in the horrific fulminating power; as being the goddess both of war and learning, of arts and arms, of counsel and dispatch; a goddess armed from her birth, a goddess dreaded in heaven, in the air, by sea and land. By the belly of Saint Buff, quoth Panurge, should I be Vulcan, whom the poet blazons? Nay, I am neither a cripple, coiner of false money, nor smith as he was. My wife possibly will be as comely and handsome as ever was his Venus, but not a whore like her, nor I a cuckold like him. The crook-legged slovenly slave made himself to be declared a cuckold by a definite sentence and judgment, in the open view of all the gods. For this cause ought you to interpret the afore-mentioned verse quite contrary to what you have said. This, lot importeth, that my wife will be honest, virtuous, chaste, loyal, and faithful; not armed, surly, wayward, cross, giddy, humorous, heady, hair-brained, or extracted out of brains, as was the goddess Pallas; nor shall this fair jolly Jupiter be my co-rival. He shall never dip his bread in my broth,<sup>2</sup> though we should sit together at one table.

<sup>2</sup> *He shall never dip, &c.*] He shall never, at my cost, appease either

Consider his exploits and gallant actions. He was the most manifest ruffian, wench, whoremonger, and most infamous cuckold-maker that ever breathed. He did always lecher it like a boar, and no wonder, for he was fostered by a sow in the Isle of Candia,<sup>3</sup> if Agathocles the Babylonian be not a liar, and more rammishly lascivious than a buck; whence it is, that he is said by others to have been suckled and fed with milk of the Amalthæan goat. By the virtue of Acheron, he jostled, bulled, and lastauriated in one day the third part of the world, beasts, and people, floods and mountains; that was Europa. For this grand subagitary achievement, the Ammonians caused draw, delineate, and paint him in the figure and shape of a ram ramming, and horned ram. But I know well enough how to shield and preserve myself from that horned champion. He will not, trust me, have to deal in my person with a sottish, dunsical Amphytrion, nor with a silly witless Argus, for all his hundred spectacles, nor yet with the covardly meacock Acrisius,<sup>4</sup>—the simple goosecap Lycus of Thebes, the doating blockhead Agenor, the phlegmatic pea-goose Asopus,<sup>5</sup> rough-footed Lycaon, the luskish

his hunger or lecherous thirst, by touching my wife, though we had but one bed for us all three. Conrad Strildiot, in his letter to M. N. Ortwinus: "Sed nunc audiui, qualiter debetis supponere uxorem Jo. Pfeff. causâ honestatis, quia est secreta et quasi honesta, et est bonum quando aliquis habet propriam in secreto et dixit unus ad me, quod Jo. Pfeff. simul rixavit vobiscum dicens ad vos: D. Ort. ego vellem quod comederetis ex vestrâ patella, et permetteretis me comedere et meâ, et vos diu non intellixistis, quia ille vir est valde subtilis, et semper loquitur enigmaticè in proverbis; sed quidam amicus vester, sicut ego audiui ab aliis, exposuit nobis illa arcana verba, dicens. Ego vellem quod comederetis ex vestrâ patellâ, quod supponeretis vestram mulierem; et permetteretis me comedere ex meâ patellâ, i. e. non tangeretis uxorem meam, sed sineretis me eam tangere.

<sup>3</sup> *Isle of Candia.*] Rabelais says, upon Dicte in Candia. See Athenæus, lib. ix. cap. v. Dicte is a mountain of the isle of Crete (Candia.)

<sup>4</sup> *Cowardly Acrisius.*] Hor. lib. iii. od. xvi.

"Si non Acrisium virginis abditæ  
Custodem pavidum Jupiter et Verus  
Risissent."

Prætus and this Acrisius, being at war with each other, invented bucklers and targets (in Fr. *pavois*.) This made Horace call him *pavidus*, and Rabelais cowardly, *coüart*, not *cornart*, cuckoldly, as in the new editions.

<sup>5</sup> *Phlegmatic Asopus.*] Asopus is a river in Bœotia, so called, some say, on account of the extreme muddiness thereof. Now as a muddy

misshapen Corytus of Tuscany, nor with the large-backed and strong-reined Atlas. Let him alter, change, transform, and metamorphose himself into a hundred various shapes and figures, into a swan, a bull, a satyr, a shower of gold, or into a cuckoo, as he did when he unmaiden'd his sister Juno; into an eagle, ram or dove, as when he was enamoured of the virgin Phthia, who then dwelt in the Ægean territory; into fire, a serpent, yea, even into a flea, into epicurean and democratical atoms, or, more magistronostalistically, into those sly intentions of the mind, which in the schools are called second notions, I'll—catch him in the nick, and take him napping. And would you know what I would do unto him? Even that which to his father Cæsum, Saturn did,—Seneca foretold it of me, and Lactantius hath confirmed it—what the goddess Rhea did to Athis. I would make him two stone lighter, rid him of his Cyprian cimbals, and cut so close and neatly by the breech, that there should not remain thereof so much as one—, so cleanly would I shave him and disable him for ever from being pope, for *Testiculos non habet*. Hold there, said Pantagruel; ho, soft and fair, my lad! Enough of that,—cast up, turn over the leaves, and try your fortune for the second time. Then did he fall upon this ensuing verse.

“*Membra quatit, gelidusque coit formidine sanguis.*”

His joints and members quake, he becomes pale,  
And sudden fear doth his cold blood congeal.

This importeth, quoth Pantagruel, that she will soundly bang your back and belly. Clean and quite contrary, answered Panurge, it is of me that he prognosticates, in saying that I will beat her like a tiger, if she vex me. Sir Martin Wagstaff will perform that office, and in default of a cudgel, the devil gulp him, if I should not eat her up quick, as Candaules the Lydian King did his wife, whom he ravened and devoured.

You are very stout, says Pantagruel, and courageous, Hercules himself durst hardly adventure to scuffle with you in this your raging fury. Nor is it strange; for a jan<sup>u</sup> is worth bottom is a sign of a river's very slow and calm current, Rabelais gives the epithet of phlegmatic to this river, which has been made a king of by the poets and other fabulous writers.

<sup>6</sup> A jan.] Cotgrave says *jan* is French for a cuckold.

two; and two in fight against Hercules are too strong. Am I a jan? quoth Panurge. No, no, answered Pantagruel. My mind was only running upon the lurch and trietrac. Thereafter did he hit, at the third opening of the book, upon this verse :

“Fœmineo prædæ, et spoliolum ardebat amore.”

After the spoil and pillage, as in fire,  
He burnt with a strong feminine desire.

This portendeth, quoth Pantagruel, that she will steal your goods and rob you. Hence this, according to these three drawn lots, will be your future destiny. I clearly see it, you will be a cuckold, you will be beaten, and you will be robbed. Nay, it is quite otherwise, quoth Panurge, for it is certain that this verse presageth, that she will love me with a perfect liking. Nor did the satire-writing poet lie in proof hereof, when he affirmed, That a woman, burning with extreme affection, sometimes pleasure to steal from her sweetheart. And what I pray you? A glove, a point, or some such trifling toy of no importance, to make him keep a gentle kind of stirring in the research and quest thereof. In like manner, these small scolding debates, and petty brabbling contentions, which frequently we see spring up, and for a certain space boil very hot betwixt a couple of high-spirited lovers, are nothing else but recreative diversions for their refreshment, spurs to, and incentives of, a more fervent amity than ever. As, for example, we do sometimes see cutlers with hammers maul their finest whetstones, therewith to sharpen their iron tools the better. And therefore do I think, that these three lots make much for my advantage; which if not, I from their sentence totally appeal. There is no appealing, quoth Pantagruel, from the decrees of fate or destiny, of lot or chance: as is recorded by our ancient lawyers, witness Baldus, *Lib. ult. Cap. de Leg.* The reason hereof is, fortune doth not acknowledge a superior, to whom an appeal may be made from her, or any of her substitutes. And in this case the pupil cannot be restored to his right in full, as openly by the said author is alleged in *L. Ait Prætor, paragi ult. ff. de minor.*

## CHAPTER XIII.

*How Pantagruel adviseth Panurge to try the "future good or bad luck of his marriage by dreams"*

Now, seeing we cannot agree together in the manner of expounding or interpreting the sense of the Virgilian lots, let us bend our course another way, and try a new sort of divination. Of what kind? asked Panurge. Of a good ancient and authentic fashion, answered Pantagruel; it is by dreams. For in dreaming, such circumstances and conditions being *discreto* adhibited, as are clearly enough described by Hippocrates, in Lib. *Περὶ τῶν ἐνυπνίων*, by Plāto, Plotin, Iamblicus, Sinesius, Aristotle, Xenophon, Galen, Plutarch, Artemidorus, Daldianus, Herophilus, Q. Calaber, Theocritus, Pliny, Athenæus, and others, the soul doth oftentimes forsee what is to come. How true this is, you may conceive by a very vulgar and familiar example; as when you see that at such a time as suckling babes, well nourished, fed and fostered with good milk, sleep soundly and profoundly, the nurses in the interim get leave to sport themselves, and are licentiated to recreate their fancies at what range to them shall seem most fitting and expedient, their presence, sedulity, and attendance on the cradle being, during all that space, held unnecessary. Even just so, when our body is at rest, that the concoction is every where accomplished, and that, till it awake, it lacks for nothing, our soul delighteth to disport itself, and is well pleased in that frolic to take a review of its native country, which is the heavens, where it receiveth a most notable participation of its first beginning, with an imbuement from its divine source, and in contemplation of that infinite and intellectual sphere, whereof the centre is every where, and the circumference in no place of the universal world, (to wit, God, according to the doctrine of Hermes Trismegistus,) to whom no new thing happeneth, whom nothing that is past escapeth, and unto whom all things are alike present; it remarketh not only what is preterit and gone, in the inferior course and agitation of sublunary matters, but withal taketh notice what is to come; then bringing a relation of those future events unto the body by the outward senses and exterior organs, it is divulged abroad unto the hearing of others. Whereupon the owner

of that soul deserveth to be termed a vaticinator, or prophet. Nevertheless, the truth is, that the soul is seldom able to report those things in such sincerity as it hath seen them, by reason of the imperfection and frailty of the corporeal senses, which obstruct the effectuating of that office; even as the moon doth not communicate unto this earth of ours that light which she receiveth from the sun with so much splendour, heat, vigour, purity, and liveliness as it was given her. Hence it is requisite for the better reading, explaining, and unfolding of these somniatory vaticinations, and predictions of that nature, that a dexterous, learned, skilful, wise, industrious, expert, rational, and peremptory expounder or interpreter be pitched upon, such a one as by the Greeks is called *Onirocrit*, or *Oniropolist*.<sup>1</sup> For this cause *Heraclitus* was wont to say, that nothing is by dreams revealed to us, that nothing is by dreams concealed from us, and that only we thereby have a mystical signification and secret evidence of things to come, either for our own prosperous or unlucky fortune, or for the favourable or disastrous success of another. The sacred Scriptures testify no less, and profane histories assure us of it, in both which are exposed to our view a thousand several kinds of strange adventures, which have befallen pat according to the nature of the dream, and that as well to the party dreamer, as to others. The *Atlantic*<sup>2</sup> people, and those that inhabit the island of *Thasos*, one of the *Cyclades*, are of this grand commodity deprived; for in their countries none yet ever dreamed. Of this sort were *Cleon* of *Daulia*, *Thrasymedes*,<sup>3</sup> and in our days the learned Frenchman *Villanovanus*,<sup>4</sup> neither of all which knew what dreaming was.

Fail not therefore to morrow, when the jolly and fair

<sup>1</sup> *Oniropolist*.] From *ὄνειρος*, *somnium*, and *Πολέω*, *verto*.

<sup>2</sup> *Atlantic*.] See *Herodotus*, l. iv. and *Pliny*, l. v. c. viii.

<sup>3</sup> *Thrasymedes*.] See *Plutarch*, in his treatise of the Cessation of Oracles.

<sup>4</sup> *Villanovanus*.] *Arnauld de Villeneuve*. It is not certain that he was a Frenchman; but *Rabelais*, to do honour to France, will have it, with some others, that this physician and philosopher was born at *Villeneuve* in the *Narbonnese Gaul*, and that he took his name therefrom. I know not how the author came by his information that *Villanovanus* never had any dream. Perhaps *Villanovanus* says so himself, in the treatise of dreams ascribed to him by *Is. Bullart*, in his *Academy of Sciences*, &c.



Aurora with her rosy fingers draweth aside the curtains of the night to drive away the sable shades of darkness, to bend your spirits wholly to the task of sleeping sound, and thereto apply yourself. In the meanwhile you must denude your mind of every human passion or affection, such as are love and hatred, fear and hope; for as of old the great vaticinator, most famous and renowned prophet Proteus,<sup>5</sup> was not able in his disguise or transformation into fire, water, a tiger, a dragon, and other such like uncouth shapes and visors, to presage anything that was to come, till he was restored to his own first natural and kindly form; just so doth man; for, at his reception of the art of divination, and faculty of prognosticating future things, that part in him which is the most divine, (to wit, the *Noûs*, or *Mens*.) must be calm, peaceable, untroubled, quiet, still, hushed, and not imbusied or distracted with foreign, soul-disturbing perturbations. I am content, quoth Panurge. But I pray you, sir, must I this evening, ere I go to bed, eat much or little? I do not ask this without cause. For if I sup not well, large, round, and amply, my sleeping is not worth a forked turnip. All the night long I then but dose and rave, and in my slumbering fits talk idle nonsense, my thoughts being in a dull brown study, and as deep in their dumps as is my belly hollow.

Not to sup, answered Pantagruel, were best for you, considering the state of your complexion, and healthy constitution of your body. A certain very ancient prophet, named Amphiaras, wished such as had a mind, by dreams to be imbued with any oracles, for four-and-twenty hours to faste no victuals, and to abstain from wine three days together.<sup>6</sup> Yet shall not you be put to such a sharp, hard, rigorous, and extreme sparing diet. I am truly right apt to believe, that a man whose stomach is replete with various cheer, and in a manner surfeited with drinking, is hardly able to conceive aright of spiritual things; yet am not I of the opinion of those, who, after long and pertinacious fastings, think by such means to enter more profoundly into the speculation of celestial mysteries. You may very well remember how my father Gargantua (whom here for honour sake I name) hath often told us, that the writings of abstinent, abstemious,

<sup>5</sup> *Proteus*.] See lib. iv. of the *Odyssey*.

<sup>6</sup> *Three days*.] See Philostratus, l. ii. c. 11 of Apollonius's life.

and long fasting hermits were every whit as saltless, dry, jejune, and insipid, as were their bodies when they did compose them. It is a most difficult thing for the spirits to be in a good plight, serene and lively, when there is nothing in the body but a kind of voidness and inanity; seeing the philosophers with the physicians jointly affirm, that the spirits, which are styled animal, spring from, and have their constant practice in and through the arterial blood, refined, and purified to the life within the admirable net, which, wonderfully framed, lieth under the ventricles and tunnels of the brain. He gave us also the example of the philosopher, who, when he thought most seriously to have withdrawn himself unto a solitary privacy, far from the rustling clatterments of the tumultuous and confused world, the better to improve his theory, to contrive, comment<sup>7</sup> and ratiocinate, was, notwithstanding his uttermost endeavours to free himself from all untoward noises, surrounded and environed about so with the barking of curs, bawling of mastiffs, bleating of sheep, prating of parrots, tattling of jack-daws, grunting of swine, girning of boars, yelping of foxes, mewing of cats, cheeping of mice, squeaking of weasels, croaking of frogs, crowing of cocks, cackling of hens, calling of partridges, chanting of swans, chattering of jays, peeping of chickens, singing of larks, creaking of geese, chirping of swallows, clucking of moorfowls, cucking of cuckoos, bumbling of bees, rammage of hawks, chiming of linnets, croaking of ravens, screeching of owls, whickling of pigs, gushing of hogs, curring of pigeons, grumbling of cushet-doves, howling of panthers, curkling of quails, chirping of sparrows, crackling of crows, nuzzing of camels, whining of whelps, buzzing of drachonaries, mumbling of rabbits, cricking of ferrets, humming of wasps, mioling of tigers, bruizing of bears, sussing of kitlings, clamoring of scarfes, whimpering of fulmarts, boeing of buffalos, warbling of nightingales, quavering of meavises, drintling of turkies, coniating of storks, frantling of peacocks, clattering of magpies, murmuring of stock-doves, crouting of cormprants, cigling of locusts, charming of beagles, guarring of puppies, snarling of messens, rantling of rats, guericting of apes, snuttering of monkies, pioling of pelicans,

. ? *Comment.*] This is indeed the word Rabelais uses; but the new editions have it *contempler* (to contemplate) not *commenter* (to comment).

quacking of ducks, yelling of wolves, roaring of lions, neighing of horses, barring of elephants, hissing of serpents, and wailing of turtles, that he was much more troubled, than if he had been in the middle of the crowd at the fair of Fontenay or Niort. Just so is it with those who are tormented with the grievous pangs of hunger. The stomach begins to gnaw, and bark as it were, the eyes to look dim, and the veins, by greedily sucking some refectio[n] to themselves from the proper substance of all the members of a fleshy consistence, violently pull down and draw back that vagrant, roaming spirit, careless and neglecting of his nurse and natural host, which is the body; as when a hawk upon the fist, willing to take her flight by a soaring aloft in the open, spacious air, is on a sudden drawn back by a leash tied to her feet.

To this purpose also did he allege unto us, the authority of Homer, the father of all philosophy, who said, that the Grecians did not put an end to their mournful mood for the death of Patroclus, the most intimate friend of Achilles, till hunger in a rage declared herself, and their bellies protested to furnish no more tears unto their grief. For from bodies emptied and macerated by long fasting, there could not be such supply of moisture and brackish drops, as might be proper on that occasion.

Mediocrity at all times is commendable; nor in this case are you to abandon it. You may take a little supper, but thereat must you not eat of a hare, nor of any other flesh. You are likewise to abstain from beans, from the pease, by some called the polyp, as also from coleworts, cabbage, and all other such like windy victuals, which may endanger the troubling of your brains, and the dimming or casting a kind of mist over your animal spirits. For, as a looking-glass cannot exhibit the semblance or representation of the object set before it, and exposed to have its image, to the life expressed, if that the polished sleekedness thereof be darkened by gross breathings, dampish vapours, and foggy, thick, infectious exhalations,—even so the fancy cannot well receive the impression of the likeness of those things, which divination doth afford by dreams, if any way the body be annoyed or troubled with the fumes steam of meat, which it had taken in a while before; because, betwixt these two

there still hath been a mutual sympathy and fellow-feeling of an indissolubly knit affection. You shall eat good Eusebian and bergamot pears, one apple of the short-shank pippin-kind, a parcel of the little plums of Tours, and some few cherries of the growth of my orchard. Nor shall you need to fear, that thereupon will ensue doubtful dreams, fallacious, uncertain, and not to be trusted to, as by some peripatetic philosophers hath been related; for that, say they, men do more copiously in the season of harvest feed on fruitages, than any other time. The same is mystically taught us by the ancient prophets and poets, who allege, that all vain and deceitful dreams lie hid and in covert, under the leaves which are spread on the ground: by reason that the leaves fall from the trees in the autumnal quarter. For the natural ferour, which abounding in ripe, fresh, recent fruits, cometh by the quickness of its ebullition to be with ease evaporated into the animal parts of the dreaming person—the experiment is obvious in most—is a pretty while before it be expired, dissolved, and vanished. As for your drink, you are to have it of the fair, pure water of my fountain.

The condition, quoth Panurge, is very hard. Nevertheless, cost what price it will, or whatsoever come of it, I heartily condescend thereto; protesting, that I shall tomorrow break my fast betimes, after my somniatory exertitions. Furthermore, I recommend myself to Homer's two gates, to Morpheus, to Isclon, to Phantasus, and unto Phobetor. If they in this my great need succour me, and grant me that assistance which is fitting, I will, in honour of them all, erect a jolly, genteel altar, composed of the softest down. If I were now in Laconia, in the temple of Juno, betwixt Octile and Thalamis, she suddenly would disintangle my perplexity, resolve me of my doubts, and cheer me up with fair and jovial dreams in a deep sleep.

Then did he thus say unto Pantagruel. Sir, were it not expedient for my purpose to put a branch or two of curious laurel betwixt the quilt and bolster of my bed, under the pillow on which my head must lean? There is no need at all of that, quoth Pantagruel, for, besides that it is a thing very superstitious, the cheat thereof hath been at large discovered unto us in the writings of Serapion, Ascalonites,

Antiphon, Philochorus, Artemon, and Fulgentius Planciades. I could say as much to you of the left shoulder<sup>8</sup> of a crocodile, as also of a camelcon, without prejudice; be it spoken to the credit which is due to the opinion of old Democritus;<sup>9</sup> and likewise of the stone of the Bactrians, called Eumetrides, and of the Hammonian horn;<sup>10</sup> for so by the Æthiopians is termed a certain precious stone, coloured like gold, and in the fashion, shape, form and proportion of a ram's horn, as the horn of Jupiter Hammon is reported to have been: they over and above assuredly affirming, that the dreams of those who carry it about them are no less veritable, and infallible, than the truth of the divine oracles. Nor is this much unlike to what Homer and Virgil<sup>11</sup> wrote of these two gates of sleep; to which you have been pleased to recommend the management of what you have in hand. The one is of ivory, which letteth in confused, doubtful, and uncertain dreams; for through ivory, how small and slender soever it be, we can see nothing, the density, opacity, and close compactedness of its material parts hindering the penetration of the visual rays, and the reception of the species of such things as are visible. The other is of horn, at which an entry is made to sure and certain dreams, even as through horn, by reason of the diaphanous splendour, and bright transparency thereof, the species of all objects of the sight distinctly pass, and so without confusion appear, that they are clearly seen. Your meaning is, and you would thereby infer, quoth Friar John, that the dreams of all horned cuckolds, of which number Panurge, by the help of God, and his future wife, is without controversy to be sure, are always true and infallible.

<sup>8</sup> *The left shoulder.*] See Pliny, l. lxxviii. c. viii.

<sup>9</sup> *Old Democritus.*] See Pliny in the same place, and Aulus Gellus, l. x. c. lxxii.

<sup>10</sup> *Eumetrides, and of the Hammonian Horn.*] See Pliny, l. xxxvii. c. x.

<sup>11</sup> *Homer and Virgil.*] See Odys., l. xix. v. 562; Æneid, l. vi. v. 893.











